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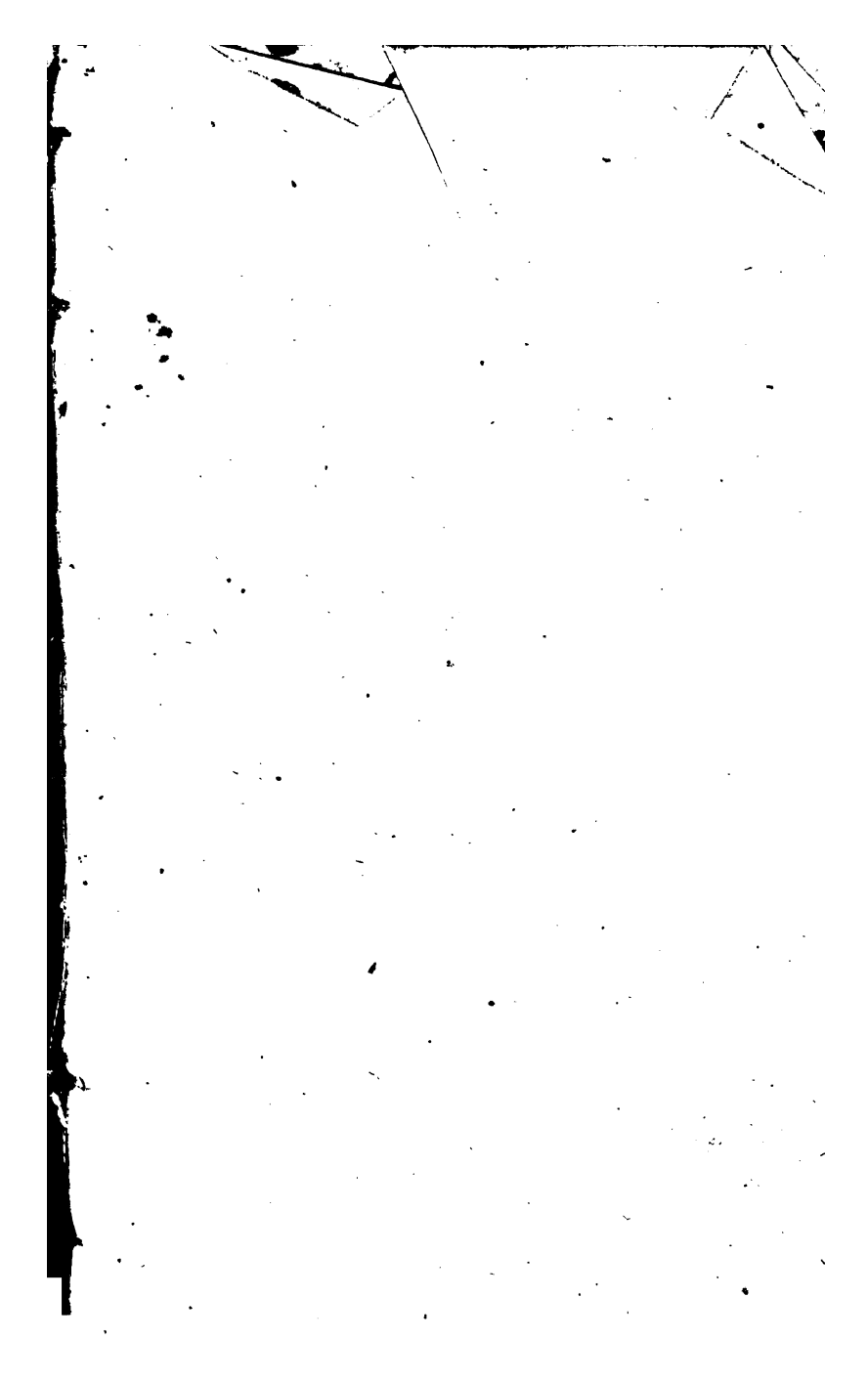
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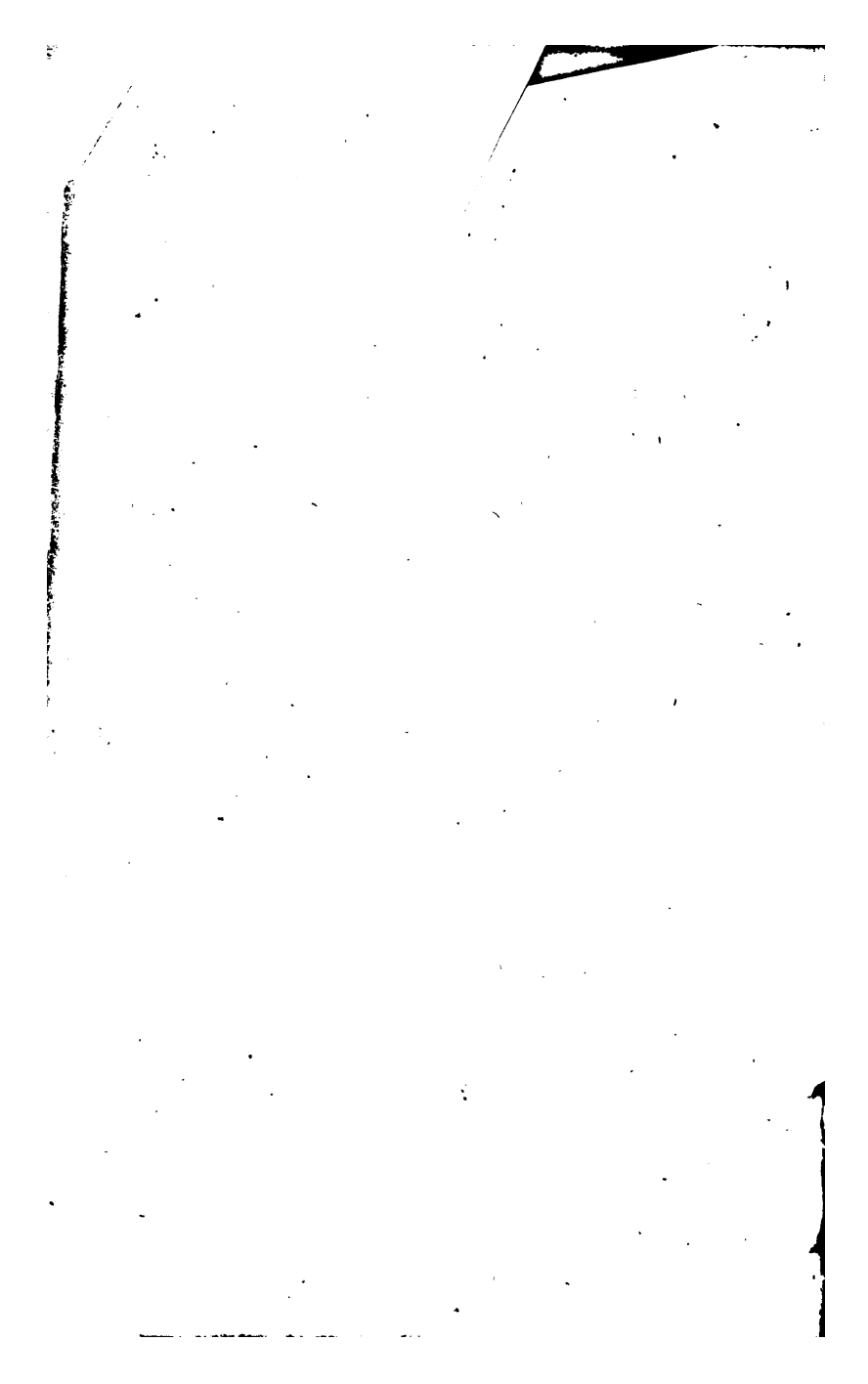
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IWA ~~KNOWNA~~ ;

OR,

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THE MAID OF MOSCOW.

A NOVEL.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF THE CLERGYMAN'S WIDOW,
OFFICER'S WIDOW, SON OF A GENIUS, SISTERS, &c.

Mrs. Bart. Hoffman

Sweet is the death of those,
Who for their country die,
Sink on her bosom to repose,
And triumph where they lie :
For beautiful in death
The warrior's corse appears,
Embalm'd in fond affection's breath,
And bath'd in woman's tears.

MONTGOMERY.

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IWANOWNA;

OR,

THE MAID OF MOSCOW.

LETTER I.

From IWANOWNA, daughter of Count DOLGORUCKI, to ULRICA her sister, wife of Colonel Count FEDEROWITZ.

Moscow, May 20.

MY sister, my friend, why are you not with me at this most eventful period of my life? Alas! the question is but too quickly answered; you are engaged in fulfilling the interesting but painful duties of that state I am on the eve of entering; you are attending a sick child, and preparing to part with a beloved husband, on the most trying occasion connubial love can possibly sustain.

As it was settled some months ago that my marriage should take place the day I completed my eighteenth year, Frederic will not listen to my sage reasons for further delay, nor even those of my good grandfather. The former, indeed, consists

only of "I had *rather* not be married till Ulrica is enabled to visit us ;" the latter, in a very different tone exclaims, "Is this a time to marry, or be given in marriage, when the enemy is at the door, when he who has subverted empires, and desolated nations, approaches Russia also?"

My dear parents hear their venerable father speak thus, with an emotion that proves how far they participate his feelings, yet they do not oppose my union at the proposed time ; partly under the idea that the French will not make the threatened invasion, or be powerfully repelled ; and partly because they wish my marriage to take place during the absence of Baron Mentizikoff, who is now called to his regiment under the command of Prince Bragathion, and who has been so long and so tenderly attached to your Iwanowna, that he has a claim upon her for the utmost delicacy ; and it would undoubtedly be pleasanter to him to be at a distance when such an event takes place, than to be condemned almost to witness it. My brother resolves to accompany him to the army, and engage at once in a noble warfare against our common enemy, and the kindest attentions which friendship can demand in a period of suffering. When I think of Mentizikoff—his many virtues—his faithful attention—the high esteem in which all my family hold him, and particularly the circumstance of his being the inseparable companion and bosom friend of our beloved Alexander ; I cannot help feeling almost angry with myself for not according him that affection which is the general result of decided approbation, and I frequently shrink from the reproach which I can read in my brother's eye, though his tongue is silent. Yet when I look on my beloved Frederic, and consider the excellence of his disposition, the ardour of his attachment, and the promise

of every virtue and talent given by his mind, I am shocked at the thoughts of deserting him even for a moment; and I eagerly embrace the idea that the brave baron will lose in the career of glory opened by his profession every vestige of his unfortunate passion, save that esteem which I am conscious I ought not to forfeit, and which I value too highly to resign.

You ask me, Ulrica, to write you a long letter, and to remember that your mind is in a state which asks rather diversion than consolation: this I can readily conceive, for it appears to me more easy to turn the attention from some objects of sorrow, so as to afford at least a temporary respite, than to reconcile it to enduring them; since the more they are looked at, the more terrible they appear. Men are perhaps calculated to face enemies of all kinds, but women must either fly from evil, or stoop under it, in order to escape it; thus patience and humility stand us in stead of courage and resolution; and in many cases vivacity supplies the place of fortitude, a magnificent virtue, to which I have no claim, having never yet encountered any misfortune which could not be laughed away, or wept away, in half an hour. But as my dissertations are not likely to amuse you, I must endeavour to give you the conversations which I am every day compelled to listen to; I say *compelled*, for you know I hate politics in every shape, having neither taste nor talents for them: but you are too nearly allied to all that concerns the present state of public affairs to be equally indifferent; nay, I will confess even your little Iwanowna never thinks of invasion without trembling, since that circumstance would induce Frederic to take up arms immediately, and then—ah! *then*, Ulrica, we should indeed be sisters in our affliction.

Every body in the house, every body out of the house, are alike occupied with talking of Bonaparte; *his* powers, *his* intentions, *his* ambition, *his* resources, are the grand subject of interest to every description of people; there is no time for either scandal, or fashion, or public amusements, or works of literature; all is war and *exultation* with the young, war and *desolation* with the old; war and its attendant struggles and miseries with the middle aged, who are, I apprehend, the best judges in the case, because maturity has neither rashness nor despondence to obscure its penetration.

My father (who is my oracle you know) seems decidedly of opinion that the French *will* enter Russia, and probably make some progress, but that they will meet with an opposition of which they have at present no conception, because, forming a false estimate of the Russian character, they have no idea of steady opposition, though they must be well aware of the decided bravery of troops with whom they have already contended. "Of all other people," says he, "the French have the most overweening opinion of their own discernment, and as they can very justly give themselves credit for *many* great talents, they are determined to assert their claims to all—they conceive the Russians to be slaves, and appropriate to them every characteristic usually applied to men of that description; hence our courage is called ferocity, our religion superstition, our local attachments prejudice, and—"

"But, my good friend (interrupts the old Baron Villanoditz), are we not ourselves obliged to confess so far to this charge, as to foresee the impossibility of making any continued stand against the invader, who may be boldly repulsed, but cannot be effectually resisted, since the bravery of barbarism

must ever yield eventually to a higher species of courage, united with experience and discipline?"

"Excuse me, baron," said my father, rising with a majestic air, "you have lived so long in other countries, that you have forgot the natural demands of your own, and have lost the opportunity she has afforded you of watching her rise gradually to a state of comparative civilization, and knowledge, which places her on something like equality even with her polished enemy; since it is allowed on all hands that beyond a certain point, refinement is dangerous to the morals, and of course to the freedom and stability of a nation; it is, therefore, possible that the Russians may be found at this period possessing many of the virtues which spring from improved mind, yet untainted with those vices which are the result of luxurious arts, and that state of finished improvement which *unnerves* the mind;—and surely, continued and unremitting exertions may be expected from those who are fighting for all that is dear to them, their homes, wives, and children, and who, in the present instance, add the incentive of glory to the claims of justice and affection; since the repulse and conquest of so puissant an enemy must enhance the merit of victory, and plant unfading laurels on the humblest brow."

"It," resumed the baron, "our countrymen are indeed so far advanced as your wishes and your amor patriæ, rather I fear than your knowledge, would make them, I grant much might be expected: for where the heart is indeed engaged in its object, the physical powers of man are found very great; and the very poverty of the Russian, the hardships of his infancy, and the severity of his climate, would be found his best friends, and would stand him in stead of the boasted discipline of his

southern fogs: but alas! how can we hope for the enthusiasm of love and liberty in a being who is born heir to neither, whose miseries are so many that they admit of little extent, whose coarse joys are so few that it is scarcely possible to contract them, and who is taught to look to another state of existence as an atonement for the sufferings of this! Were I a Russian peasant, I do not see what should keep me (under such a persuasion) from rushing on the point of the first Frenchman's sword which was so obliging as to open a passage to any amendment of my condition."

"Then I will tell you, baron; if you *so believed* you would know, that the same blessed book which opens life and immortality to the humblest boor as effectually as to his haughty lord, has likewise taught its votary in the hour of affliction and privation to say—'all the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change cometh;' and a little more study of that sacred volume, and of human nature in general, would have taught you that every human being in possession of reason, and in the exercise of the affections which belong to him as a man, is naturally so far attached not only to life but to his own circle in life, that he will fight to preserve it so long as one spark of manly virtue exists in his breast; and this spark is far more likely to exist in the hardy bosom of an untutored Russ than the voluptuous soul of an effeminate Italian; in the one case it may be hid by ignorance, in the other it will be extinguished by vice, which is surely a case infinitely more lamentable. Neither you nor the French, baron, have any right to conclude that the Russian peasantry are either animals so stupid as not to know their own rank in creation, or beings so very wretched as to be anxious to exchange their lot at all hazards:—they are not equal, either in intellect or si-

tuation, to what the English *are*, or the Swiss *were*, but still they are *men* : and live under *their* lords on no worse terms than *these* people lived under *their* feudal tenures a few centuries ago, and the Highlanders, a brave and intellectual race, still live at this very day ; and in fact, as under different forms and modifications mankind must ever continue to live. Why then, should their courage and fidelity be more doubted than others, who at different periods have taught similar invaders to repent their temerity, and respect the people they have affected to despise ? and above all, why should it be suspected that our hordes of slaves (even allowing them to be such) should stoop to a people far more evidently enslaved than themselves ? a people, scientific, polished, generous, and brave, who submit to be led by a foreign despot into every enterprize his vanity and ambition dictates, regardless of their real welfare ; and by whom they may be truly said to be possessed as by an evil spirit, who ‘ bindeth them, and teareth them, and leadeth them whithersoever he will.’— Depend upon it, baron, I know my own people, and those of my neighbours : their situation is *humble*, but not *mean* ; it is that of servitude, not slavery ; since the law of custom operates effectually to prevent those abuses our obsolete code might otherwise allow : it will therefore be found that our soldiers will be seconded by our peasantry, and between both, the French will be eventually punished for their rash ambition :—but I do confess I *dread* the struggle ; for our enemy is very powerful, and though every man that can carry a musket went into the field, and even every woman that—”

“ Woman ! exclaimed the baron, “ *woman !* my dear count, you must be quite beside yourself to think of hawling in the women in this fray, except on the other side, there indeed they may be expect-

ed to do something ; for the gallantry of the French will soon teach them the difference between the suavity of polished life, and the barbarism of domestic tyranny. To tell you the truth, I think we have much to dread on this account, since woman can make up by cunning what she wants in strength ; and it is natural to suppose that such slaves as you must allow all Russian wives to be, should seize the moment not only of emancipation but revenge."

My mother was sitting quietly at her embroidery, from which she had only lifted her eyes once or twice since the conversation began, just to give an admiring glance at my father when his conversation was more particularly animated ; she now put down her needle, and turning to the baron with a calm severity in her countenance, the more remarkable from its being, as you know, the most rare thing we know of, she said, "I have sixty women under my roof, any of whom will risk their lives in defence of their husbands or fathers. I have no right to conclude my household is better than my neighbours, and I therefore hope you are utterly mistaken in supposing any of us capable of infidelity to our husbands, or treachery to our country."

"Pardon me, lady, I could not speak of you, or any who have the happiness of living under your controul, or the sense to be benefitted by your example ; I speak of the great mass of the people, the wives of our mechanics and our peasantry, of those beings who, taught to crouch under the rod of their tyrants, may hail a race remarkable for their gallantry, as deliverers, rather than enemies."

"That any human being (replied my mother meekly) should love one who treats her with cruelty, or what she conceives to be *cruelty*, I consider utterly impossible ; but if it is remembered that the women you speak of are taught from their earliest

infancy to consider implicit obedience to their future husbands as the condition of their being; that their minds never speculate on the possibility of breaking fetters of whose weight they are insensible; and that every act of kindness from their husbands is received by them with all the gratitude due to a spontaneous gift; you will perceive that, however narrow the views of their minds, there is no occasion to lament their want of happiness, since, unless they happen to be united to natures singularly rugged, they will generally receive more tenderness than they looked for, and be incited thence to love with warmth the man to whom they are united; and when to this you add the higher sense of religious duty which I am persuaded is, more or less, felt by them all, you will see sufficient reason to justify my conclusion, even without bringing forward the more selfish feelings which, nevertheless, must operate on every human being, and especially on woman, who ever has a stronger interest in the man who protects her, whether he bestows that protection kindly or unkindly."

Here my mother ceased speaking, and whether the baron yielded to her reason or her beauty, I know not; but he was too much of a courtier not to give apparent consent to her conclusions.—Certain it is, Ulrica, that my mother is, at this very moment, handsomer than either you or I; and, what is worse, that saucy wretch Frederic admitted this fact not an hour ago. But why speak of her person, when every action of her life, every word she utters, is so much more beautiful than any other beauty, that it draws every heart around her as to a resting place for their affections, and a fountain of virtue from which they may imbibe a portion of the excellence they love? No wonder our dear father regards her with such fondness and esteem; and that her own rejoices in

her as the staff of his age, the honour of his ancient house, the very pride and delight of his heart Oh, that you and I, Ulrica, may be thus loved, and thus merit love, twenty years hence ! We have neither of us, thank Heaven, any reason to doubt the affections of those to whom we have devoted ours ; but still marriage and time are trying things, and I sometimes think on them till I am serious to very sadness, a state of mind more novel than agreeable to me.

We dined yesterday with the Princess Newski : she entertained us with five or six scandalous anecdotes about various dear friends, for whose errors or misfortunes she expressed infinite sorrow ; and it is but justice to believe she felt uncommon interest in the cases she related, since she is the only person I have seen whose fears or solicitude respecting the French invasion has not superseded their passion for criticising their friends ; yet notwithstanding the universality of this failing, the old baron assures me we talk scandal much less in Russia than the people do in France or England ; if so, this passion must be the point in which the most polished and barbarous people resemble each other ; for of such it may be said, that, like the sons of Ishmael, " their hand is against every man."

My Frederic abhors calumny in every shape and degree ; open, ingenuous, and candid, while he confesses his own proneness to error with the most engaging frankness, he yet views the faults of others with the utmost forbearance, though he never fails to stigmatize vice with the warmth which becomes an honest advocate in the cause of virtue.

Don't laugh at me, Ulrica ; remember how often I have listened to your rhapsodies in days of yore, before I could comprehend how you could admire Fedorowitz as much as our own brother : rather

thank me that I have given you so small a portion of that which occupies so large a space in my own heart.

Adieu ! Kiss your sweet babe for me ; present us all most affectionately to our estimable Federowitz ; our hearts are alike with him and his cause ; we are not without hopes of embracing him at Moscow, having understood it was in his route. That the God of battles may preserve *him* and sustain *you* is the ardent prayer of your sympathizing and affectionate sister,

IWANOWNA.

LETTER II.

From the same to the same.

Moscow, June 30.

LITTLE did I think, my beloved sister, when I wrote last, that the fears of those around me would so soon be verified, and this terrible man and his terrible myrmidons would really enter my country, and bring the horrors of war to our very homes. Ever leaning to the bright side of the view, and knowing the horrors of such troubles only by report, I believed rather with my ears than my heart; and having known no sorrow beyond the short-lived anger of an affectionate father, or the casual indisposition of a tender mother, I was not aware of the nature of the threatening clouds around me; and the first which broke for some days so completely overwhelmed me, that I was utterly unable to converse with your dear husband during his short and distressing visit: all I remember of it was the surprise I felt on seeing him appear so happy. I now know that in him courage and fortitude supplied that appearance, and that instead of envying his sensations I ought to have emulated his example. I ought to have remembered he had just parted from a wife and child most tenderly beloved, and yet he commanded himself to appear not only calm but cheerful—whilst I, weeping and distracted,

refused every consolation parental tenderness could bestow ; and seemed, for the first time in my life, to have discovered that I was born to the common lot of human beings.

Yet who can blame me, Ulrica ? was it not hard on the very eve of that day which was to have united me to the youth I have so long loved, who was not only the object of *my* voluntary choice, but so highly esteemed by my parents, that their warmest approbation sanctioned my affection—a youth so excellent, of such high descent, so endowed by nature and fortune, that even when my brother lamented my refusal of his friend he was compelled to acknowledge the happiness of my own heart's election, and declare that he should feel for Frederic a fraternal affection.—But I must check these effusions ; I mean only to relate to you the incidents that are passing amongst us ; I am now able to do it, for I have wept myself into calmness, and that horrible and restless suspense which pervades my heart (and, indeed, the hearts of all around me) may perhaps find a temporary relief in the employment.

Several days previous to my birth-day I had observed extreme sadness blend at times with the tenderness which ever characterized Frederic's attentions to me, and I reproached myself for having caused this sensation by an appearance of reluctance, and therefore abandoned every thing which could indicate such a sensation, and treated him with more of kindness than I had ever allowed myself before. But, alas ! in proportion as my tenderness became apparent, so did his sorrow.—My heart, deeply affected, saw only him—my parents and the family were busy, serious, and continually speaking of the news from the frontiers. I applied their observations and their solicitude to *your* ac-

count; and, indeed, Ulica, I felt for you at times very acutely; sometimes, too, I thought of my country, and trembled at the miseries war must bring to numbers of my friends and acquaintance; but I thought most of all on the sorrow which oppressed Frederic's breast, and which first taught me to know how sincerely I loved him.

On the eve of that unhappy day appointed for our union, my father received despatches which announced the advances of the French army into the Russian territories; scarcely had he read the fatal words when Frederic entered the apartment. The count put them silently into his hand; his eye glanced eagerly over the contents, then darted towards me with an expression that conveyed anguish inexpressible.—He rose, gasped for breath, struck his forehead, and turned from me.—“Dear, dear Frederic!” I cried, “for Heaven’s sake tell me what is the matter?”

“Matter!” said my father, with an air of mingled pity and vexation, “have I not told you, child, the French are in Russia?”

“True, and I am very sorry, but I doubt not they will be driven back, and——”

Frederic turned to me, and seizing my hands, exclaimed—“My dear Iwanownna! you must see that it is the duty, the express duty of every Russian to repel the invader of his country; and that I——”

“You, Frederic, *you*! Impossible! You are not a soldier!—My brother is already gone; perhaps my poor sister has been torn from her husband—surely our family has sent more than sufficient to this cruel war; you *cannot* go—you hold no commission.”

“Indeed, my Iwanownna, I hold the *best* commission. I go to fight the battles of my country; to

defend you, my affianced bride, ten thousand times dearer to me at this awful moment than ever I felt you before. I go to punish the proud invaders of my native land, and teach the tyrant of the South to know the continent yet boasts one power he may wound, but never can enslave."

As he spoke the enthusiasm of valour beamed in his reanimated eye, and the softer pleadings of love, vanished before it.—Fool that I was, I could not bear this.—Oh, how very a woman did I become! how cruelly did I shake the virtue I could not conquer!—Yet, Heaven is my witness, I meant to be generous, and kind, to reward the heroism I admired, and prove my love was as noble as his courage, when, throwing myself in his arms, I proposed our *immediate* marriage.

"No, my Iwanowna, my life, my soul! I must not marry thee:—the fate of war is ever dubious, and though I hope the best, yet——"

"Oh, talk not of hopes—I am yours; I will go with you, fight with with you, die with you!—Am I not your wife?"

"You are his wife, Iwanowna," said my father, clasping us together in his arms; "and may God so prosper ye both, as you shall be faithful to each other! But remember, my child, that as it is the duty of a husband to protect and instruct his wife, so it is sometimes her honour to invigorate *his* virtues and assist *his* energies; and I expect *my* daughter, a daughter of the best of women, to prove herself capable of this."

I heard my father—I struggled to obey him—but Frederic at this moment pressed his lips to mine.

"Is this," said my trembling heart, "a bridegroom's kiss, or is it the pressure of lips bidding me an *eternal* farewell?"—The thought shot like an

ice bolt through my frame, and I felt, I heard no more.

May God forgive me, Ulrica, but I cannot help frequently wishing that I had never awakened from the insensibility into which I fell at this time ; for the terrible sensations I experienced, as I recovered my senses, will never be erased from my memory. And when I was fully informed that Frederic was already gone, and that it was probable a severe engagement might be soon expected, my grief became outrageous : in vain my father urged all that I owed to myself and my situation in life ; I could neither be reasoned into heroism, nor would the overwhelming torrent be commanded into obedience. In vain did my good grandsire urge the milder precepts and the weightier truths of religion to enforce my resignation. I listened, and I wept ; but I could not cease to weep.

But my mother's sorrow, her unrepublishing goodness, the magnanimity with which she disguised her grief, whilst she yet evidently suffered, effected some degree of change in me ; for *her* sake I struggled, and the consciousness of being beneficial to *her* created energy and recalled religion. I prayed to God, and was comforted ; I exerted myself, and was strengthened.

But still, Ulrica, how terrible is this suspense to bear ! Day after day, and hour after hour, we are waiting to hear the fate of all most dear to us. We are far nearer the seat of action than you, and yet it is probable you may be sooner acquainted with the truth than we are ; because that must be sent to the seat of government, from the immediate hand of our great general ; whereas the peasantry are continually bringing us various, and often contradictory accounts. The general union, inspired by the common danger, gives each a right to obtrude his

information alike on the palace, and the cottage : important, as the bearer of interesting intelligence, he is every where listened to with avidity ; and his report, whether false or true, spreads through every part of Moscow with a facility hitherto unequalled ; and of course every hour we are harassed by all the perturbations which arise from hope, fear and doubt. But these feelings arise only from what relates to the state of the army, and the progress of the enemy. The fears of Baron Villanoditz constitute no part of ours ; we should as soon expect to see the towers of the Kremlin churches bow their heads and offer their treasures to the invader, as our brave loyal Russians to support his cause, or be the calm spectators of his progress. No ! we have but one spirit : and surely it is a mighty spirit, and can wield a mighty arm. It may not have the immediate pliability, that happy union of power, and suppleness, which experience only can supply, and which characterizes that of our antagonist. But its sinews are immense, its fibres strong, and its patience exhaustless ; and depend upon it, where it fails to hurl vengeance, it will yet be resolute in wearing out opposition—by every mode of warfare, by every endurance of hardship, by all that valour can achieve, and perseverance effect ; alike by the fire of enthusiasm, and the coolness of prudence, by the counsels of age, and the ardour of youth, will this merciless tyrant be opposed, and Russia found unconquerable.

Already have our women given proof that the Russian husbands are not the tyrants our enemies, and even the desponding baron, painted them ; every where have they exerted themselves in assisting their husbands and relatives to annoy the enemy. In many districts whole troops of peasantry join the army, while their women undertake to destroy

their own cottages, drive the cattle up the country, which they lay waste before the invader ; and in fulfilling this most distressing duty expose themselves and little ones (those dearer parts of self, for which mothers feel so much) to all the hardships of present want, and the incertitude of future provision for winter. If this is not the very soul of patriotism ; if it is not the promise of unconquerable resolution, and the proof of attachment to our native country ; no such spirit can exist.

Had the Spaniards been thus united ; had they felt one of the finest countries on which the sun sheds his kindest beams as dear to them as our sterile plains, and snow covered deserts are to us, think you the usurper would have spread his proud legions over their wasted provinces, and trampled vineyards ? Would they have required England to teach them how to be men, and train them into soldiers ? No, Ulrica ! though they might have claimed assistance, they would likewise have merited it. They would not have laid the whole weight of their emancipation on those brave and generous islanders who have so happily taught us that this Achilles has a vulnerable part ; that he, to whom so many have bowed, has bowed in turn to *them* ; and has fled again and again from far inferior numbers of those very people whom he vaunted he would sweep into the sea.

When I think of the transactions in Spain, I must own I cannot help wishing that the great Wellington and his gallant army were here also. He is so very great a man that I think even Russians, fighting for their own country, might be proud of serving under him ; which is certainly saying the highest thing a Russ can say of him. But I see you smile, Ulrica, in despite of your anxieties. When Iwanowna talks of generals and

armies, who would not smile?—*She*, the simple girl, who never aspired beyond the praise of being an elegant trifler in company, and a humane *charitaire* in retirement. Ah, my sister! a very short period is required, in some cases, to make a very material alteration in the character. My thoughts, wishes, and designs, seem to have undergone an entire revolution; one great and terrible interest absorbs me; and I find relief from one overwhelming anxiety in considering the attendant branches of it. To leave the subject wholly is impossible. My mind is no more able to conform itself to the quiescent state necessary for drawing a flower, or contriving a pelisse, than it would be for solving a problem in Euclid. Though I have attained some fortitude, I have as yet little resignation. My mind calls for continual action. I play martial music, I read with impatience passages of heroic biography, or the finest parts of epic poetry; I listen to my grandfather's details of our illustrious ancestry, and I rouse within my own nature every dormant spark of mental dignity. War, even on the very field of blood, is become a part of my contemplations; and I feel as if, in despite of the delicacy of my form, I could wield the sword, and fight like Clarinda—but I must confess it is always in Frederic's company; nor does imagination ever allow me to destroy one enemy, but in defence of my beloved lord. Yes, Ulrica, I will call him my *lord*! I will have a husband as well as you, for whom I may tremble and exult.

Foolish, romantic girl that I was; a few weeks ago I was ready to fancy that because the course of my love affairs ran smooth, that the stream was not deep; and that, in after times, Frederic might discover that I was rather the chosen of his eyes than his understanding, and might condemn the passion

of his youth. This was one of the ingenious devices of love for tormenting his votaries, and verifies our old nurse Elizabeth's observation, that "those who have no troubles make them." It was not, however, one that lasted long with me, for my native cheerfulness soon effaced it. Ah, what would I give to exchange my present anxiety for the worst pang I felt at that moment !

How many times since I begun to write this letter have I enquired whether any news has arrived from Frederic or Alexander ; and how often have I regretted that it was impossible to see what they are doing ! Nay, I want to read every thought of my Frederic's heart ; I tremble lest his sufferings on my account should check his generous ardour, or damp that courage which is at once my terror and delight. *His* grief I cannot endure ; but yet I would not have him happy, neither : alas ! there is but little to fear on that account.

It is a consolation to me to learn that he is on the same route with your dear Federowitz, as I trust they will mutually comfort and assist each other. My brother and his friend are in the army of Prince Bagrathion, now stationed in Volhynia, but about to join the main army soon, when it is expected some decisive blow will be struck. *Decisive !* Ah, what a word is that, Ulrica !—But I have no time for comments ; my father sends for me—news of some kind must have arrived.

The French are making rapid advances, and it is feared that they will intercept the march of Prince Bagrathion ; but the people are every where in arms, and the Hetman Platow, with seven thousand Cossacks, has joined the prince. These hardy fellows, my father assures me, are a reinforcement of infinite importance. Oh, may the God of battles make them a wall of defence to those most dear to

us! Alas! the most patriotic prayer of a fond trembling woman must mingle the nearer cares of her heart with the love of her country; and warmly as we regard the *many*, yet the *few*, very *very* dear, will claim our first remembrance. We are daughters of Russia, we love our country, we deprecate her enemies, we glory in her defenders; yet each heart owns a single master, whose glory and whose misfortune involves all we know of bliss or misery.

Pardon me, my beloved parents, my revered grandsire! my heart is not so absorbed as to forget its duty to you, or cease to live in your happiness; but you are under my own eye, and are, I trust, far removed from the horrors of that state to which my Frederic is exposed. It is delightful to me to think the arm of my lover is extended for the protection of those so dear to me. Accept this comfort yourself, Ulrica, for I am certain it will become one to you. The daughter of such parents as ours takes no leave of the affections she has nourished under the paternal roof, when she quits it even with the most beloved husband. Every social affection, every virtuous attachment, expands the heart, and enables it with more acute delight and glowing zest to love and cherish the memory of such parents, and the emotions which they awakened when the opening heart was alive only to the impressions of paternal tenderness.

In a very few days I trust we shall hear from Frederic; my father bids me assure you that he will forward all despatches for you with the utmost celerity. My mother writes to you herself; oh, that she may be enabled to communicate to you the hope and the fortitude so requisite for you at this trying time! Yet I cannot allow you the privilege of superior suffering; for have you not your boy, the smiling image of his father, to console you?—But he

is sick, perhaps.—Poor Ulrica, how I pity you ! to be trembling for two such blessings at the same moment. How necessary a thing is it for our hearts to be chastised into virtue ! Much as I have ever loved you, I never should have felt such compassion for you as that which now penetrates my heart if Frederic had still been seated by my side.

Adieu, my sister !

IWANOWNA.

LETTER III.

From the same to the same.

Moscow, July 7.

EVERY hour teems with eventful information, and, thank Heaven, so far those we love are safe. The Emperor has been here; he held a long conference with my father, who was anxious to join the army, but whose presence he rather desires in this city, where the high esteem in which he is held, his activity, and acknowledged talents, may be of signal service; in fact they have been so already, as he has convened the nobles, laid before them the wishes of their sovereign, the necessities of the state, and awakened in all new resolutions of magnanimity and the most splendid and noble sacrifices to the claims of the state. When they were told that their sovereign was determined to exist only *with* and *for* his people, that he had resolved to make no concession, submit to no condition, and become rather the sovereign of a desert than the slave of a despot, they unanimously applauded the resolution, and declared they would stand or fall to a single man with their royal master; and entering into all my father's views and plans for the defence of the country, immediately subscribed an immense sum of money for the more immediate expences of the

war, whilst they determined to open their own houses for the reception of those who have abandoned and destroyed their dwellings for the annoyance of the enemy, following in this the plan *we* had already adopted.

When this august assemblage was dissolved, my father assembled in the outer court-yard all our own household servants, artisans, and labourers, and every dependent serf within his more immediate domain. To them he likewise delivered the will of the sovereign in language suited to their capacities, and his own coincidence of desire with the Emperor's; he then read them the insolent manifesto of Napoleon, and warned them against the belief of promises which had infatuated other nations, and brought from all parts of Europe an army ill calculated to endure the hardships of war in our ungenial climate, and illdisposed to wage it against those who had neither excited their ambition nor provoked their anger; he called upon them as Russians and Christians to assert their native rights, protect their altars, and defend their sovereign; and his appeal was answered by an universal shout that said, "we will be faithful."

As the buz of many voices died away, my father turned more particularly to the serfs, who occupied a space below his more immediate followers, as considering them more likely to be deluded by the invader should he be enabled to press farther into the heart of the empire; and he was preparing to address them with an exordium to that purpose, but just as he had begun with these words—"My friends, *you* will be told that your situation cannot be worse, that you are bondsmen, and have nothing to lose," a grey-headed old man, with a ruddy cheek and eyes that still glowed with the fire of better days, stepped forward, and waving his hand while

he bowed his white head, as if to beg forgiveness for the interruption, exclaimed—"Then he will *lie*, for we have *much* to lose, we have *you*, who feed *us* and instruct our young ones, to lose; we have the countess, who pities and comforts us, to lose; we have the good pastor you gave us, to lose;—but no, we will *not* lose you!—By the mother of God, the last drop of blood in our hearts shall be shed for you, and for your children after you."

Every hand was instantly lifted, as if to call on the Most High to ratify the oath, a thousand times echoed. My father would have replied to this honest effusion of untutored love, and twice I heard the words, "My children!—My friends!" quiver on his lip, but he was too deeply affected to proceed; tears, delicious tears I trust, coursed each other down his manly cheek; whilst my mother, almost fainting, threw herself in his arms, and feebly called on Heaven to bless and preserve a life so valuable, and a people so faithful.

Michael, who in every case of this kind does the best and wisest thing, withdrew us from the crowd, whom he plentifully regaled, and to whom he more particularly explained the nature of our present situation, and he had the satisfaction of enlisting numbers who were anxious to prove their power of keeping the French from a nearer approach to Moscow; the bare idea of which is horrible to every Muscovite. I know not how far it was sound policy in Michael to accept their services, and thus thin the ranks of our own more immediate protectors; but as it met with the approbation of his lord, I conclude it must be right. Heaven grant it may indeed answer the end, and keep the demon at a distance!

Every hour now teems with fresh reports. You will have heard that Bagrathion has found it impos-

sible to form a junction, but he has vigorously attacked Davoust, and given him a proof of Russian bravery, which, though not fortunate in effecting all its purpose, was yet happy in its general effects: my brother was engaged on the outset, but happily escaped all injury; he writes in excellent spirits, and appears to have no doubt that when they are enabled to join the great army a force will be presented which even the immense body which the invader brings will be unable to resist. Alas! he is young and sanguine; but the young are valiant to madness, and in a moment like this the fire of enthusiasm is lighted by reason herself, and all the noblest and sweetest affections of our nature fly to aid the flame. When once they meet the enemy fairly in the field they *must* conquer. Yes; I feel they must, Ulrica! of *this* I cannot doubt. But my fears are lest cypress should mix with our laurels; for this is inevitable to many; and by what right shall we claim our exemption from a share of suffering?

From the banks of the Dwina we receive the most exhilarating accounts; Count Wittgenstein has repeatedly been victorious over Oudinot, who is severely wounded; and Tormansoff has collected a force in Volhynia which he is pushing towards Warsaw as a diversion. Numbers of French prisoners are already in our hands. Bonaparte is now quitting Witesp on the route for Smolensko, where it is hoped our united force will meet him. What must be the horrors of that day! How many hearts must tremble to their inmost core!

Oh, that I were with my Frederic! that I could bear his shield as in the days of romance, embalm his wounds, pour water on his parched lips, whisper the hopes of love in the moment of despondence, or utter the prayers of tenderness in the hour of rashness. How I dread the impetuosity of his courage,

so powerfully excited ! Yet I would not have it less. I should blush for the Russian noble whose whole soul was not engaged in the contest, whose eye flashed not with the fire of genuine valour and honest indignation, and who was not prodigal of life in such a field as this ; what then should I feel if the chosen of my heart was recreant in such a cause ?

What a terrible state is war ! how shocking a thing is it for any human being to be so situated as to desire the destruction of thousands of its fellow creatures ! Alas ! here I sit, imploring success on the arms of my country, and feeling justified in the prayer ; yet how many tender hearts do I condemn to bleed ! how many ties the most sacred and endearing would I thus break ! what floodgates of misery would I open ! how many innocent eyes must weep, how many tender bosoms be wrung by anguish inexpressible, even in the triumph of a righteous cause !

My father has just informed me that Frederic and your colonel are now at Smolensko with their brave old general, and are in hourly expectation of receiving Bagrathion's army. Every moment brings nearer the hour so desired, and yet so terrible. Platow has obtained a signal victory over Sebastiani's corps ; oh, that it may be the herald of more extensive victory ! Yes, daughters of France, Italy, and Germany ! to whose sorrows I so lately gave the sigh of pity, I am compelled to wish you the fate my soul shudders to think upon ; the tyrant has done all, and on his guilty head descends the sorrow and the curses of a suffering world. Oh, Ulrica ! I am sick at my very heart with the fears and hopes which alternately affect me.—Farewell !—I go to prayer—to God alone can we look for relief or consolation ; for not one eye in this vast city answers the glance of enquiry

by the smile of condolence; for the beam of hope, or the spark of valour, is obscured by doubt, or clouded by individual apprehension; every one has there a son, a brother, or a husband. You and I, Ulrica, have—ah! what have we not in the beings whom we love so fondly!

IWANOWNA.

LETTER IV.

From the same to the same.

Moscow, August 20.

THE Kremlin guns are at this moment firing, my Ulrica, and many citizens are felicitating each other on the issue of the contest at Smolensko; but if *this* be a victory, what are the miseries of defeat?

Frederic is wounded. Our despatches assure me the wound is so slight it would not keep him from the field, where he should resume his station the following day. Alas! I almost wish it would have prevented him. Alexander was not engaged; he is now hastening with General Miliradovitch to join the army, having been despatched from the prince to resume the command of the regiment he had first joined, who were much attached to him. Fedorowitz writes you a line I know, or I would have named him first; I give you joy of his promotion: but so terrible have been his exertions, so wonderful his escapes, that I tremble to think of them; I dare not relate them to his wife. He lives; he has fought nobly; let your heart dwell only on that, my dear sister! and be *his* dangers and *your* fears forgotten.

Another courier has this moment arrived; Frederic was indeed engaged yesterday morning at

Valentina, where he displayed prodigies of valour, in despite of the pain occasioned by his wound.—Glorious youth ! how my heart exults in his triumph ! for this was indeed a decisive victory on our part ; between three and four thousand of the enemy were left dead on the field, amongst whom were General Gudin. We learn that preparations are making on both sides for another terrible engagement.

Poor Smolensko is in ashes ; her ruined inhabitants, her women, children, and aged ones, wanderers ; the blood of her worthy sons mixed with that of her brave defenders now steepes the plains around her. Oh, what a terrible sight for the mind to contemplate ! I never saw a corpse, Ulrica, but I have a dreadful idea of the effects of death upon the human form. How is that idea heightened by considering it as smeared with blood, and gashed with gaping wounds ! Heaven preserve *me* from such spectacles ! But, alas ! how many of my country-women, nurtured with equal delicacy, and equally timid and sensible with myself, have been doomed to witness them even in the persons of those most tenderly beloved ! Methinks such a spectacle would annihilate my very being. God forbid I should be called to endure it !—yet if I am, I know his goodness could uphold me. Within this few weeks I am so much altered, my mind appears capable of enduring, and conceiving, so much more than it was wont, that I cannot presume to limit the strength of one so lately more fragile than the slightest flower.

This perception of a rapid maturity in myself inspires me with new hopes as to my distressed and harassed country. If a puny girl has energies that enable her in any degree to contend with difficulty, what may not be expected from *men*, brave, enlightened men ; from soldiers fighting for their homes and their little ones under veteran generals !—*Astro-*

nos, I hear that Prince Kutusoff will take the supreme command the next battle. It is his design to draw the enemy still farther into the country, in order to deprive them of resources. From this policy it appears the good old man conceives himself certain of victory. Should it be like that of Smolensko, he may say with Pyrrhus, "another such victory will ruin me." *Ruin*, no! that is impossible; no single battle can ruin Russia! But ah, Ulrica! a single arm, a random shot, may forever ruin all that renders Russia valuable to your

IWANOWNA.

LETTER V.

From the same to the same.

Moscow, Sept. 6.

THE terrible hour approaches, Ulrica, that must decide, perhaps, the fate of this mighty empire.— Alas ! I feel only that it is about to decide mine. We have just learnt that the French army arrived within view of the mighty force which Kutusoff has concentrated on the plains of Borodino. How immense are the preparations on either side ! Of all the terrible battles which have drenched Europe in blood, and deluged her with tears, not one has presented so wide a field for destruction as this. Every officer with whose person or name we are acquainted is there. Ah, how many worthy friends, how many dear relations are amongst the number ! From how many points may we be wounded !

An awful silence sits on every tongue, and when it is broken, we start and enquire, "Is there any news from the army ?" as if that only were of sufficient moment to break the spell. The common occupations of life are suspended ; life itself seems to enquire from every eye how long it may continue.

Yet in the midst of this extreme solicitude my father retains unbroken all the firmness and activity

of mind which characterise souls of a higher order. His feelings are evidently affected, his powers taxed to their full weight, for it is evidently a labour to support his usual equanimity; and he appears frequently revolving some awful circumstance about to be realised in the disposition of public affairs, or weighing some alternative of the last importance. But yet he continues serene, and even cheerful; and is every moment employed either in directing supplies to the army, training the citizens in the art of war, or sending out parties to intercept the supplies of the enemy, or waste the country through which they must pass; while my mother and myself are employed in distributing relief, in every possible way, to the families thus distressed. Our whole household are employed either in providing clothes, or in salting down provisions for these sufferers, who are already numerous, and must be expected daily to increase as the approaching severities of the season shall force them to seek shelter in the capital. The cheerfulness with which they have abandoned or destroyed their little all rather than submit to the will of a foreign master has added to the compassion we feel for their poverty, the respect due to their virtue; and when I behold a mother and her houseless family, thus situated, approach the palace, I fly to meet them less with the voice of pity than of friendship. How often, in the simple language of rustic affection, do I find the sentiments and feelings of my own heart re-echoed by the faithful matron or the blushing maid! How many tender hearts are fated to bleed from the contest at Borodino!—The field of battle, that horrible golgotha, from which imagination recoils and affrighted sensibility shrinks dismayed, terrible as it is, must be considered only as the central point of suffering, from which issue ten thousand streams of

sorrow and despair. Not a groan issues from the lips of death, not a sigh escapes the breast of the afflicted, but is re-echoed many a time in the distant bosom of some beloved object. How many hopes lie blighted for ever in a stricken youth!—How many blessings are rooted from existence when a father falls!

Sept. 7.

To-day—this very hour, they will be engaged. Oh, Ulrica! it is happy for you that you cannot be aware of this circumstance; and that, whatever may be the fate of the battle to you, yet you must be spared the perpetual agitation which distracts me from a knowledge of the circumstance. A day and a night, and perhaps another day, may pass before any thing can be known, save that the most dreadful contest imagination can conceive is at this very moment taking place. Oh, Frederic! where are you now?—One moment I behold you lovely, and yet terrible as the fabled god of war, tearing the proud standards from the stricken foe, and carrying desolation through his ranks. My imagination pursues you through every path of danger, and every road to glory; it is yours to snatch the proudest laurels fame ever planted on the youthful victor's brow. You pierce the inmost battle, and snatch honour from the fall of our arch-enemy himself. My Frederic! is it by thy hand my country shall—

My fond rhapsody was interrupted by the arrival of some serfs, who were crossing the country from Mojaïsk: they say the most terrible firing was heard many miles, and that every hour may be expected to bring us farther intelligence; that the armies have been engaged since six this morning. How many hours have passed since then! how many heads been laid low! Ah, Frederic, would thine were pillowed in these arms! I should not blush to tell thee so

at this very moment, could I be rewarded with one grateful smile. Smile!—Oh, Ulrica! at this moment he may be writhing in agony, stretched on the cold ground, trampled on by——.

I can write no more—yet I cannot cease to write. I fly from room to room, from window to window; I listen as if the sound of the cannon would reach my ear, and tell me its terrific mission. There is something in this incessant activity, this obedience of the body to the movements of that perturbed spirit which rules it, that somewhat allays the fever of the mind; and in such moments I again take up my pen, and in throwing my heart with all its fears and feelings before you gain a still farther respite. I then seek my mother, and endeavour to speak to her with some portion of her own cheerfulness and fortitude: she praises my efforts, but her tears follow her praises; she clasps me in her arms; she calls for blessings on my head, and that of her noble boy. At his name her fears awake; she trembles as she speaks, and we weep together. As my father approaches we summon all the courage we possess, that our sorrows may not wound the heart of our only, our inestimable treasure. He perceives our effort; and the look which would have reproved our sorrow now praises our tenderness and rewards our exertion. Oh, how sweet in the moment of affliction is this exercise of social affection! it is the balm which, mingling in the bitter cup of grief, allays its harshness, and subdues its venom. No human being can be perfectly miserable so long as it can enjoy the sympathy of one kindred soul; and even when that is denied, the Christian knows there is an ear open to the sorrowful sighings of every afflicted heart. But alas, Ulrica! in the moment of doubt, in that suspended state when even

the knowledge of our affliction is denied to us; when we neither know how to deplore, nor what to supplicate, even this, our best, our only consolation, is denied; and the torn soul, tossed by a thousand waves, and wrecked on a thousand rocks, can only cry with the sinking apostle—"Save, Lord, or I perish!"—and thus cries the wounded heart of your

IWANOWNA.

LETTER VI.

*From the Countess DOLGORUCKI to her daughter
ULRICA.*

Moscow, Sept. 10.

MY dear child, Heaven has in mercy heard your prayers: the battle of Borodino is fought, is *won*, and your husband is safe; though not without a wound, a ball having injured his right arm. Your brother too is safe; but our gallant friend the Prince Bagrathion is mortally wounded. I grieve to say that a still dearer than him is amongst the sufferers.

Frederic Baron Moldovani, the beloved of our dear Iwanowna, indeed the beloved of us all, was severely wounded early in the day. He was seen charging the enemy with great spirit, though covered with blood, apparently issuing from a wound in his neck; after which, in the heat of the battle, he was lost to his friends, who cannot ascertain his fate. It is possible that he may be a prisoner; but when his spirit and his situation are considered, there is little probability of it. From all I can learn, his wounds were terrible at the time he was thus rushing into the enemy's ranks, as if to spend the last spark of life in the defence of his country.

Our sweet Iwanowna is overwhelmed with this dreadful information; yet she endeavours to nour-

ish hopes I dare not encourage, and which I am certain will torture her more than even a knowledge of the worst. Your father is at this moment holding her in his arms, and chafing her temples : thank God, her tears begin to flow. Though I dread the sorrows which arise from that mixture of hope and fear which proceed from doubt, yet I dare not throw the mantle of despair over the bosom of my child at such a moment as this.

My dear Ulrica, preserve yourself; you are a mother, and have many duties to discharge. In times like these the strength of our minds, and that better power communicated by our faith, is called upon to show itself. I can add no more—it is with difficulty I hold the pen. The moment I see my poor child capable of exertion, I will urge to write to you; it will relieve *her*, and your heart will find consolation in perceiving that her grief is capable of complaint. She is so good, so gentle, yet so wise and pious, that I know she will exert herself for my sake; and I trust almighty Goodness will second her holy resolutions. Oh, my daughter! whatever be your future lot, may you never be called upon to witness the sufferings of such a child as this; a being formed to delight every eye, to gladden every heart. Gay as the summer breeze, hope danced in her eye, and pleasure spread roses in her path. She never spoke without awakening a smile; she never sung without inspiring rapture. Yet her vivacity was inferior to her sensibility, which pervaded every action of her life, and gave a charm beyond that exquisite beauty which has excited so much admiration. But it is within these few weeks *only* that I have learnt the full value of this lovely girl; that I have seen the powers of her mind, the higher energies of her character. Oh, how terrible is it to tremble at that which we admire! to behold

virtue elicited by sorrow ; sorrow, too, which appears not so much the chastisement of Heaven as the infliction of man : sorrow so sudden, so boundless, so out of the common course of nature ; combining and concentrating every possible species of misfortune, that the oldest and most experienced behold it with astonishment !

Your father and grandsire, my Ulrica ! send thee their blessing, and bid thee remember thou art the daughter and the wife of Russian soldiers. To thy Father in heaven do I recommend thee unceasingly, my beloved child ! beseeching him to restore to thee, honourably and happily, thy beloved lord, and make him unto thee what thy inestimable father has ever been to me. The most ardent wishes of earthly happiness, from the most tender parent, can go no farther. Ah, my Iwanowna, they are breathed in vain for thee !

Remember our Alexander in your prayers. My daughter, in the midst of my sorrows for one child, tears of gratitude to Heaven rise in my eyes for my matchless boy, and the victory, the *hard earned* victory, of my country. At this moment we are summoned to the cathedral. I go to thank my God in the midst of his people.

ULRICA DOLGORUCKI.

LETTER VII.

IWANOWNA to ULRICA.

Moscow, Sept. 11.

HOW lately did I think, Ulrica, that I should never write to you again—that my restless and distracted spirit, ever wandering on the plains of Borodino, ever seeking him in idea from whose beloved remains parental force alone could have detained me, I felt as if I never could write, even to my sister; nor perhaps should I do it now, if a new ray of hope had not somewhat illumed the terrible gloom which overwhelmed me.

A courier has arrived from dear Fedorowitz, now *indeed* my brother, informing us that, after the most diligent search, no body resembling Frederic's has been found amongst the vast number of officers who fell. It is true, he adds, many were too much mangled to admit of recognition; but still he seems to think Frederic is a prisoner, and he would not deceive me.

Yet, alas! what misery is there even in this hope!—He was covered with wounds—yes, it could only be in a moment of extreme exhaustion that he permitted himself to be taken—taken by those wretches, bleeding perhaps to death—his wounds undressed, his sufferings unpitied; with

not one tongue to whisper comfort, not one who would bid him live for Iwanowna.

My very soul is sick even unto death. I think, I could better bear to lose him than to know he was existing under such complicated wretchedness. Yet you know he is young, he is strong, Ulrica : the French are skilful, and surely if ever they were humane, they must be so to Frederic. Can they look on his noble, ingenuous countenance—can they see his fine form, cut down in the very bloom of youthful beauty and manly daring—and not pity him ? Alas ! I rave. There is no pity for him, Ulrica : his hand carried ruin through their proudest ranks ; they marked him for their prey ; the tyrant himself directed their attack on him. He was *distinguished*—glorious and fatal distinction !

I have been interrupted by the most affecting scene my eyes have ever witnessed. I thought I should weep no more, Ulrica ; but tears have flowed freely down my cheeks—tears afflictive, but far softer than those I have lately shed.

When I began to write this morning, Rotopchia, the governor of Moscow, was closeted with my father : but as he ever consults with him, and is, for the most part influenced by him, I did not consider the circumstance matter of moment to me. But when I was summoned to enter with my mother, I saw, from the countenances of both, that some new calamity had overtaken us.

"Ulrica," said my father, tenderly taking the hand of his wife, "circumstances have induced our brave general to retreat until the terrible losses sustained at Borodino shall be repaired. Moscow is therefore open to the enemy ; who, there is reason to believe, ~~intends~~ to fix here his winter quarters. The inhabitants of Moscow will oppose and harass, but they cannot effectually resist. The city will be-

come a scene of horrid bloodshed, and probably of great devastation. I wish you, therefore, my love, to set out immediately, with your father and Iwanowna, by a circuitous route, to St. Petersburg, without losing a moment."

"You will accompany us, Alexander?"

"That is impossible. You know my character, my situation. You would not have me fly, Ulrica, I know you would not. Arduous duties are before me in this city, and I must not quit them. I am in the very prime of life; but your father is aged: be it *your* care to protect and comfort him."

My mother for a few moments was silent; and the extreme agitation she felt, but endeavoured to subdue, gave a momentary wildness to her eyes, and a convulsive tremor to her whole frame. In a short time it subsided; and, clasping his hand between both hers, she answered—"My father gave me life—he rendered that life valuable, by the precepts and example of virtue in my days of infancy—but you have made me happy: and you married me so very young, that to you I doubtless owe all that is *most* estimable in my character. I cannot, therefore, forsake you, my husband, even for my father. We have lived together, and enjoyed together: we will suffer, and, if it is the will of Heaven, we will *die* together!"

"But, my love! in preserving yourself, you bless me. And your father lives only in you: you are his last, his only hope, Ulrica."

"No," cried I, "you shall not be parted. I will be to my grandfather his child; I will lead him to Ulrica. We will place her boy upon his knee: we will pray with him, and hope with him, and be unto him as daughters; and forgetting our own anguish, seek only to preserve his "grey hairs from descending with sorrow to the grave."

So many sad hours had passed since my dear parents had heard one animated sound from my parched lips, that they gazed alternately upon me, as one that was inspired. How fondly did they strain me to their bosoms ! How often did they call on Heaven to bless me ! Such parents ! How can I part with them ? How much rather would I perish by their side ! But, alas ! it is not by dying I can bless them. To see me suffer would be to double all their misery. I have scarcely time to close this packet, which will reach you probably many hours before we can. Oh, Ulrica ! how hard it is to meet you, after so long an absence, with such bitter regret ! And oh, how sad must be the meeting ! My Frederic, how often have I spoke to thee of this sister—how often said I could not marry, till Ulrica's presence blessed my nuptials ! Where is he now ? Perhaps this moment stretched on the cold ground—alone—bleeding, suffering in every pore.

Every thing but this I could bear.—Farewell ! I am distracted. Receive and comfort your wretched, your bereaved

IWANOWNA.

LETTER VIII.

From the same to the same.

Moscow, Sept. 21.

THE moment after I had despatched the courier yesterday, I flew to my grandfather—whose infirmities, you know, seldom permit him to leave his chamber—and told him that all things were arranged for our departure. To my utter astonishment, he refused to move from Moscow, and appeared offended that we should have formed such a scheme without consulting him. When this was explained as proceeding from that tenderness which has ever influenced his daughter's plans, his eyes glistened with tears ; and he appeared immediately to comprehend all the kindness of the intention, and all the difficulties which surrounded him in Moscow, should the enemy indeed take possession. But his resolution was unmoved ; the spark of former days again shone in his eyes, and for a moment braced his withered form : and he pronounced his determination never to quit his native soil, with an air of majesty that admitted no farther appeal.

Conscious that you will be extremely solicitous respecting our arrival, I lose no time in acquainting you with this change. Heaven only knows the evils that are before me ; but I must own to you that it

has given my aching heart a sense of satisfaction which I knew not, in the severity of its sufferings. I was still capable of feeling. Alas! I have forgotten, since that fatal battle, that the world contained any thing but Frederic. What do I say? At this very moment he may be the inhabitant of another.

Good God, what will become of us? The advanced guard of the French army is within a few leagues of Moscow. Thousands are assembled in the streets; terrible resolutions are forming on every side: the palace is full of men; they are our own serfs flocking to us, at once to give and ask protection.

I thought my heart had worn out its power of acute feeling, Ulrica. An hour ago I was senseless as the floor I tread upon, but the love of this simple people has called again the springs of feeling to my soul. I am widowed, it is true, but I am yet a daughter; I have yet a heart for the claims of human affections.

How little conception have these poor fellows of the power of the French army! they are swearing to extirpate them, to sweep away the locusts from the land, and to hang Buonaparte on the walls of the Kremlin. This is vain boasting, but it is not ridiculous; while this spirit exists Russia never will be conquered: but alas! what have I to do with conquest or country? Frederic is gone—the world is a wide blank. Away, away with these thoughts; they tear me to pieces, to very atoms. My father, my mother, forgive me. Oh thou Most High, who seest good thus to afflict me, pardon thy rebellious worm, and enable me to suffer all thy righteous will!

IWANOWNA.

LETTER IX.

From ULRICA to IWANOWNA.

PETERSBURG, Sept. 20, 1812.

OH! Iwanowna, my sister, my only friend, write to me, I beseech you; if you still live, unhappy girl, write to me.

The most dreadful reports have reached me: I have been told that all Moscow is in flames, that my father—how can I write it—that my father is murdered, my mother.—Oh! I am miserable beyond all expression; I am now only a daughter.

Yet tell me the *truth*, Iwanowna. The most horrible tales are every moment pouring on my ears. They say the palace is destroyed, the household flying in all directions. I send a faithful servant, in whom you may confide: fly with him, my Iwanowna; he has the means of procuring you disguises. I am distracted till I hear the fate of my parents, till I receive the remnant of what may be left from my treasure. Where is my grandfather? where is my mother? Oh! fly, fly, to your

ULRICA.

LETTER X.

From the same to the same.

IN a state of terror and despair to which no words can give utterance, I write to beg of you, my dear girl, if it be possible, to inform me of your present situation. I have already sent one on whom I could rely, the old servant of Federowitz: sickness alone could prevent me from flying to you myself. He is neither returned nor have I heard of you in any way, save that *you* are lost, that my parents are no more.

I know not how to write, nor what kind of succour you are most in need of. It is my most anxious wish to see you; but if you are ill, if you cannot be removed, I beseech you to allow the bearer of this to inform me the whole truth, that I may hasten to your assistance. Oh! may God in mercy restore you to the prayers of your unhappy sister,

ULRICA.

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LETTER XI.

From Peter Minchip to the Countess Ulrica Federowitz.

Moscow, Sept. 30.

HONOURED LADY,

IT is with the utmost grief that I write to inform you that all my endeavours to discover the Lady Iwanowna have been in vain. Poor Francis has fallen a sacrifice to *his* endeavours—for as far as I can learn he was murdered in the ruins of the palace of Dolgorucki, as he was enquiring after the fate of the family.

Oh! madam, it would pierce a heart of stone to see what is going forward here. This magnificent city, the pride and glory of every true Muscovite, is burned or burning to the ground; whole troops of women, with their children and aged parents hanging around them, are seen sitting on the cold ground, sometimes wringing their hands in agonies, sometimes pouring forth the bitterest curses on the heads of their enemies. In one place you see them rolling up the dead bodies of their dearest relatives, and carrying them to the grave with looks in which one would think that envy was mixed with their sorrow. In another you may see a group of wretched mothers bursting through the mouldering remains of their

dwellings in search of food for their famishing infants. Thousands of sick, aged, and wounded, are lying in the churches, which are used as hospitals; but alas! all are sufferers: there are none to attend to others, for all want attention themselves; every hand is stretched out to receive succour, none has the power of giving it. I have been to two of these places, and never saw any thing to be compared with the misery I found there; yet I have reason to believe that the lady your sister has been there a few days, from the description they gave of her person, and of her goodness: they described her as a ministering angel to their wants, and as particularly attentive to one old man who was brought there naked and wounded, and whose couch she constantly attended till they were removed together by a French officer, who appeared much interested in them, but they never learnt the name of either party. The fate of Francis has made me cautious how I approach the remains of your father's palace, lest my temerity should destroy my power of benefiting the lady you have commissioned me to protect.—Alas! the good count's own people fell as he did, in fighting with the vile plunderers of his palace. It is said by many that he set fire to it with his own hands, to prevent the enemy from taking possession of the money which had been deposited in his hands by the nobility, for the relief of those distressed people, who, having laid waste their country before the enemy, were every day pressing towards the capital. It is impossible to know how this was, for the slaughter of the French troops immediately in, and around the palace, was immense, and perhaps included every wretch whose hand was more immediately levelled at the building; but this is certain,

that honest Michael, your father's good old steward, was apprehended by the French scoundrels, and actually hanged as an incendiary, because, forsooth, he executed the will of his lord. The curses of pestilence be upon them all for that ! He was a faithful, brave, honest Russ, as ever brake bread ; but your ladyship knows what he was. It would make one's eyes rain tears of fire to think of such a servant as that being murdered for his love towards a master who was——But no matter ; the earth groans with their wickedness, and in a short time I trust it will swallow them all.

Napoleon pretends the inhabitants of Moscow set fire to their own city. In many instances individuals did so, to prevent him from rolling in their riches, and feasting on their food, and for my part I glory in them for doing so ; besides it was the Emperor's own orders to destroy the magazines, for reasons good. They have got too much already : but never fear, noble lady ; they have got an enemy they little think of, coming thicker and faster every day. Winter is setting in, and will make fine work with a parcel of sunshiny Italians and light-jacketed Frenchmen. Then will be our time ; then they shall see what flint and steel Russians are made of. Every day, thank God, they are suffering somewhere. It warms my heart to see their teeth chatter in their heads. I have no notion of any humanity to such wild beasts as they are. They may call us bears, my lady, they may talk of *our* ferocity ; fine talking, truly ! I could tell you things, my lady, that I have seen with my own eyes, that would drive you out of your senses ; but I know my brave master would not have it done, and God knows you have suffered too much already ; so humbly praying for long life to you and

the brave general, and assuring you that I will find the lady Iwanowna if she is alive, I conclude, being, madam,

Your ladyship's

most faithful servant,

PETER MINCHIE.

LETTER XII.

*Sir Edward Ingleby to the Honourable Charles
Stingsby.*

Moscow, October 29.

"MOSCOW!" say you, "what in the name of madness can have taken the fellow to Moscow?"

Have patience, Charles, and you will find it out. I promised you a recital of my adventures, when I wrote to you from Riga, and you shall have them; but take this along with it, that you must take them in my own way, or not at all.

I followed close upon Lord C—— in my arrival at Petersburg, as I landed there the very day the news arrived of the victory at Borodino; for victory it certainly was, though purchased at so terrible a price that it was saving life by the sacrifice of our best limbs. The inhabitants of Petersburgh rejoiced with trembling, but they did rejoice, though bleeding in many a pore. Every family gave testimony of the spirit that reigns among them.

In a few days consternation overspread every countenance, especially those of the older nobility; for it was understood that Moscow could not be defended, and it was feared that the plunder of such a city would be a provocative to the invading army it was little likely to resist: but it did not enter into

the most reflective or desponding mind to expect the horrid outrage which followed; and when the fate of Moscow was really known, a sensation of such universal horror and execration followed as must be utterly inconceivable to those who cannot enter into the feelings of this outraged people. The burning of Moscow has lighted a fire in the heart of this vast empire that will never cease to burn in the veins of her most distant cottager, and must eventually consume the execrable tyrant that kindled it. Not the most ignorant serf, not the most helpless female exists in Russia, who does not glow with revenge, who does not imprecate vengeance on the head of him who is every where deemed the sole author of their miseries.

Day after day my heart was harrowed with accounts of misery so vast, of calamity so extensive, from the inhabitants of this ruined city, that horror and terror usurped the place of compassion. All means of relief within the power of an individual were inadequate to the end proposed, that I sunk in despair from the suffering crowd which imagination had gathered around me, overwhelmed with stupor. In this frame of mind, I could merely throw my purse to a subscription, or shake my head at hearing a detail of misfortune. I was neither melted to pity, nor roused to indignation: all the finer traits of soul were dead within me: and as I hold life when not exercised by the social affections as worse than vegetation, I leave you to judge how agreeable I found it.

One morning I had taken up Sterne, and was just reading his exquisite passage on liberty, and comparing my own situation with his, where he says—“I was going to begin with the multitudes of my fellow creatures born to no other inheritance but that of slavery, but finding that, however affecting the

picture, I could not bring it *near* me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me"—when Tom entered my chamber, and broke the thread of my cogitations by informing me that it was time to dress for the Emperor's levee.

Little inclined to move, being more desirous, with the author in my hand, "to take a single sufferer, and having turned him out of his smoaking habitation, to take his picture as he wandered forlorn and destitute, bearing his little ones in his arms, followed by the faithful partner of his sorrows," I yet obeyed the injunction; and having laid down my book, Tom immediately opened upon me with another of those stories which are so continually assailing us on every side, and which make us often regret that we are of the same species with those terrific pests of humanity who have engendered such miseries.

He had just been told, he said, by one who was an eye-witness of the fact, that an ancient nobleman, one of the days which might justly be called the sacking of Moscow, was observed to be led out of the ruins of a battered church by an old female servant. The richness of his dress attracted the French soldiery, who immediately tore the jewels from his neck, to which he made no resistance, being feeble and paralytic, but evidently in full possession of his senses; as when the wretches seized hold of his pelisse he assumed a tone of dignity, and commanded and entreated them to desist. The female, throwing her arms around him, shrieked aloud for mercy, and respect on his sacred person. Her cries were vain: she was the victim of her faithfulness, and received in various parts of her body mortal wounds; yet she continued to cling round him as a shield, till the last spark of life was exhausted, when the ruffian

* See the journals.

tore off every part of his dress to his shirt, which he held close to his body, declaring it should only be taken with his life. At that moment, said he, another old servant, fighting on all sides with the fury of phrenzy, appeared in the crowd, and instantly despatching the two wretches who were in the act of stripping his master, appeared to gain a moment's respite; but in this struggle was seen to gain a desperate wound, and the man, added Tom, who told me this, lost sight of them himself, from the blow of a musket, given him by another rascal because he shouted for joy.

"But I will never lose sight of them!" exclaimed I, seizing with a kind of agonized rapture on the power of assisting one individual.—"No, Tom! I will seek that old nobleman and his faithful servant; in the smouldering ruins of his palace I will seek him, and——"

"Lord love your honour, they have killed him long since, undoubtedly: how should he bear the cold, and the hunger, and the wounds those wretches would give him?"

Like my uncle Toby in the book before me, I could have sworn he could not be killed; but I contented myself with being peevish instead of passionate, which is, let me tell you by the way, a little the better thing of the two, for it rids you of an uneasy sensation, without inflicting on your antagonist one of those gaping, open, deadly kind of wounds, which down-right anger is so fond of inflicting, and even time finds himself often incapable of repairing.

Agreeable to this policy, I said—"I will go immediately to Moscow, and if this poor old nobleman be yet alive, I will protect him and reward his servant: but I shall not trouble you, Thomas, to accompany me; you are perhaps afraid, or perhaps——"

My pet had spent itself, or perhaps passed over to my servant, for the word *afraid* caused a most terrible suffusion in Tom's cheek; and he very reasonably begged to know "what he had ever done in all his life that should make me think him a coward, or made me think as how he would not go to the end of the world with me?"

As the questions were unanswerable, I finished dressing in a great hurry, and went to the levee.

All the world knows Alexander is a great emperor, and has a great court: the world knows too, by this time, that he is truly a *great man*, and is surrounded by nobility and people who are such. I was exceedingly affected with this: my heart was getting round into the right place; it was emerging from morbid sensibility into active humanity.

Just after I had been honourably recognized as an Englishman and a friend, my eye was caught by the figure of a young and elegant female in deep mourning, evidently extremely ill. She was supported by two female friends, and approached the Emperor with a feeble and yet hurried step; and her face, though extremely pale, became flushed as she approached him, and this emotion gave animation to the most expressive eyes and beautiful features you can conceive. On reaching the emperor, she fell on her knees, and held up her hands as if in the act of petition; but he instantly raised her, spoke to her in a low and soothing voice, and seemed to inform her that he was already acquainted with her wishes, and would endeavour to fulfil them. Unable to reply, she thanked him by a graceful movement of the body indicative of her gratitude; when the Emperor, his eyes swimming in tears, said something to this purpose—"The daughter of Dolgorucki has a *right* to my services." The name of her parent seemed entirely to overcome her: she sunk back into the arms

of her friends, and was carried fainting from the presence, followed by the commiseration of all who beheld her.

On farther enquiry, judge how much more acutely my interest was excited when I found this lovely creature was the granddaughter of the very nobleman whose story Tom had been relating; and that this story had drawn her from a sick bed, on which the manifold sufferings of her father's house at Moscow had laid her, for the express purpose of entreating her sovereign's assistance in discovering the remains of her family at Moscow; her own private endeavours for that purpose having been hitherto ineffectual, and common report having assigned every branch of it to destruction.

You will now conceive why I am at Moscow; but I am tolerably well aware that you will give the beautiful Ulrica, rather than the hoary grandsire, the credit of bringing me such a journey, at this season of the year, to a place where an Englishman must of course run every possible risk, and where outrages of every kind have been so lately practised, that guilt seems no longer infamous, or even murder atrocious. But hear me for a moment: the fair petitioner is already a wife—the wife too of a gallant Russian now fighting under Kutuzoff.—You are satisfied *now*, for you well know that with all my admiration of beauty, and as fond as you consider me of sentimentalizing with the women, I always consider marriage sacred.

Well, Charles, now you are quite satisfied of the purity and singleness of my motives, I will let you into my promised reward. Know, then, Ulrica has a sister—this sister is lost, and your romantic friend is come to seek her.

But which way I am to look, how I am to proceed in this den of desolation, this emporium of misery,

I know not. Hitherto all enquiry has been ineffectual, and I am under a necessity of secreting myself to night, as I have been several times narrowly watched, my feelings being too much shocked, or my gifts being too liberal, for my appearance to escape suspicion from the harpies that are still prowling around, and, as it were, growling over the prey they can no longer tear. But the sufferings of the French themselves now begin to be very great. The situation of their wounded is deplorable to the greatest degree, and calls for the truest commiseration: indeed when we consider these unhappy people as following the fortunes of an ambitious despot, and led by him into dangers they knew not how to estimate, and distresses they could neither ward off by valour nor prudence, we must consider them as equally objects of pity with the people they have invaded, and such they would appear, if the innumerable instances of cruelty and individual atrocity this wretched place has witnessed, did not steel our hearts against men whom we learn to consider only as polished demons.

Do not expect from me military details, the movements of armies, the positions of generals, the manœuvres of one great man, or the skilful retreat of another. Between the blundering Petersburg gazette and the boasting Parisian bulletin, you may come pretty nearly at the truth: you may learn from them, that Buonaparte, vexed with the noble opposition he met with from an enraged populace, assisted by a portion of the army, destroyed this noble ancient capital; and then blushing for a crime which alone would blast his name for ever in the civilized world, endeavoured to fasten the guilt of the action on Russia, not the honour of it; for so far as it is honourable, so far as it was the heroism of a great people bent on accomplishing their own libe-

ration from a tyrant, they *may* claim the action, since there can be no doubt but the magazines were destroyed by the express orders of Rotopchin, the governor, and that the palaces of some of the nobility were fired by their own order, in cases where much property would have fallen into the hands of the enemy: but in doing this, the city was not exposed to the destructive element in the same manner other great cities would be, under similar circumstances; these palaces being completely isolated, and often divided by very considerable plots of ground from all other habitations.

Whatever might have been the *wishes* of the Russian monarch as to the destruction of Moscow, rather than suffer it to fall into the hands of the enemy, so as to prove a depot and garrison to *him*; yet there is no reason to believe he ever meditated a scheme which would involve such a multitude of his faithful subjects in irremediable distress, at a season when all the horrors of winter were coming upon them, and when their distress would operate so as to render them unserviceable in the field. On the other hand, it might have been supposed that Buonaparte would not have destroyed his own power of securing safe quarters for the winter, and the power of refreshing his harassed army; and probably he had not any such intention on his first entering Moscow. But the spirited opposition he met with irritated him; and the daring sacrifice made by those nobles, to whose plundered mansions he looked for a reimbursement of his expenses, induced him at once to adopt this means of revenging himself on some, and striking terror into others. To which may be added a fact which neither bulletin nor manifesto can controvert, since the firing of the cathedral of Smo-

lensko, alone, would establish it—he has a *pleasure* in doing mischief.

Moscow, in ruins, is the most dreadful sight you can possibly conceive. The number of poor houseless wretches every where meeting your eye, coming sometimes in groups, and sometimes creeping around in solitary misery, is a spectacle so afflictive, so terrible, as to outstrip all former ideas of poverty and suffering, and harrow the mind beyond the possibility of conceiving. Yet, even in the extreme of want and woe, the indignation evinced against the offenders is decidedly marked, and acts as a preservative against the despondence which would otherwise destroy the last remnant of their energy. A poor fellow told me this morning, he knew the wound in his breast would kill him the moment he gave over hating the French; and whatever might be my opinion of his skill in surgery, I readily comprehended the feeling which dictated it.

At this very moment the towers of the Kremlin are blowing up. How horrible! It thrills through every nerve; it sounds like the falling of a vast mountain into a bottomless abyss—as if the mighty empire of Russia were precipitated into annihilation! Again the enormous walls seem to shake the very earth to its centre. Surely this is the last, *last* stroke Heaven will permit the tyrant to exercise over this suffering people; it is the farewell blow his pride and cruelty can bestow.

So long as the annals of mankind shall exist, so long as human beings shall view with interest the deeds and sufferings, of their fellow men, so long will these awful sounds reverberate on the ears of humanity, and call for the utter abhorrence of every brave and generous spirit. Nations unborn may learn from hence to crush the daring spirit of the ambitious, and curb the encroachments of tyranny in the

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infancy of its power ; while humanity shall shed her softest tear on the sufferings of a gallant, though stricken people.

Farewell ! I have written to you through the whole night, from an obscure place, once the vault of a stately cathedral. From the grates of my windows I can perceive the remains of the French army gathering together in all directions, preparing, now their last work is accomplished, their last plunder is obtained, to quit the scene of their guilty cruelty ; yet leaving behind innumerable proofs of suffering in themselves, since every place yet standing abounds with objects of the extremest misery, and is formed into a lazaret-house for the reception of their sick and wounded, who are altogether abandoned to their fate. With wounds undressed, and exposed to the piercing air of this keen atmosphere ; almost bereaved of all food, and in many cases nearly naked ; bereft of all hope, and destitute of all consolation, these unhappy beings appear to have reached the very climax of wretchedness : and when to their present situation we add the difference they experience between their abode and the warm climate and fruitful plains of their own native country, their physical evils alone would wring the very heart of pity : and to these in how many minds must be added all that arises from the most awakened sensibility ; for however horrible the conduct of the French army has doubtless been, however faithfully innumerable individuals have followed and improved upon the system of the arch-fiend who governs them, it would be foolish and wicked to suppose that in this vast assemblage there are not many brave, generous, and amiable men—many who act an unwilling part in this terrific tragedy, and loathe the work they have been compelled to forward.

Again I say farewell ; for there appears a possibility of creeping out unobserved, and meeting Tom at the place of rendezvous. Oh that I could carry the widow's cruise, and administer sustenance to every fainting wretch I must meet with on my way ! How many piteous cries will assail my ear ! how many tears of the widow and the orphan meet my eye ! Surely some means will be taken to spread a table in this wilderness, or happy may those be deemed who fell by the sword in the first onset ; since every other is reserved for a fate, compared to which all other suffering is light as air.

————— Oh this man, this man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heav'n
As makes the angels weep.——

Ever yours,

EDWARD INGLEBY.

which seemed to blend indignation with pity, and horror with self-justification, altogether excited an emotion so distinct from all I ever could have observed in a female before, that it never can be erased from my mind a moment.

It appeared evident that the murderess, if such she could be deemed, had not heard our approach, nor recovered from the astonishment into which her own daring had probably thrown her, until the flash of our torches, awakening her from the trance of terror, appeared to present her with new dangers. Two strangers, each armed with a pistol, stood before her; and whose dress, though in some parts Russian, did not accord with that of her country sufficiently to inspire her with confidence. She started, and drew back a few paces; then, perceiving my approach, she majestically waved her hand for me to desist; and pointing with the dagger she still held to the dead body, seemed to threaten all who dared approach her with a similar fate. Never was I so affected before. The silence, the awful suspense I felt, rendered me unable to speak, though a thousand vows of devotedness stood quivering on my tongue.—Still I approached. She now pointed the dagger at her own heart; while with her left hand, trembling, yet resolute, she tore away her pelisse, and fixed the point against her breast.

The pistol and the torch dropped from my hands, which were clasped in the attitude of entreaty, as I fell prostrate before her.

“Who are you, stranger? What do you want with me?”

The sweet and tremulous tones of her voice dissolved the spell which bound me; and I instantly cried out, in my own language—“Oh madam! if you are the lady Iwanowna, receive me as a friend! I am an Englishman, devoted to your service, and

sent to your relief by the Countess of Federowitz, your sister."

"My sister!" she replied, faintly, and half suspiciously, yet withdrawing her dagger, and folding her vest around her with a blush—a blush that lighted up her pale features into the most brilliant beauty.

I instantly drew from my bosom the countess's letter, and recollecting that she had bade me address her sister in English, though I had done it from impulse *only* in the first instance, I presented my letters and my message in the same language, omitting nothing in my power that could reassure and console her. As she listened, her features assumed a softer expression, and her beautiful eyes swam in tears: but when she took the letter in her hand, when she perceived the hand-writing of her sister, her bosom heaved with convulsive sobs; her lips lost their coral hue; and she was evidently so near fainting, that I seized her arm instinctively. She cast her eye towards Tom, as if asking his aid. What exquisite fear and delicacy were mingled in that speaking action! The poor fellow, in offering his arm, appeared first to learn that she was not supernatural. There was a couch in the room, towards which we would have directed her steps; but turning away from it, with a look of new and extreme emotion, she sunk, at the same moment, entirely senseless in my arms, and appeared so completely dead, that I really thought her so; and the idea appeared so dreadful as to bereave me of all presence of mind, all power of assisting her.

Tom was now far the better man. He proposed instantly removing her into the free air; and when that was accomplished, his humanity having wholly conquered his fears, ran hastily back, to examine if the dead man had any thing about him which could

contribute to our relief, and was so happy as to find the remains of a pocket bottle of brandy. With this we chafed her temples, and even forced a small quantity into her mouth. She soon after began to breathe; and with an ecstasy I am unable to express her eyes once more opened upon us, with a look of such sweet confidence! that look alone would have repaid a world of suffering.

I now proposed our immediate adjournment to the place where I had taken up my abode: but she insisted on my conducting her to the spot from whence it appeared she had come that very night for the purpose of interring her grandfather, whose venerable remains had been laid in a vault beneath the ruins of his son-in-law's palace, by the hands of those very men from whom I had gained the torches, and who had been brought out of the hospital for that purpose, by the officer who was killed. Of that officer she did not speak, nor was I empowered to ask. He was a handsome man—Pshaw! the man, most likely, that took her out of the hospital, and was her only friend.—Nonsense! The snow on her own native plains is not so pure as Iwanowna. The wretch had doubtless offended that purity, when we heard that dreadful shriek. It still rings on my ears. Why, why was I not there at that eventful moment?—No matter!—The eye of Heaven was upon her, and lent her its puissant arm. The spirit of the father armed his helpless daughter.

Tom, still her most vigilant protector, again flew back to the corpse, which he stripped of the military cloak; and though, he said, it went against him to put on a Frenchman's clothing, he had the good sense to present his own coat to the lady, as the more acceptable present. His active care in this affair proves the superiority of thinking to feeling. While he was thus contriving, and really benefiting one for

whom my ardent spirit would have "plucked bright honour from the moon," or heaped "Caucasus on Ossa," I was standing wrapt in contemplation of her perfections, and sighing over her distress; thinking—"Wert thou in my country, fair sufferer, where I have a mansion, thou shouldst not only eat of my bread, and drink of my cup, but thou shouldst lie in my bosom, and be unto me——" No! I will not finish the quotation; for I see you are laughing at me, Charles. But, in despite of your laugh, I will maintain it, that the affection I feel for this surprising girl is of a nature so pure, so fraternal, so every way exalted, that I could be either father, brother, or even tutelar saint to her, without sighing for a nearer union.

"Then, Ned, you are wonderfully altered!"

I deny that. My eye has been subject to wander; my heart to feel, perhaps, too much; and too much, a *little* too much, I have given way to the allurements of the senses: but I maintain it that you have only a right to call me wonderfully *improved*, not *altered*. But to return to Iwanownna.

Taking my arm, she silently directed her feeble steps towards a wretched dwelling, partly composed of wood, and partly of the covering of a tent. The instant she entered, a faint cry of joy was heard. I followed, and saw, sitting on the bare ground, a young woman, apparently very ill; as her head rested in the lap of an elderly man, whose wife was stirring something in a broken vessel over a fire made on the floor, as if preparing food for the return of their lady.

"And is this thy dwelling, Iwanownna!" exclaimed my astonished heart, which ached in every fibre. I apprehend this language was read in my eyes, for I do not recollect speaking; yet the lovely maid, turning to me, said—"You will perceive, sir, that

this habitation is the most proper for me until I can remove with safety to Petersburg, as I have here the attendance of my women; the protection of my *female friends*, I ought to say."

"Ah, madam, it is you who protect them!" said the old man. "Your goodness makes God look down upon us all with pity. Your prayers have called down blessings upon us all."

The young woman, clasping her hands upon her breast, repeated the sentiment; and then lamented that her lady had staid so long at the grave of her grandsire: they had all been alarmed lest some evil had befallen her. "And where too," added she, "is the good Charlmont? This gentleman is a stranger."

"He was *not* good!" said Iwanowna; her eye sparkling, and her whole frame agitated. "But do not speak of him now, Elizabeth. I have suffered much since I went out; so much," (and again the tears stood in her eyes) "that I had almost forgot the sad occasion which took me from you. But be comforted: this gentleman is an Englishman, our friend, and he brings me tidings of Ulrica."

Many tears flowed on this joyful occasion, and my own fell freely. Iwanowna, with a countenance full of gratitude, begged to see me on the morrow, and at the same time enquired if it were possible for me to send a line for her to Ulrica; saying that she could not possibly leave Elizabeth, or remove her in her present state (generous girl!) and that she had been utterly unable to write to Ulrica, for want of the materials, or Joseph himself, old as he was, would have conveyed the letter. I then told her the distress her sister was suffering from ignorance of her fate, and that it was my intention to despatch a servant immediately with the welcome information to the countess, to whom I requested her to write; pro-

missing to send her necessary implements in the morning, being things which I never travel without. I then left her to read her sister's letter at her leisure, as it was still in her hand ; and withdrew with the sensation of a man who leaves the better half of his existence behind him.

I have been writing to you, while the unfortunate daughter of Dolgorucki is most probably recounting her tragical adventures to her anxious sister ; for whom I must honestly confess, I have felt much less sympathy since my short acquaintance with the lovely Iwanowna.

Tom is not less busily employed, in relating wonders to his distant friends. How little do you, who sit at ease in your elegant library on these occasions, conceive of the situation in which we are each pursuing this avocation ! It is well for you that one great interest has seized on the bosom of your friend, or the same time and paper would have been consumed in relating scenes that might "draw iron tears down Pluto's cheek ;" and as I trust I have said enough of the misery of this most wretched, suffering country to induce you to forward every means in your power for its assistance and relief, either of public munificence or private charity, I am glad to save you from witnessing, through my eyes, the agonizing distress I am compelled to see.

Yet I would not have escaped—no ! by that Power who first taught me to feel, and enabled me to help my fellow creatures—I would not have escaped what I have endured in witnessing these afflictions for all the languid pleasures and soul-less joys which are to be found only in the maze of fashion, or the path of ease. I love to have my feelings exercised, and to be taught, even by sorrow herself, how far man and man are brothers, to the farthest range of human existence : and the undaunted, the

persevering magnanimity of the Russians, gives them an interest in the heart, which renders even suffering for them dear to the soul. We find, as Akenside says,

A sweetly melting fondness, which attracts
O'er all this edge of pain the social pow'rs,
To this their proper action and their end.

Adieu ! I hope my next will be dated from Petersburg ; but there is, I fear, too much probability of my remaining here some days longer, as it will not be safe to expose Lady Iwanowna to the observance of the French who remain : and there appears to me much latent disorder in her health at present, which she will be more sensible of now she has found some leisure and relief—a leisure procured by the removal of her more immediate care, and relief by being sensible that she has a friend near her in him who is also your friend, my dear fellow, though I confess it is under a different modification ; but, nevertheless, faithfully yours,

EDWARD INGLEBY.

LETTER XIV.

Ulrica to Iwanowna.

IF you are yet alive, my beloved sister ! surely this will reach you, though my efforts to afford you assistance have hitherto proved unsuccessful ; yet the extraordinary humanity and bravery of the gentleman who undertakes to convey this to you awakens my hopes, and I *will* flatter myself that it will reach you.

So many and so dreadful are the events I must hear from you, that I fear to enquire, and yet am anxious to know all ; in fact, rumour has given me so many horrible accounts, that I think the worst of truths cannot go beyond its heart-breaking reports. Come to me, my beloved Iwanowna ! and let us weep together.

Yet if your poor brain is not too distracted to listen to any comfort, allow me to inform you that hitherto my invaluable Federowitz has escaped all evil save the wound in his hand which you informed me of, and that the Russian arms are now universally successful ; but I have not been able to learn any thing farther as to the fate of your lamented Frederic.—Alas ! my love, there is little doubt but the tomb has closed on his sufferings ; be it our consolation that he died in the most glorious cause for which man can fall.

If you are ill, and incapable of travelling, remain till you can remove without danger from the French, and do not fear to tax the friendship of the gallant man who has undertaken your protection. Sir Edward Ingleby is an Englishman of rank and fortune, who, though not in the profession of arms, has lately been assisting the Russians at Riga; is come here voluntarily in a civil capacity; and having accomplished his mission at court, has, with heroic humanity, undertook to restore me my sister. Do not fear him, Iwanowna. He will appear eccentric, for the English always do so to strangers; but I believe you will find his heart the seat of every noble virtue, and to his generous sensibility I could bring you innumerable vouchers in your suffering countrymen. I have wept for my parents, and trembled for you, my sister, until my heart felt as if it was stupified by very sorrow, and in the excess of feeling lost the power of feeling; but a little anecdote of a Russian nobleman, from the description of whose dress I learnt that it could be only our venerable grandsire (as descended from the *Knesers, he always adopted their regal costume), by convincing me that he still lived, awoke my anxiety with new and poignant force, and induced me to seek my sovereign's assistance in searching for you both, and to this incident I owe my happy meeting with this brave, disinterested man. Oh! fly to me, my Iwanowna, my poor, deserted, afflicted sister!—my heart springs to meet thee, and in the emotion I now feel communicates a presentiment that we shall meet again—to mourn,

* The Knesers were a race of princes superior to the Bazzars or nobility of Russia.

indeed, yet will it be a consolation to mourn together. Oh! may the God who has chastened us, smile in mercy on that re-union we can only owe to his providential care!

ULRICA FEDERQWITZ.

LETTER XV.

Thomas Hodgson to John Watkins.

Moscow, November 5.

AH! John, John! little did I think last fift o November, when we made such a jovial bonfire, and swigged master's October at such a rate, that I should be stuck up that day year in the most miserablest, starvationest place in the whole world, where there has been fire enough to burn down a city ten times as big as York, and yet every body left in it is perishing o cold. Little did I think, indeed, as ever such a place and such wickedness and misery was to be found in this world, or even in hell itself, for matter o that, being as I believe that the devil himself is a kind of fool of a devil, as one may say, compared to Bonaparty; for give him his due, he never does things by halves, and he has finished his work here with a witness.

Now as I know you will read this letter to all our friends about Peniston parish, an all that, I wish to let you all a little into things, for as to what newspapers tell you it's all well enough, but it is not like *seeing* and *hearing*, as one may say; and as to people that live at home pretending to know what we does that travels, why of course, John, that's all sheer nonsense: and as I'm sure we suffer enough for our knowledge, why it's only fair that people

should pay proper attention to us, that's all I have to say.

When Bonaparty came here, he thinks to himself, "here will I roll myself and my army, in this blanket of a city, as snug as wax, and sleep till next spring, and then I'll get up and dance away to Petersburg, and stablsh myself as fast as a nail in a coffin." But lo and behold when he gets here, he finds ten thousand soldiers and thrice ten thousand honest citizens disputing every inch of ground with him, and bidding French blood run down their streets as freely as a quick thaw on a high mountain: he found, too, many a brave old baron willing to blow his own house about his ears, rather than let him enter it; so by way of giving them a fright, or, as it were, to give Russia and the whole world a belly full of firing, what does he do, but sends his rapscallions all over this prodigious city, firing, bombarding, and ruining it all manner of ways. Tens of thousands of women and bairns flying in all directions, dying in all ways; the highest and lowest, the strongest and weakest, driven into the woods to perish with hunger and nakedness, far from all succour, and destitute of all means of subsistence.

In the middle of Moscow stood another little city, as it were, called the Kremlin. It was full of churches and palaces, and all kinds of grandeur; for the people here are very fond of putting all sorts of rich things into their churches, but, poor things! they are very good Christians for all that; and though I do think money had better be spent in making the clergy comfortable than in dressing up dumb statues that care not a farthing what they wear, yet still I think the Russians have a right to spend their money as they please, and for aught I know there's pretty near as much sense, as I said to my master, in dressing out a wooden virgin in diamonds, as bestowing

them on a opera signiori who is *not* a virgin; but all this is nather here nor there. Well, into this little city, or castle, or whatever you may call it, goes Bony; he strips it of all he can get, and then beginning to find that a burnt house wouldn't do to live in, and that the curses of two hundred and fifty thousand people were every day bringing down new vengeance on his head, he walks off with a flea in his ear, but before he went he had all this grand city, the steeples o whose churches were gild with pure gold, blown down, and the rest of his troops walked off to the music of its tumbling. Oh! how the honest boors did curse him, poor souls! they felt it in their hearts; and for my part, I wish every stone in the Kremlin may stick in his gizzard to all eternity! Oh, John Watkins, John Watkins! if you could see only a little bit of what I see oceans of, it would quite turn your head, and as the play says, "make each perspikkus hare to stand an end." I have seen this very day people stirring together the raspings of fir trees with a handful of bran to make a meal, among whom were men who every day had a rettenu waiting round their table like an English lord. Poor souls! even now the honest lads drew back, and hungry as they were, offered their masters the first bit of their black mess; nor would they touch it till the count and his little sons had taken their share. This was a glorious sight, though it was very sorrowful, for it shewed what a master this must have been: for you know ignorant people are very subject to be insolent in times of equality; we see that very much at our elections.

As I stood looking at this little cluster of people—not that there was any thing particular in it, for such scenes are the only ones you can see here—I perceived a woman sitting on the floor, who looked so very ill, I couldn't help pitying her, especially as

I saw she could no ways get down the food they offered her ; so running back to the hole where master and I ferret like rabbits, I brought away some biscuit and a little matter of port wine, and running up to this same count, I made him understand as well as I could, for I know very little of their speech, that it was for the poor woman, who I took to be his wife. Seeing me a stranger, he took me for a Frenchman, and I shall never forget his look ; it was so proud, and yet so sorrowful, it seemed to say, " I despise thee and thy gift, yet I would save my wife at any price." I promise thee, John, I couldn't help blubbering like a woman at the sight of that man's misery, and I cried out, in plain English, " Take it, my lord, take it ; I wish to God it were a pipe for your sake : 'tis the gift of an honest English lad—there's no French poison in it." Oh ! I wish you could have seen the joy of his countenance when he heard my tongue, for he could speak English very decently for a Russ (being as how the best of 'em are ignorant, poor things !) and he explained to the people what I had said, and they all gathered round me, poor things ! and seemed to thank me ; and when the count steeped the biskett in the wine, and fed his poor lady with it as she lay on the ground, and it seemed to do her a great deal of good, the two little boys, her sons, ran to me and put their arms round my knees, and climbed about me to kiss me, and the poor people all seemed delighted for the moment. I felt my heart almost broken. I would have given the wide world that I could have taken them all to the Blue Posts, and given them a good dinner, and a barrel of ale. Well, well ! it cannot be helped ; but if I live to see little England again, you and I, John, will drink health and success to them all, and damnation to Bonaparty, that we will by Jove.

Now you see, John, hunger and starvation are quite different things here in Russia to what they are with us in Yorkshire. They be bad enough there, in all conscience, in some ouses; but Lord love you! the sight of an English workhouse here in Moscow would be the finest sight to many a nobleman his eyes could see: what would it be to his boors, think you, John? Oh! my lad, people that stay at home have no notion of these things. Not that you are to think that the king and the nobility at a distance take no notice of these things—no, far from it; they do their very best to help 'em: but thus far they have not been able to send them any thing but pop it goes into the jaws of the hungry Frenchmen, or covers their lean backs; but, thank God! they are taking themselves off, and our good mother, the earth, has taken a fine swoop o them, so that now is the time to help the poor Russians. My master has sent to England for a whole possee o blankets and flannel waistcoats for 'em, and he says he hopes there'll be a subscription at Christmas for 'em; for my part, I wishes all the world to subscribe, and specially South America, where they say there is such plenty o beef, and Mydery, where the wine comes from.

But now, John, what I want to tell you is, what brought us to this dismal nonation place. The truth o the matter is this:—My master, Lord love him! is, you know, as good a man as ever was born; he has the soul of a prince, and moreover he's as brave as a hero, but then he has one fault, not that it is a fault nather, but a kind of a weakness—he's always falling in love with somebody or other; so what did he do but take it into his head to set off for Moscow, to seek a beautiful lady, one Hiwan Hoonir, who was the sister of another beautiful lady. It is very true he did really think of coming to seek an old noble-

man, before ever he heard of either of these beauties ; but I can see as far into a millstone as another, and though no man will go farther than Sir Edward to help another man, yet still I cannot think any man come such a journey as this for a man, only bating 'twas his father, or his friend, so that in my heart I believe he came after the woman : but I always pretend to believe him, because I know myself folks don't like the bottom o' their motives to be skimmed too nearly, as it were.

Well, when we got here, and found nothing but ruin upon ruin, and as the Bible says, "the abomination of desolation in the high places," it seemed a very plain case that we might as well look for a needle in a bottle of hay. We put our heads into all sorts of holes and corners, and enquired about the Count Dolgar Ukky and his family, and many a tear we drew with that question, for it seems the count was a good man, and governed his serfs, as they call the cottagers here, with great lenity, so that both poor and rich seemed to love his name ; and when we enquired about him among those who knew him, the women began to cry and the men to swear, but they all seemed to agree that he and his family were all murdered, and their palace destroyed by the French ; tho' some of them seemed to think that his daughter had escaped, but they knew nothing of her.

We visited the hospitals, and there I beheld such sights of torture, and suffering, and death, that it is quite past all belief, so I shall not attempt to tell you any thing about it. The living, the dying, and the dead were heaped, as it were, together. Oh ! how ill was I with the sight ! Yet among these miserable objects, it appeared, the very lady we sought had lived near three weeks, and had drest their wounds with her own hands, forgetting her own

troubles to comfort them. This was so pretty, that when I hard it, and saw how the poor souls loved her, I grew very near as bad as my master, and would have sought all through the French barracks for her, sword in hand, if he'd a let me : but somehow he took it into his head that she would needs bide somewhere about her father's palace, it being only burnt down at one end ; so there we went and went, and watched and watched, but all to no purpose ; and for my part, I saw enough there to prove that nothing better than raw-head and bloody bones was likely to live in any such places ; and I did my best to persuade Sir Edward too, who is rather obstinate in his temper, and seldom takes a sarvant's advice in any case, kind as he is to a body : but that's nather here nor there. One night, as we stood lurking about, out comes two French ragamuffins, that looked for all the world as if they'd been buried and dug up again, and they answered never a word, but by signs, as it were, like dead men. Now if an Englishman, Dutchman, German, or Russ had done so, I should not have thought any thing about it ; but for a Frenchman to be *silent* was a very shocking thing, seeing their tongues go like old women's, or bell-clappers, all the world over ; and sure enough there was something very ominous in it, that's for certain, and to this very hour I don't know whether them there Frenchmen were Frenchmen, or only their ghosts ; all I know is, that they put me in such a pucker that I trembled from head to foot, and hadn't a dry thread on my back. But however, as master went forward into the ruinated house, I kept close at his elbow, not choosing to be behind on such an occasion.

Now, John Watkins, John Watkins ! only think of my situation, when there came such a terrible infernal kind of a scream as if all sorts of rapes and

bloody murders had been committed there, and the ghosts were calling out for revenge. It made one's very blood run cold again, and my master turned round in a minute, to my great comfort, for I thought he'd had enough, and was well scar'd; but instead of that, he only turned round to follow the sound it seemed, for he directly ran away to a sweet of rooms at a distance.

All the way as we walked you might have heard a pin fall, yet no sound could we hear: at last, all at once, we came pop on a man just killed—a fine handsome French officer, grinning in the very grasp of death. This was a dreadful sight, you will say, to be dying, so lonely and forlorn like; but what was this to the terrible apparition that stood beside him? To my eyes it appeared the ghost of a woman, but twice as tall, with eyes of fire, and a bloody sword in its hand. To this very moment I cannot make it out that I should be deceived in such a way, but for certain I took it for a ghost, and a monstrous great ghost too: but soon after it began to stagger and look frightened; so then my master spoke to it, and it put out its long white arm, and took hold of me, and I found out it was nather mare nor less than a *real* woman. Ah, a woman, John Watkins; and the very woman, Miss Hiwan Hoonir, as sure as a gun.

Well! now you will say all our trouble was over, seeing the lost sheep was found; and so I hope it is, or thereabouts: but there's another secret to let you into. You know there's an old proverb which says dead men tell no tales: now this proverb lies; for the dead man whom, by the by, I believe this Miss Hiwan Hoonir killed with her own hands—but he being a Frenchman, and she a Russian, there's no great harm done on her side—but as I was saying, this here dead man had got in his pocket a letter from this lady's sister to *her*; and it seems by

another letter, written ready to send to a friend, he had killed, with his own hands, the honest servant who was carrying it to her; and that he had deserted his regiment, and was lingering behind in Moscow, for the purpose of ruining the poor lady, whom he had coaxed up to believe he was her only friend, and whom he thought he should get some treasure out of; for it is pretty generally believed that the Russian nobles have buried a great deal of gold and diamonds. Now this, you see, was a very pretty rascal, take him altogether; but to my mind the worst of his tricks was that of killing a faithful servant, going on his mistress's errand. Ah, this was the very worst, sure enough; and I am heartily glad Hiwan Hoonir paid him off properly.

Now I dare say, John, you think in your own mind that this lady is a good strapping wench, like the sign of Judith with Holliners head in her hand, with her face as fierce as a red lion, and her arms as red and strong as a Scarbro' bathing wench; but I assure you you are clean mistaken: if she had looked at all in this way, I should never have been frightened and took her for a ghost. No; she is tall, but very slim and fine-shaped, with a neck as white as snow, with light brown hair, and the sweetest blue eyes that ever were seen, specially when she looks upwards, as if she were praying inwardly: her nose is strait down from her forehead, and her mouth little and shapeable, as it were, quite different from some that one sees, that look like nothing but a nick cut across their faces; and then her teeth are as white as Sally Brown's, and indeed, to my mind, altogether she's a good deal like Sally, only she looks more like a queen, as it were; which, you know, it is proper she should, being a lady born and bred, as one may say.

There is a pretty girl, and an old man and woman, in the hole, for I know not what else to call it, in which Miss Hiwan Hoonir now lives: they were all her father's servants, and the young one used to wait on her. Poor wench! those damned Frenchmen have played her a scurvy trick, and the poor thing took it so to heart, she gave herself a wound, in her agonies, which did not kill her then, but is now doing it by inches. To see this lovely flower cut down to the earth by such means is enough to drive a man mad. I do not know a man in Yorkshire, that, with only this *one* instance of their barbarity before his eyes, would not rise up against such a pack of hellish rascals. Her good lady promises never to leave her: she washes her wounds with her tears, feeds her with her own hands, and prays over her, and reads the Bible to her, continually; while the old people, kneeling beside them, sometimes pray for the dying, but still oftener for the living maid. With this I will conclude my long letter, hoping you will never see such sights as I have seen, John. So wishing Old England may prosper, and poor old Moscow may raise her head again, with all manner of destruction to Bonoparty, I remain

Your loving friend

and well-wisher,

THOMAS HODGSON.

troops had entered the house, and were coming about us in every direction: while a most terrible shriek from below argued some violence, my father instantly flew to guard against; urging my mother and myself to shut ourselves up in the farthest apartment.

The women among whom we stood now declared they would arm themselves, and go down to the relief of those who, less happy than themselves, were now suffering. My mother opposed this: she said all resistance was useless, and could only irritate an enemy already ferocious, as no law in war could justify such an attack upon an insulated mansion and unoffending family. But the women only insisted the more vehemently on defending her. At this moment we heard my father's voice, and instantly after the clash of arms. My mother's countenance underwent an instant change—"Do these wretches," cried she, "lift their hands against my lord? We will all arm instantly!"

Catching fire from her, I ran hastily to the closet where my father kept his fire-arms, and the women pressing round me, each eager for her weapon, my mother was excluded: the women satisfied ran away on every side, and in a moment I found myself alone, with an unwieldy blunderbuss in my hand.

My senses were now stunned with sounds of every kind, most terrifying and distracting: the shouts of men, the shrieks of women, the clash of various weapons, and the report of fire-arms, broke at once on the ear. The thoughts of my poor grandfather, whose apartment was on the ground-floor, and though distant would be subjected to the irruptions of the enemy, darted across my mind; and I thought I would take the blunderbuss, if possible, to him.—Crossing through the room I had just quitted to gain the back stairs for this purpose, judge, if it be possible to judge, what I felt on seeing my mother seized

by two French soldiers, who were tearing the jewels from her neck. I flew towards her, but, unable to use the weapon, aimed an ineffectual blow at the ruffian nearest to me ; who, turning round, uttered some exclamation indicative of savage joy, and offered to clasp me in his arms. I resisted with a strength that appears at this moment supernatural, and which enabled me to resist him till old Francis, entering, saw my situation, and by a desperate blow from a piece of iron, with which he had armed himself, laid my antagonist bleeding on the floor, at the very moment I perceived the other wretch drag my poor mother into a distant apartment.

Trembling in every limb I grasped my unwieldy weapon, and forcing my way through all opposition, caught my father's arm. I was speechless with horror, but he seemed fully to comprehend me ; and seizing the blunderbuss, followed my steps, regardless of the blows that were dealt to him from those around. We darted from all with the rapidity of lightning—death itself seemed unequal to retard our steps. We gain the place where my mother, pale, exhausted, lies in the very grasp of her violator : my father fires, and the villain falls lifeless on the bosom of his victim, and with a terrible groan expires.

I flew to my mother, and dragging away the detested corpse, would have raised her in my arms—but what a sight is presented to our blasted view ! My mother's breast had received the ball that pierced her murderer—she fell by the hand of my father.

Conscious that a few moments would terminate her life, and thankful for the relief she had sustained at the very moment of despair, our angelic parent entreated my father to approach her, with a voice of such sweet benignity, that, for a moment, we both

believed our fears were false; and falling on his knees beside her, he sought to examine the wound.

"Be comforted, my love:" said she, in a low voice; "you have performed an act of the highest service—an act worthy your unequalled faithfulness and love. Farewell! we shall be separated only for a moment, and our re-union will be eternal."

My father answered not: terrible sobs burst from his bosom, and the dews of death sat on his forehead. I thought his struggling soul would have taken its flight even before that of his beloved wife, so dreadful were the agonies painted on his countenance. I saw this, and yet I live.—Oh, Ulrica! who shall limit the powers of human endurance?

My father's agony awoke a pang my mother felt not before. To call his attention from her sufferings and death, she adverted to me. He saw her motive; he called on the powers of his mighty mind to console his dying wife. She felt his kindness; and her blessed spirit took its everlasting flight, invoking blessings on us both.

When I no longer heard my mother's dying accents, when her head fell cold and heavy on my arm, my senses seemed to forsake me. I was stunned with the blow, yet I did not faint. I had at once a terrible knowledge of misfortune, and a sense of stupor under it. I felt on the very verge of idiotcy or madness, but I think the reality of neither could be so terrible as my sensations. Yet at this moment I can thank God they were not realised; and most sincerely do I pray that, however I may be afflicted, I may endure my sorrows as a human being and a Christian; that I may never be deprived of the consolation of pouring out my soul in prayer, and of believing that an eternal state awaits me, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

In the revolution of states and the crush of empires, so grand and vast are the operations of Providence, that an individual is apt to lose that consolation in prostrating himself at the throne of divine mercy which he would have in seeking private blessings for himself and the little circle that his heart is bound to. But surely we ought never to despair of reaching the ear of mercy, even in situations which appear to forbid our hopes of any great or immediate interposition in our favour. The lips of divine truth have told us we are of more value than many sparrows, and yet not one of these falleth to the ground but our heavenly Father knoweth it ; and that "the very hairs of our heads are numbered." He tells us, likewise, that the prayers of the faithful avail much : therefore I conclude it is ever as wise as it is surely natural for the Christian to look to Heaven for help in every emergency ; and I am persuaded that to the prayers of my pious mother, uttered many a time in my behalf, I owe the blessing of retaining my senses under scenes so sudden, so horrible, and so totally different to any thing my early life fitted me to encounter.

I say *regaining*, for indeed some hours passed in which I could not be said to possess them. I remember only that my father seemed to be awakened from the trance of sorrow into which he fell on my mother's body by the entrance of Michael, and many of our people, who urged him to arise, and put a sword into his hands ; when, turning to me, he put a dagger into mine, and suddenly clasping me to his breast, cried—"Take this, my Iwanownna ! it is the only dower a Russian noble, in such an hour as this, can bestow on his daughter. Farewell ! I leave you to Michael's care : he will conduct you either to Ulrica or Alexander. Carry them my blessing ; and if your grandfather survives this day, be it your

care to close his eyes."—He paused, and again fixed his eyes upon his wife. "Ivanowna," said he, with a stern and awful air, "thy mother died spotless as the mountain snow. I do not repent the death it was my hard fate to give; and if thou art compelled to use thy dagger against thyself, remember it can be only justified in such a case as hers. Farewell! I go to defend thee, my child, and to take vengeance on the murderers of thy mother!"

He rushed from my arms:—he flew like the angel of destruction upon his foes, scattering death and desolation in his path. For a while the tempest raged near me, and I felt a dreadful consolation in his vengeance, bleaded with indescribable terror lest I should behold *his* blood flow also. At length it appeared as if his enemies had retired from before him and the faithful followers who surrounded him, and that he was pursuing them into the farther parts of the building. At this time several wretches, who were taking advantage of their comrades being engaged to satisfy their own desire of plunder, repeatedly entered the room, and approached my mother's body, which was wrapped in a rich pelisse: but I opposed them with the fury of a maniac; and whether the wildness of my looks, which doubtless wore the phrenzy that now possessed me, aided by my dishevelled hair and bloody garments, as I wielded the dagger, made me really an object of terror, I know not, but after a while they all disappeared; and the night of this horrible day closed upon me in quiet possession of that which I held far dearer than life, the corpse of my murdered mother.

For some hours the late terrible uproar was succeeded by silence as profound as the grave, unbroken but by the sound of distant cannon; but towards midnight a faint cry of fire was heard, which increased till it came near the chamber where I sat on the

floor, holding the cold hand of my mother, as the single tie which still held me to earth. Poor old Barbara, who had long been the faithful nurse of my grandfather, now informed me that the other part of the palace, which had been divided by the battery of the French, was now on fire, and would probably soon communicate to that where I was sitting; and she besought me to withdraw with her, saying she had sought me all over the building, and really was afraid I had been carried off by the French.

I replied by enquiring after my father.

"He is *in heaven*," returned she, with a look of triumph.

"Then I have nothing to do on earth," said I, laying my head in sullen despair on the cheek of my mother.

Barbara withdrew, and for a few moments I might be said to enjoy her absence, for there was a terrible satisfaction now stealing over me. I had been near thirty hours without food, and in that time had suffered not only mental agony, but great bodily fatigue; and feeling myself in a state of extreme exhaustion, I concluded that I must be dying, and determined that the little of life which remained should be spent with the precious remains of my mother, from whence I would not suffer myself to be torn. I laid myself still closer to the unconscious clay, and fancied that the coldness of death was creeping over me, when I became sensible of people standing near me; and a feeble voice, half-suffocated, addressed me thus:—

"My child, my Iwanowna! wilt thou indeed forsake me? Are all the lessons of thy pious mother, thy exalted father, forgotten, passed away with the breath that uttered them? Hast thou no pity left, that thou forsakest me in the day of my extremity?"

My child, my Iwanowna! have mercy upon me, I beseech thee!"

I looked up. My grandsire was leaning over me: his grey locks fell upon my cheek, which was moistened by his tears; scantily they rolled down his furrowed cheek, which still wore its usual benignity blended with bitter sorrow. I started forward—I threw my arms round his neck: I felt the cry of nature at my heart, which was swollen to very breaking. I kissed his forehead, and burst into a flood of tears: they were precious drops, for as they fell my reason seemed to be restored beneath their balmy influence; and the terrible passions of rage and vengeance, which had torn my soul, gave way to the milder emotions of sorrow, and repentance for the grief I had occasioned the good old man.

As this passion subsided, I suffered myself to be assisted in rising, and took the food Barbara offered me: but as soon as I found myself somewhat refreshed, I insisted strenuously on not leaving the body of my mother exposed to farther indignity; and after that short consultation the pressure of the time allowed, we agreed to deposit this beloved form in a particular part of the garden, which you may remember was formerly the family cemetery, and where we could convey her with but little chance of annoyance, as it was on the side of the house now under the dominion of the flames, which by a circuitous passage we might yet escape.

Under these circumstances was interred the Countess Dolgorucki, the descendant of princes, and worthy of empires, *your* mother and *mine*, Ulrica; the only child of that afflicted man whose greatest misfortune was surviving her, and whose dreadful sighs, as the grave closed for ever over that fair excellence who had been as the light of heaven to his eyes, will never, *never* cease to sound on my very

heart-strings. Two servants, the only ones found through this prodigious edifice, were all that now remained of that innumerable multitude which a few hours before had been heard to threaten war or supplicate mercy. Human beings seemed to have deserted the habitation, and the very flames burned smouldering, as if wearied of destruction; and when our awful mission was accomplished, we returned to the rooms we had quitted, as if regardless of their progress.

Farewell, Ulrica. To-morrow I will resume my pen, but I can now write no more; my head is giddy, and I can no longer see the pen, for my eyes are almost closed with weeping: but fear not for me, my sister; he whose eternal goodness hath hitherto protected will still watch over me, and in his own time restore me to you. The messenger will be enabled to inform you that the enemy is now, in *his* turn, suffering the evils he has inflicted; and the state of the French army is every way deplorable. But alas! while I must rejoice in the liberation of my country from these inhuman ravagers, I am compelled to lament that no future benefit can restore us those which are gone—no field of glory awaken the dead to participate its honours.

Frederic, thou hast a share in these tears—alas, how great a share! Heaven grant to you, my Ulrica! never to taste the sorrows of a widow; for this are the incessant petitions of your sister still offered to the throne of mercy.

Ever yours, most tenderly,

IWANOWNA.

LETTER XVII.

Sir Edward Ingleby to the Countess Federowitz.

Moscow, Nov. 5.

MADAM,

I CANNOT suffer the servant who is so happy as to convey to you tidings of your sister, the Lady Iwanowna, to leave this place without conveying to you my own personal respects. To tell you that I have found in Lady Iwanowna whatever a youthful fancy could conceive of beauty and excellence, in its most romantic flights, is far short of what I would express; for to such a degree of perfection has sorrow brought the native qualities of her mind, that she appears endued with an union of such mildness and strength, such innocence and wisdom; so happy a mixture of all that is great in humanity and feminine in woman, that I am at a loss whether most to admire or pity her. I feel it is impossible to compassionate one whom I am compelled to envy.

Be assured with these sentiments I shall not fail carefully to watch over the precious deposit committed to my charge; an assurance I feel it the more necessary to make, because I perceive, notwithstanding my extreme anxiety to depart, that

some days must elapse before we can set out—for it would be folly to disguise from you that your sister is much injured in her health. As the French are now nearly entirely withdrawn, I am endeavouring to restore a few rooms in the palace to a habitable state, whither I shall soon remove her, and the little group around her. Among the few of Count Dolgorucki's people who have not followed their brave master in this unhappy struggle, some are daily presenting themselves, to whom I am happy to distribute your bounty; but the distress of the people, now increased by the severity of the season, is beyond conception. Many are, however, daily leaving the hospitals, who fly to the army, as if anxious for life only that they may spend it in the service of their country.

I forbear to relate to your ladyship the peculiar circumstances under which I found your sister, concluding that in due time she will be enabled to give them to you herself; but this I forbear to urge, having perceived that her exertion in writing has already injured her. Perhaps we are better enabled to bear the stress of any single passion than contending emotions; for even the pleasure your sister must have experienced in hearing from you, and the consciousness of having a friend near her whom I hope she considers devoted to her service, appears to have deranged her nerves, and induced a sense of weakness which doubtless existed before, but was not felt so sensibly. When I approach her she starts, and bids me speak of Ulrica; yet the moment I pronounce your name she weeps. Though her ardent affection would bear her through every obstacle to embrace you, yet when I speak of setting out for Petersburg, she exclaims, "Must I then leave the ashes of my beloved parents?" and her tears stream afresh: yet amid all this mental agony it is

evident that she struggles for resignation—that she seeks for consolation in her religious duties, and looks to Heaven with pious confidence, and humble hope. She has suffered so much, and endured such cruel privations, that however she may be influenced, either by reason or religion, yet time must be necessary to restore the equanimity of her mind, as well as the strength of her constitution; and the tenderest cares of friendship and love must add their meliorating influence to sooth and restore her. Happy, thrice happy they to whom this divine office shall be delegated! To pour the balm of consolation on such a heart, to raise again the blighted plant, and bid it bloom with renovated beauty and permanent bliss, would be the sweetest employment of a ministering spirit, and delight almost too great for humanity to hope for.

Pardon me, Madam, if I appear too much an enthusiast in the admiration I express for your lovely sister: rest assured my admiration is not more lively than my esteem is profound, and that I shall never express one sentiment for her which a brother might not feel till I have the transcendent pleasure of placing her under the protection of a sister.

I am, Madam,

yours most faithfully,

EDWARD INGLEBY.

LETTER XVIII.

Iwanowna to Ulrica.

RUINS OF MOSCOW, Nov. 12

MY last duties are now accomplished in Moscow, my Ulrica ! and I am ready to take refuge in your arms : but many hours must elapse ere my conveyance will be ready, and I shall travel slowly ; I will therefore send the remainder of my sad story to you as a herald of my coming.

As soon as the day broke, the most horrible scene presented itself that imagination can conceive. On every side lay the bodies of the dead covered with ghastly wounds, and in some cases still seeming to breathe as in their last agonies : features well remembered from the first dawn of life, and dear to me as early friends, now bloody and distorted, appalled my eye, and rent my heart with sorrow. I had ceased to wish for vengeance, or my indignation and gratified revenge might have consoled my grief ; since I found through every apartment where the battle had raged, that more than three of the enemy had fallen for every Russ : several bodies of our women too appeared among the slain, and every where they were surrounded by foes who had shared their fate ; but in the gallery appeared the most ter-

rible proof of the prowess and attachment of our little band, for here they had fought around their beloved, their idolized master.

Two days before, two little days, a sight like this, Ulrica, would have froze my blood, unnerved my limbs, and reduced me by a single glance to a situation as helpless as the stiffened corpses around me : but alas ! I was now familiar with death in its most dreadful aspect ; a terrible resolution braced my soul, and sat upon my features. I called the remnant of my little household around me, each terribly occupied like myself with some individual affection, some object more precious than the rest, yet each willing to forego their own immediate search for mine ; and with a firm eye, though trembling frame, I assisted in removing, one by one, each Russ, till I found the body of my father.

Though pierced with a thousand wounds, though bathed in gore, the features were uninjured ; the same noble countenance which awed and delighted all eyes was visible. At the sight of him the poor women rushed forward, and amidst execrations on the heads of his murderers and eulogies on him, they pierced the very heavens with their cries : a thousand times they kissed his hands and feet, held them to their bosoms, and bathed them with their tears ; whilst I, overcome with their terrible emotion, sunk senseless on the bloody floor.

I was recalled to life by their reiterated shrieks, and again rousing myself to deeds of terrible exertion, I besought them, in the first place, to assist me in laying the body of my father beside that of his faithful consort, and afterwards in making a general grave for these his matchless servants, who were all nearly or remotely related to some of them. Whilst we were thus employed, several who had been driven away by the flames the preceding evening returned,

having perceived that the breach in the wall had effectually stopped their progress ; and those who had likewise each many a dear one to seek for, and to lament, joined in the last sad labour of love, and dug the grave which received so many gallant and faithful servants.

When the last duties were performed—when the earth had hidden from our strained eyes those dear, though mangled and disfigured forms, who had been to us as the life-blood in our veins—my holy grandsire, kneeling on the earth, uttered a broken prayer to Heaven for his distressed country, and in particular for the bereaved circle around him. His words were often inarticulate, and his aged frame appeared so weakened by suffering, that as each surrounding mourner glanced towards him, he seemed to behold him as one speaking from the very grave on which he knelt : but when he ceased to speak, how fondly did they cling around to raise and to support him ! how proud did each feel who could console his own sorrows by aiding his aged lord's !

“ Thus,” said the venerable man, as he gracefully accepted their services, “ thus shall Moscow again rise from the ground, uplifted by her loyal sons ; not indeed like me, a feeble old man, anxious to obtain a place with these my children beneath us in the grave, but like my Iwanownna, blooming in youth, and renewed in strength ! Thus shall Moscow rise from her ashes, my beloved ones !”

The divine enthusiasm which for a moment lighted up the countenance of my grandsire, communicated its patriotic glow to every heart, and diffused a temporary consolation most beneficial to beings so sunk in wretchedness ; but alas ! the triumph was of short duration : a party whom only night had diverted from plunder were now heard to enter that part of the palace we had so lately left, and every

one was called upon to provide for their own safety by immediate flight.

Michael, ever ready in the time of need, soon appeared, and taking my arm, drew it under his own, while he directed Barbara and her master to walk close and silently behind us. Under his guidance we escaped from the palace, and, after traversing many places where equal ruin and desolation prevailed, were at length led into part of a church, whose strong walls promised at least a temporary asylum.

Here we remained five days and nights, fed daily by the cares of this faithful servant, who brought us provision generally in the dusk of the evening, but seldom staid with us longer than was necessary.— From him we learnt the fate of our other domestics, for whom he had provided subsistence in various places, not daring to bring us together, lest we should excite suspicion. We here learnt, that as my father had ever been an active patriot, it was believed that much treasure was lodged in his house, particularly the subscriptions of the nobles for the relief of the state, and on that account more than usual tyranny and malignity would be exercised against his family, and we were directed to keep close in our hiding-place. This caution, however, appeared little necessary, as my grandfather's person was unknown, and mine not likely to be remembered; as the few who had seen me were probably those who had fallen the victims of their cruelty. Poor Michael himself had the most need of disguise, and I entreated him to use it; but, alas! this brave, virtuous, but unfortunate man, was regardless of my petition. On the evening of the sixth day our guardian did not appear, but we comforted ourselves with the expectation of seeing him in the morning, and divided our scanty supper under this persuasion; but morn-

ing came and he did not enter, the evening closed in and he appeared not.

In the first terrible season of my misfortunes I was many hours without food, and never experienced hunger, or wished for relief; my body fed, as it were, on the very anguish which consumed it, and physical wants were supplied by mental agonies: but wretched as I now was, a prey to incessant grief and horrid retrospection, I yet possessed comparative calmness, and was, therefore, sensible of the evil under which I suffered; yet had I been alone I am convinced I should not have made an effort to prolong my existence, by forsaking my present retreat even at the terrible instigation of hunger: such was my dread of meeting with the French soldiery, that I would rather have submitted to even the painful death which awaited me, than encounter the more terrible destiny which might be the result of quitting my safe though wretched sanctuary.

But I could not behold my grandfather expire with very hunger, nor could I hear the sorrows of his faithful servant unmoved; she was already so much injured by the sufferings she had undergone as to be nearly deprived of the use of her limbs, and was therefore utterly unable to assist us. After another night spent in distress, of which in better days I had little conception, I crawled out with the first dawn of light to purchase, or beg, some kind of nourishment.

Whither to direct my steps I knew not, and scarcely could my trembling limbs support my weakened frame. Conscious that it was only from my fellow creatures I could gain relief, I yet trembled at the distant view of a human being, and endeavoured to hide myself when any one approached. My eye looked round in vain to see one of my own sex to whom I might sue for relief; a terrible waste lay before me of ruined cottages and broken walls,

beneath whose partial shelter a few wretched groups were here and there huddled together in such confusion I could scarcely distinguish sex or nation. At length I discovered a group of children, and quickening my pace gained upon them; their mothers stood in the midst, dividing among their famished offspring some loathsome food which the night had enabled them to purloin.

Truly has the great English poet said, "When the mind's at ease the body's delicate." Ah, Ulrica! at sight of this food your Iwanowna stretched out a begging hand, and uttered a feint cry of entreaty. "Poor young creature!" said one of the women, "I grieve that I have nothing left to give thee; but I have had none myself, my poor children wanted all."

"I want not for myself," returned I, regaining my magnanimity from her example; "I beseech you to spare me a little, a very little, for my aged grand-sire."

Another woman was at this moment dividing her last portion between her infants.—"My children," said she, "can you spare a little for this young woman?"

"Yes," said the elder, turning to me with a look of pity I never shall forget: when, at the very moment, some Frenchmen rushed out of a tent, and swearing they had found the thieves, seized the poor child and his trembling mother, with terrible imprecations. The rest of the affrighted group fled in various directions; whilst I in vain endeavoured to participate their flight. My trembling limbs refused to bear me; my heart throbbed violently—then suddenly stopped, as if to move no more. A heavy cloud came over my sight, and I sank on the ground, feebly uttering a recommendation of my

soul to that almighty hand which I believed at this very moment claimed it.

After some time I was sensible of existence, and I heard a voice distinctly entreat me to swallow something which was held to my lips. I did so, and perceived a grateful warmth in my stomach, which soon spread itself through my frame. The voice repeated its entreaties; and I was sensible that a hand was chafing my temples. By degrees I opened my eyes, and perceived that I was sitting on the ground—that I was still an inhabitant of a world of sorrow. I closed them again, and silently prayed for that state I had so lately quitted.

“Iwanowna! my long-loved, my adored Iwanowna!” exclaimed the voice, with increased energy—“you *live*. Exert yourself. Remember, it is your duty never to forsake yourself. Look up, and bless me with the consciousness of having saved a life far dearer than my own.”

I again opened my eyes, as if to a new existence, for sweet is the language of tenderness to the ear of sorrow. I looked, and beheld Mentizikoff.

Consoled and refreshed by his kindness, I now learned that this invaluable man was severely wounded, and had been since confined in one of the hospitals, where he still held his abode; but from whence morning and evening, ever since the destruction of the palace, he had come out in search of me, or any remnant of my family. He had this day found me in the act of expiring, as it appeared, from very want; and had been enabled with great difficulty to preserve me, by wrapping me in his own clothing, and pouring down my throat the medicine which was given for his own relief the preceding night, and which happily he carried about him. As I looked upon him I perceived that he was of a deathly paleness, and shuddered, as if in an ague. I endeavour-

ed to rise, and we crawled together towards my melancholy abode.

What a scene now presented itself! The unhappy pair whom I had thus sought to relieve, alarmed by my protracted stay, and urged by the strongest claims of nature, had ventured to creep out of their place of refuge, and were tottering on the road I had taken, calling to every one within their view as well as their strength would permit, and enquiring for Iwanowna. It was thus they attracted that fatal attention which ruined both. You have heard this melancholy tale: you know how poor Barbara, as if nerved with new strength, clung round her aged lord, and received the blows designed for him; till torn from him, as the lopt ivy is dissevered from its wedded oak, she fell lifeless on the ground.

It was at this very moment that *her* mangled limbs and *his* blood-be-sprinkled and almost naked form first glared on my tortured sight. Oh, Ulrica! who can wonder that I again wished for the welcome insensibility from which I had so lately emerged; and that I held my father's last awful present still closer to my heart as a refuge from miseries such as these?

In the distracted state of my feelings, added to the extreme weakness I experienced, it is no wonder that I again suffered a partial loss of my senses. I only remember that my grandfather, becoming a worthless prey, was so far forsaken by the fiends who surrounded him, that Mentizikoff, notwithstanding his weakness, was able to deliver him; and that he conducted us together to the hospital, where our entrance was opposed by numbers of starving and suffering wretches, who dreaded the diminution of their own scanty pittance, but who at length conceded to the prayers of our generous friend, whom I had previously entreated not to reveal our names, as I found that, along with the suffering Russians, there

were numbers of French and Italians, inhabitants of this emporium of human misery.

The moment our humane conductor had provided my grandfather with some clothing, which he obtained at a prodigious price from those to whom, alas ! money could be of little use, he threw himself into the miserable bed he was wont to occupy, and requested earnestly a visit from the surgeon. I perceived that he was completely exhausted, and lamented bitterly the sufferings his affection for me had, doubtless, imposed upon him. It was a long time before the surgeon arrived ; but in the mean time food was administered to my grandfather, and finding *his* wounds were but slight, I dressed them myself, under the direction of those around me ; and having prevailed on one to allow him a share of his pallet, I had the satisfaction of soon perceiving him stretched in a profound sleep : I then ate the remainder of his food, and took my station by the side of Mentizikoff, anxious to hear the report of the surgeon.

When this gentleman arrived, he enquired, with much solicitude, if he had taken his draft previous to going into the air ? Mentizikoff answered in the negative, saying, "Heaven inspired him with the idea of preserving it for the best of purposes."

"And yet," returned the other, "you have ventured to stay out thrice as long as usual. How terribly must you suffer for this disobedience !—Your wounds will mortify."

"But Iwanowna will live ! Oh, God ! I thank thee !" I withdrew as these words reached me, as I perceived the surgeon was about to examine him. Ever solicitous to assist my fellow-creatures, I went from one to another, tearing my linen, and dividing it amongst the most needy. Whilst thus employed, the good surgeon came to me, saying—"Madam,

I grieve to inform you that your worthy friend has this day injured himself irreparably, by exertions to which he was utterly unequal, and it is but too probable he has only a few days to live, of which I conceived it my duty to apprize him."

Oh, Mentizikoff! most faithful of lovers! most sincere of friends! found only to be lost, esteemed but to be lamented!—how did these tidings wring my soul with anguish! I flew to his side, I caught his hand, I pressed it to my lips, I bathed it with my tears. Spirit of my Frederic! pardon me if in this moment of awakened gratitude, and heart-rending anguish, the maid who so fondly preferred thee to this excellent young man recalled that preference, and shed the tears of tenderness on his expiring form!

For three wearisome days and nights did I watch by the couch of Mentizikoff, and administer to his every want. The little food and medicine he took were given only by my hands, and kneeling by him, I continually offered up prayers for his eternal welfare, in which he fervently joined; never failing to thank God, at the close, for having enabled him to succour me, and for giving to him a consolation in my presence, and my compassion, far superior to every other blessing which fortune or splendour could have bestowed.

"Yes, my Iwanowna!" he would say, endeavouring to press the hand he continually held, while his sunken eyes emitted a livelier beam—"here, in this terrible place, surrounded by objects that distress my heart and appal my eye, in the midst of the ruins of that beloved country for whom I gladly fought and willingly fell, and suffering severe and hopeless pains—even here have I enjoyed the sweetest moments of my existence in the consciousness of your compassion and tenderness, and the friendship with which I am confident you will honour my memory. Oh,

that Heaven may raise you up another friend when I am no more !”

At some times he would say—“Do not weep for me, Iwanowna; consider how much more I should have suffered to have seen you another’s. How much I escape, in this respect, you may estimate by witnessing more nearly, from our present situation, the devotedness of my mind to you; and considering, that from my most boyish days I have nourished this attachment, and which, I perceive, attracts you towards me at this time so much that you feel almost surprised that you could ever reject me. But do not mistake your feelings, my Iwanowna! it is not love which you feel for me, it is pity and esteem. I ask no more. Every warmer emotion subsides at the approach of death. Yet do not leave me, Iwanowna!—Let me hear your voice, let me be blest with your prayers to the very portals of the grave.”

It is my present consolation, when I think of this inestimable man, that, however painful, I *fulfilled* this request, and the soul of Mentizikoff took its eternal flight from the arms of Iwanowna.

During these days my grandfather had fallen into a kind of paralytic stupor, from which he seldom awoke, except to take a little drink: he seldom spoke, and what he uttered was nearly inarticulate, but I perceived, with great thankfulness to Heaven, that it neither indicated pain nor sorrow. He merely opened his eyes, at long intervals, and fixed them upon me, with a look expressive of affection, took the little refreshment I presented to his lips, and sunk again into a happy lethargy.

This situation, however beneficial and desirable to the aged sufferer, was not so to his youthful attendant. With Mentizikoff the spring that sustained me was fled, and now I was no longer called on to *give* support, I could not support myself. From

day to day I had flattered myself with the hopes that your kindness would search me out, seeing I had no means of making known my situation to you. The terror I felt of venturing beyond the precincts of my miserable home affected me now more than ever. I looked round for comfort in vain ; and such was my sense of misery and helplessness, that I was indebted to the unhappy beings around me for another escape from absolute despair, since they claimed my cares and were blessed by my humanity, and by continually calling on my attention prevented my recollection of the past and my fears for the future.

Soon after the death of poor Mentizikoff many new sufferers were brought into the hospital, both foreigners and natives ; and such was the accumulation of distress, and my utter inability to relieve it, that in despite of my fears I was tempted to seek my way towards the palace, under the idea of procuring some wine, clothes, or other assistance from the remains of our stores, I looked round, in vain, for some one to accompany me in this hazardous expedition : our good surgeon was withdrawn, hatred and ill-will reigned through the place, and the very tongue of death was loaded with curses : that compassion which had forgot the country in the sufferer was now withdrawn ; and the increased cruelties of the French as a nation had hardened the heart of every Russ against the individual ; so that every wretch who entered was an object of execration, and a subject of revenge. I cannot shock you by a recapitulation of the terrible excesses I have been compelled to witness, nor the depravity which has arisen from circumstances so contrary to the common course of events. Alas, my sister ! in these dreadful convulsions of empires, moral death will occur as well as physical. There is a terrible im-

petus given to the passions, even in a right cause, which must too frequently carry us beyond the bounds of justice : habits of outrage and plunder are contracted ; the practice of every species of fraud and deceit is introduced from necessity ; and who shall say when the cause has ceased, that the effect shall not remain, to pollute the mind of the individual, and to poison the springs of society ?

What I lament the most is, that terrible maturity forced on the minds of the young beings but just entering on life, and who, a few months ago, beheld all around them with the confidence of innocence and love, are now forced to reason, to judge, and to decide for themselves. Cunning is their strength, and deceit is their protection ; for sorrow has taught them suspicion, and want has hardened their hearts. They retain sensibility enough to make them wretched, but not to keep them virtuous. Oh ! what a sight is this for the thinking mind to contemplate ! With what care and unceasing vigilance must our enlightened governors apply themselves to repair the ruined edifice of a people's morals !

Pardon me this digression, my Ulrica ! you must perceive that *my* mind partakes the general contagion. Alas ! it languishes under a premature old age ; it looks round on the sum of sorrow and of sin which it has beheld, and sickens at the view ; and surely, if it be true that we ought to measure life rather by the succession of ideas than the duration of time, your Iwanownna has lived a thousand years already :—already has experienced the most terrible vicissitudes of life, the most terrible instructions of adversity.

What details of various misfortunes have I not listened to ! what tears of fathers, lovers and husbands have I not witnessed ! what tales of sorrow

have been poured into my ear! what claims of sympathy have been presented to my heart! It has appeared to me that all the miseries of human nature were concentrated in this single place, since no power of imagination could go beyond it in presenting objects of every order of affliction: yet each of these unhappy ones knew others still greater sufferers than themselves, since to every other evil they added that which is alone a host—they were houseless wanderers.

Of these how many are at this moment struggling with disease, faint with hunger, and perishing with cold! How many husbands in vain endeavour to support their drooping wives, or appease the cries of their famishing children!—The mother, exhausted, drops on the cold ground, and her weeping little ones fall around her; while their distracted father utters wild invectives against the tyrant who is their murderer, and wastes the remnant of his life in unwitnessed lamentations.

Pardon me, Ulrica! I can write no more to-night, but I will resume my narrative at my first resting-place. My mind is bewildered in this maze of barbarity and suffering, and I must taste some repose before I can proceed in my little history. I will not, however, close my letter without thanking you, most warmly, for introducing me to this noble Englishman, who appears to me the very friend to whom the dying Mentzikoff would have commended me. Alas! my unsuspecting heart bestowed the sacred name of friend on a far different object. Ah! my lost, my beloved Frederic! how little did I once conceive I should want a friend, save thee! how little did my timid heart suppose it possible that I could throw myself on the protection of a stranger, and be grateful for that stranger's humanity! I, who was so lately guarded by parents, sur-

rounded by friends, idolized by lovers, nursed in the lap of fortune, and courted by the voice of pleasure : to whom hope presented only visions of delight, on which probability taught me to repose, while wisdom herself forbade not my confidence—how am I changed ! how lost, Ulrica !

Yet my sister is still left to me—perhaps too my brother lives ; I have dreaded to ask this question, for you are silent on the subject : perhaps our fears have been reciprocal, and our mutual dread of giving pain has prevented us from receiving the degree of comfort which doubt bestows. All that I could gather from Mentizikoff amounted only to this—that he was sent on a service at some distance from the grand army, at the time when it was the severer lot of his friend to defend and to lose his native city.

Once more adieu ! I dare not pursue the train of ideas which again press on the harrowed spirit of your trembling

IWANOWNA.

LETTER XIX.

General Count Federowitz to Ulrica, his wife.

MINSK, November 25.

I CONGRATULATE you most sincerely, my love, on having recovered in some measure our dear Iwanowna, and partake your gratitude to the brave Englishman who has sought her through so many dangers. I felicitate you, likewise, on the news I have just heard of our dear Alexander's surviving the dreadful wounds he received in a desperate engagement; and of which there was so little probability, that I have hitherto observed a painful silence respecting him, as the prelude of that fate it would soon become my duty to announce. He is still ignorant of the fate of his family, being unable to bear any thing of so affecting a nature. But above all, my dear wife, I call upon you to rejoice that God has prospered the arms of Russia, that the French army presents now a mutilated remains of that formidable body which has carried ruin in its route, and threatened extinction almost to the Russian name. We are now victorious on every side, and have reason to hope the tyrant who has wrought this mischief may soon fall into our hands. Hetman Platoff offers his daughter, with an immense dower, to the soldier who shall achieve this: he is a brave man, and the Don Cossacks under him have every where done

signal service. Considering our hardships, which are only exceeded by those of our enemies, the army is in health. Every day brings with it much toil, and it is with difficulty I can spare time even for this letter. How sweet will be repose in your arms, my Ulrica ! and how I long to wipe away your tears, my love, God only knows. A soldier on duty cannot expatiate, my beloved, but he can feel. Adieu !—Embrace our boy for me, and teach him to lisp the name of his father and his country : present me most affectionately to our beloved sister. Still remember me in your prayer, my Ulrica ! and tell yourself again and again how fondly you are beloved by your faithful

A. FEDEROWITZ.

LETTER XX.

Thomas Dobson to John Watkins.

Moscow, that was, November 26.

DEAR JOHN,

I LITTLE thought that ever I should feel the least bit of sorrow on leaving this dismal place, yet somehow so it is, that now I am going for ever and ever to bid farewell to the holes and corners, and dismal places where we have been skulking, and to the heaps of poor wretches whose hunger might lead 'em to wish for a slice o my red cheeks, I feel a sort of a sorrow come over me; and tho' I'm very glad to get away, yet I do not like to leave all these sad sights behind me: it seems like leaving things in their distress, an that's a way of doing matters I never fancied in my life. There are some things we like best when we are losing them, which is the reason, I take it, so many men fret over their wives, summing up, as it were, the love that should have been spent during their lives in making a handsome feast of it at the funeral: a way of showing off a small property, in which wives are equally adroit, as several widows in our parish can testify. It is my comfort, however, that I am not married to Moscow, though I am a little grieved at turning my back upon her, as I ought, for she has been a good school-

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mistress to me, John, and the larning I got in her, as the old saying is, may be better to me than "house and land," for it has taught me how to love my own country better than ever, and how to bear my share of her burdens: she has taught me to hate and abhor the wickedness of the French tyrant, and yet pity the sufferings of those wretches he has brought hither to his shame and their destruction; and above all, to pity and love those honest Russians who stand by their king and their country to the last drop of their blood. In short, poor old Moscow has brought me on my knees many a time, and I shall seldom come there again without thinking of her; and let me tell you, John, in my mind a man cannot travel to a much better purpose.

My master has been just frightened out of his wits since I wrote last, thinking as how my lady Hiwinoonir would die with her grief, and such like; and, to be sure, she looks pale and thin enough for any thing, but no wonder o that, for sorrow and starvation takes down most people's good looks—but I comforted him as well as I could. I said, says I, "Your honour may depend upon it, grief never kills nobody but sulky folks, who won't accept of comfort, or selfish folks, who can't accept it, because they've no fellow-feeling: now," says I, "as its a plain case this wonderful young lady is nather o these, so, depend upon it, she'll get better, sooner or late. Suffer she will, and perhaps ten times more than if she died: but still she'll live, and be able to enjoy life *sometime*."

But Sir Edward was full of sorrow, and he was determined to indulge it; so he only mumbled a few words about "acute sensibility," and "difficulty of comprehension," which I knew meant this—"You are a very honest fellow, John, but you do not understand the fine feelings of Lady Iwanownna."

But this was a great mistake of his honour's, for I have not lived so long in his family without learning something about feelings, I warrant me. Now I will maintain it, John, that wherever people have a great deal of right feeling--by which I mean friendship, and tenderness, and compassion, and all that—they have a much greater chance to find comfort than if they have no feeling for any body but themselves: because they can never live long in the world without hearing or seeing the affliction of some of their fellow-creatures; and so surely as compassion creeps into their hearts, sorrow will creep out, and the very tears they shed for others will drain the bitterness out of their own.

When I went first to live with Sir Edward, which is seven years gone last Martinmas, his honour's father was alive then, and a fine comely gentleman he was as ever the sun shone on; and my lady and him were as happy a couple as ever went together—for whatever he liked she loved, and then he liked it better. Wherever he bestowed a cup she sweetened it, and so they went on, as it were, hand in hand to heaven, with the prospect of a long life before them, for they were both in their prime, were healthy and rich, and had but one child to care for; and bating some little follies, he was a lad that seemed to be all their very hearts could wish for. Well, just in the midst of all this, Sir Edward had the misfortune to break his leg, as he endeavoured to help a poor man from some scaffolding that was falling at the moment he happened to pass. This broken leg produced a fever, and our good baronet was carried off by it so soon, that the whole affair seemed like a terrible dream to all his household.

But it was no dream to my lady. She felt that it was a death-blow to all her happiness for this life, and she was overcome with sorrow. All the neigh-

bourhood rang with lamentations for her : they said her heart would break ; that she never could look up again ; that there never was such a man as Sir Edward, nor such a woman as my lady ; and therefore it was quite right that they should go together. And sure enough, I did think she would have followed him, for she shrunk to a very skeleton ; and tho' her son (God bless him !) did all he could to comfort her, considering how he was himself afflicted, and she seemed to smile on his endeavours, yet it seemed a plain case that her heart was inwardly breaking ; and when she prevailed on him to return to Oxford, I really think she did it to save him from the misery of beholding her decline and die.

Well, so it happened by good luck, that soon after we set out, a bad fever broke out in the next parish, and many poor families were greatly distressed. My lady was told of this, and she sent them relief : the sad story was repeated, and she once more stepped into her carriage, to the great joy of her servants, and went out to visit the sick. She found health and consolation attend her steps, so she went often ; and tho' she wept abundantly, and suffered much, yet her heart was lightened, her strength returned. She now went to the house of God, and admitted the visits of those who were indeed her friends ; and from that day to this she has found comfort in devoting herself to blessing others ; and tho' she must ever mourn her loss, she is no longer sorrowful, but soberly happy.

I could have brought all this to Sir Edward's mind, but I thought that would be curing a scratch by cutting a limb : a mode of consolation some people are mighty fond of, but it isn't my way ; I like it as little in small things as great ; and that it does not answer in the latter, the French and their grand revolution have pretty abundantly testified : and I should think

that if the Luddites and the Nottingham mob would give the matter due consideration they would be very much o my way of thinking, John. When I come home I shall make free to tell them a bit o my mind at the Blue Posts, that I shall—but all this is nather here nor there, as to Lady Hiwinoonir (you see her name is all in one word, John) and that every letter I write I improve in my spelling : I give you this as a hint to improve your *own* ; but, however, one cannot expect peeple that stay at home to write at all like those who travel, so I excuse you.

Well, poor Elizabeth is dead : I dug a grave for her, with my own hands, in the same burying-place where many of her kindred were laid ; and the old man and woman, and her lady, wept over her and prayed, and did all things right, after the Russian fashion. I thought it a sad thing the poor girl should come to such an untimely end, as it were ; but her case is only one of tens of thousands who have suffered by the French. No tongue can tell, no pen can number the sufferings I have witnessed ; and yet the first shock was over when we arrived, you know : but the misery we have witnessed exceeds the first horrors as much as lingering death is worse than sudden.

Yesterday, as I was preparing for our journey, which is an exceeding difficult matter to accomplish from the great loss of horses, I passed by the remnant of a hut, from whence I heard low miserable groans, as of one in great pain. Dear heart ! I have heard groans so often, John, and have long ago so completely finished all my means of giving help, that I was going on, thinking 'twas no use to stop, when I heard a female voice I thought the sweetest I had heard since I left old England, except Lady Hiwinoonir's, and I knew it could not be hers, because I had just left her at the palace, which, by the

way, we have made comfortable for many poor people to dwell in, the old couple being at the head, as it were: well, hearing this gentle voice, I turned aside, and going into the shattered hut saw a poor woman laid on a heap of ashes for a bed, and evidently dying for want; while a beautiful young girl about seventeen, but apparently as weak and famished as her mother, was laid by her, hugging her close, as if to preserve, by the warmth of her body, the little spark of life that remained. The poor girl started at beholding me, and half rose, but I entreated her to lie still with her poor mother; and as I never go out without a small quantity of sustenance about me, I immediately produced it, together with a small bottle of spirits. The woman was too far gone to take any food, and the daughter seemed only anxious to relieve her; and did not touch it till the mother, with a look I shall never forget, entreated her to eat and live. I perceived that the extremities of this wretched being were already dead; and I sought only to preserve life in her so long as to assure her I would protect her daughter: but my words, ill-expressed, evidently alarmed her; and she seemed to regain a moment's life only to spend it in warning her child against me. In vain I protested the innocence of my intentions; the warmth of my asseverations woke new terrors in the poor trembling girl, and again laying her head down, she said in a mild but resolute tone—"Thank you, stranger, I will die with mother. My father is slain in the wars—my brothers fell at Borodino—all my relations are scattered: why should Elizabeth survive?"

At the word Elizabeth my scattered senses returned; and I felt immediately as if this poor child was sent to us from Heaven. I ran out of the hut, and being happily near the palace, seized the young lady's hand, and, as well as I could, besought her to

accompany me : she did so without hesitation, being no longer afraid of the French ; and I think, John, when I returned to this miserable hole with this angel in my hand, I felt as proud as ever Roman conqueror could do on returning triumphant to his native city.

The poor woman was now in her last agonies ; but she evidently retained her senses, from the eager joy with which she gazed on Lady Hiwinoonir, whom she appeared to know. She raised her poor head and muttered sounds of entreaty, but they were not needed ; for the fair creature she addressed stooping down, with the utmost tenderness, assured her that she would take charge of Elizabeth, saying—“ Let your last moments be comforted with the assurance that your child shall ever find a friend in the house of Count Dolgorucki.” It was plain she heard and understood this assurance, for as the last word caught her ear, joy lighted her pale countenance and shone in her closing eyes ; and uttering a half-articulate thanksgiving to God, she expired : while Elizabeth, sinking on her knees, feebly clasped those of her protectress ; against which she was still leaning, fainting and helpless ; when Sir Edward followed us, and beheld with much pity the melancholy scene before him.

With my master's assistance, we removed Elizabeth to the palace : where, as soon as she was able to bear it, her good lady clothed her in what she was able to spare, and rejoiced over her as a female companion for her journey. This morning the poor thing has laid her mother in the earth ; and having taken refreshment proper for her weak state, and thankfully accepted the kindness which snatched her from destruction, appears likely to recover her health and her beauty—for when I spoke to her a little blush came into her pale cheek, as if she was ashamed

that her poor mother had mistrusted me. I know not how it was, but just then Sir Edward happened to look at her, and I felt the colour rise into my own face as hot as fire. I have been angry about it ever since, for I felt as if I were caught, and I'm sure I wasn't caught neither; for all that ever passed my mind was this—"Thou art a blighted flower, my pretty maid! but I will watch over thee and restore thee:" but as to my tongue, it never spoke a word; and I don't think my master behaved handsome to make me feel so comical, that he didn't.

I don't suppose you will think it proper to say so much about a poor wench covered, like Cinderella, with dirt and ashes, when I might be telling you that Bony is at this very time completely dished, and doesn't know which way to turn him; that the poor banished inhabitants of Moscow now begin to return from their woods and hiding-places, and to construct little wooden houses to guard them from the bitter cold, which has already destroyed numbers of them, but still more of their enemies: indeed the sufferings of those poor soldiers who were born in a mild climate, and hitherto served only in warm countries, is beyond all that you can conceive. All their horses are dead, partly with hunger, but mostly with cold, being often froze to death standing. I must own, John, when I heard of this I was main sorry, for I love a good horse to my heart: and besides, you know, the horses were quite innocent of every thing, poor creatures, and it was quite natural for an Englishman to be sorry for them.

The next time you hear from me, John, I hope I shall be at Petersburg, where they have good stoves and plenty to eat. Master is so altered, that I cannot tell you whether we shall stay there or return to Riga directly; because I see plainly enough he doesn't know his own mind, of course I cannot

know it. I take it he's quite in love with Hiwinoo-nir, because I think that's quite natural in his case; but love in these northern parts takes quite another turn to what it does in our country: for instead of making a man alive and merry at some times, peevish and sullen at others, and up and down twenty times a day, like a shuttlecock, it makes him here in Russia all peace and quietness; as silent as a statue, and as good as a saint. I dare say it is the best way of being in love, but the English is still much more amusing, not but it has been often troublesome enough to me, specially when Sir Edward was struck with Lady Bell Seymour; for she kept him all along on the fidgets with her flirtations and whimsicalities, so that we bounced about from Oxford to London, and from London to the Park, for all the world like parched peas in a fryingpan. I said then to myself, says I, I'll never fall in love with any woman, to have such jealousies, and whim-wams, and connundrums; and so accordingly when I found Sally Brown (you remember Sally, John, she has the nicest blue eyes, vastly like Lady Hiwinoooner's), when I found, I say, that she was for being skittish I broke with her directly; for you see I knew by my master what a fool I should look like, and so I wouldn't stand it. Not but I feel it come over me now and then, John, I own; but a man had better be subject to qualms which he can suffer and hide than tormented with St. Vitus's dance, which shows his complaint to every body: and that is the case with all those who have the ill luck to fall in love with your great beauties, who *know* their power. They are all a kind of Bonopartys at bottom; first they'll invade your heart—then burn all that is combustible in it—and then stare you in the face, and say you did it yourself. Oh, the little fiends! but I wash my hands o the whole set, nor shall I ever care for a woman again as long as I

live, barring that I would do any thing for a woman in *distress*, because that's natural, you know, John, and what every Englishman must do, as I said to Elizabeth. And so, John, I remain your loving friend and well-wisher,

THOMAS DOBSON.

LETTER XXI.

Iwanowna to Ulrica.

Novgorod, Nov. 28.

I HASTEN to inform you, my dear sister, that we are detained by the want of horses, every kind of conveyance being pressed into the service of Government; a circumstance at which no true Russian will repine, whatever may be his personal inconvenience: and though no one can feel the disappointment more sensibly than I do, yet I cannot be selfish enough to lament it, assisting, as it doubtless does, the glorious successes of my dear country.

Such was the ardor of my desire to see you, my Ulrica, that it has borne me hitherto through the fatigues of my journey, with a spirit that would have surprised me, had I not already experienced how abundantly the mind, when greatly stimulated, supplies the physical deficiencies under which we suffer; and which have reduced me so much in appearance, my sister, since we parted last, that it is only right to apprise you, that your arms are about to embrace a kind of breathing skeleton, instead of the plump blooming girl you once used to designate the laughing Hebe.

I have experienced from my generous guide every kind of protection and comfort, the most delicate tenderness and manly compassion could supply ; and I have been so fortunate as to gain a very amiable girl as an attendant, whose life was saved by the interposition of Sir Edward's servant, only the day before we set out : she is yet so very weak a creature as to require all our kindness. My own poor Elizabeth's sad story you will hear when we meet. Alas ! how many claimants have I to present for your pity among our domestics and friends ! Hitherto my own distressful story has claimed your tears unmixed : it is too nearly allied to yourself not to claim a melancholy pre-eminence in your thoughts ; and I must therefore continue it as well as I am able ; for Sir Edward almost prohibits me the means of thus indulging your sorrows, and retracing my own.

I believe I told you, that the increased necessities of those who were suffering in the hospital became so urgent, that I meditated a design of assisting them, by removing any thing from the ruins of our palace, which the rapacity of the plunderers might have overlooked : a scheme which promised the most success, as I well knew where many stores were secreted, that could not have met their search, if they had escaped the flames.

After various plans, I at length chose an opportunity when my dear grandfather's eyes were again sealed in slumber, from which he was not likely to awaken for many hours : to set out, accompanied by a boy, who was an invalid, but appeared to me the most likely person I could pitch upon for my guard. We left our wretched mansion early in the morning, and reached the place of destination without attracting observation. But how shall I convey to your mind any idea, my Ulrica, of my suf-

ferings, on re-entering this dear home of our ancestors, under such soul-harrowing circumstances. Visions of departed joys swam before my sight, succeeded by all the horrid events which had followed their banishment. The days of childhood, the sports of innocence, and the dearer delights of love, vanished before these horrible remembrances, and effaced every idea, save that of my murdered parents, which at once occupied and distracted my heart ; and though urged by my attendant to make the most of my time, I found myself utterly unequal to the task I had undertaken ; and for some time stood overwhelmed with distress I had no power to overcome.

The youth at length urged me so much to give him some directions, seeing I was unable to do any thing myself, that I roused myself sufficiently to order him to search a closet, which I recollected had contained my mother's medicine chest, which would be invaluable ; and having made this exertion, I found myself equal to more ; therefore, whilst he obeyed me, by turning into that part of the house which was entire, I made my way through the mouldering fragments to that which had been the housekeeper's room, to see if any thing remained from the stock of winter provision which had been placed around it.

My part of the expedition was made with little success ; I therefore returned hastily to the place from whence I had parted with my young friend, intending to unite with him in searching the habitable part, when, an instant after, he returned with the paleness of death on his countenance ; and seizing my hand, while he placed his finger on his lip, in token of silence, he hurried with me out of the palace.

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His action, and the air of terror he wore, induced me to believe, that in some of the apartments he had found some dead body ; and that the silence, and other awful circumstances, had in his mind added the terrors of superstition to those of reality ; and I therefore began to reassure him : but he instantly undeceived me by saying—" I assure you, miss, the house is full of men, *living* men, and two of them waked and looked at me ; and I had got a large bundle of things, but I was so frightened I let them all fall but these few."

The few he spoke of, were clothes to which I had no right, being apparently the dress of French soldiery ; and fearful as I was of pursuit, I yet entreated him to return and place them in the palace ; but my entreaties were vain ; the boy insisted on retaining them, urging his own wants and those of our starving friends. In the midst of our dispute he looked behind him, and perceived one of the men he had disturbed ; at sight of whom he uttered a scream, and set off with all the speed he was able, taking a different road to that which we came, to elude pursuit.

I followed as fast as my fears would permit ; and drawing my veil closely over my face, ran straight forward after him, with my eyes bent on the ground ; and had proceeded thus for a considerable space, when I found, by a violent blow on the head, that I had ran against some impediment, my fears and trepidation prevented me from seeing.

Reeling from the blow, I staggered back a few paces ; then throwing back my veil, I looked up the moment I was able, and beheld, horrible sight ! a man suspended from a post, whose foot coming in contact with my head, clothed in the heavy clogs of the peasantry, had obstructed my flight. I shuddered, but looked again. Oh what were my emo-

tions, when I beheld the form, the clothing, nay, the very features of poor Michael ! of my last, my only friend ! I screamed aloud, and, sinking involuntarily on my knees, stretched out my hands towards the frozen corse, as if beseeching him to look upon me, and help me, as he were wont.

In this situation I was overtaken by the man who pursued me from the palace, and who was quickly joined by several others. I endeavoured to rise the moment I perceived them ; but the emotion of grief which I now felt for this excellent man, was not superseded even by terror at their appearance ; and I wept abundantly as I gazed at the sad spectacle.

One of these persons now approaching with an air of compassion in his manner, inquired " if I was acquainted with the person whose fate appeared to interest me so much ? " I replied by shaking my head.

" Perhaps," said another, " the poor girl was his daughter." I now exerted myself so far as to say, " I was not his daughter, but his friend ; " and I begged to know how he came to suffer in a manner so cruel and undeserved.

" He was hanged," replied the man, by order of the Emperor, as a wicked incendiary."

" *Incendiary !*" retorted I, with undisguised indignation.

" Yes, miss, he was an incendiary and a very wicked one too, for he set fire to his own master's house."

" Noble, generous Michael ! is it thus thy services are repaid ? But the time will come when thy honest name shall receive the meed of praise it so highly merits. To thee, I trust, it is already come ; for in how short a time didst thou follow him, who could so justly say, " Welcome, thou good and faithful servant, enter with me into the joy of thy

Lord, and mine.'” As this effusion passed my lips in my own language, it was unknown to any but the person who had first approached, and who appeared an officer of distinction. He was handsome in his person, and his manners possessed much of that elegant suavity which used to characterize his nation. He appeared to sympathize in my affliction, and, with an air of much respect, inquired “if there was any way in which he could oblige me?”

“Yes,” returned I, eagerly, “you can. Take down this body, and bury it with due respect (for such one brave man ever owes to another) in the vaults of the house you have so lately quitted: in doing this you will oblige *me* much, and honour yourself still more.”

I am conscious there was a degree of calm haughtiness in the manner with which I uttered these words, more consonant with wounded dignity than became my appearance, which was that of poverty, as well as misery: and the way in which those around me appeared impressed by them, recalled me to the recollection of that caution poor Michael had given me, not to disclose my name. I would therefore instantly have withdrawn, but the officer I addressed stopped me to hear his reply. He observed, “the command I had given was so sacred in his eyes, that although in obeying it he should run the risk of the Emperor’s displeasure, he having ordered the bodies of the incendiaries to remain suspended, as a warning to others; yet so truly did he sympathize in my feelings, and so solicitous was he to obtain my good opinion, that he would not hesitate to obey me;” and instantly turning to the men, he ordered them, in their own language, to remove and inter the body immediately with due respect.

The alacrity with which this order was obeyed awoke my gratitude : and the manner in which I expressed this emotion, seemed to heighten the impression of good-will the stranger had conceived towards me. Far from persecuting me by an avowal of passion, which I must have deemed an insult, or of attending on me with an officiousness which would have alarmed and distressed me, there was in his manners a kind of quiet benevolence, of implicit resignation to my wishes ; which was extremely affecting to one who for many days had heard no other sounds, save those of bitter complaint, impious repining, or horrible execration : and having taken one more look at poor Michael, I again essayed to quit the spot, when, with the utmost respect, he begged to know in what part of these wretched ruins he might be enabled to inform me that my wishes respecting the interment of my friend were accomplished.

Though I was unwilling to reveal the place of my abode, yet I felt that his services were entitled to my confidence : besides, I saw that it would be easy for him to send any of his men to watch me, without quitting the affair he had undertaken. I therefore informed him, and then withdrew, being extremely anxious to arrive at home before my poor grandfather should need me :—an object I was so happy as to attain.

The following day my new acquaintance appeared in the hospital, and drew me aside with an air of the utmost respect, to inform me that he had fulfilled my wishes, but entreated me never to mention the circumstance in the hospital ; for though he could depend on the fidelity of his own men, he dared not expose himself, through the medium of strangers, to the anger which he must doubtless incur, if the affair were known.

I promised secrecy, with equal warmth and gratitude. "Accept my promise, in return," said he ; "for be assured I would sooner part with life than injure you.

I started with surprise, saying, "I knew not what he meant."

"I mean only, that I am aware you are the daughter of the late Count Dolgorucki ; and aware too," he added, with a faltering voice, and eyes full of compassionate meaning, "that you have many enemies ; that you are surrounded by many dangers."

How strange was it that I should suffer alarm from this insinuation ! Surrounded as I was by misery, cut off from every comfort, and nearly bereaved of every hope, what was there in life to desire, or death to fear ? How often had I repined at the continuance of existence ! how often prayed, that whenever the protracted span of my dear grand-sire's fate should close, my spirit might escape at the same moment ! yet I now embraced a new source of suffering, by increasing my fears of personal safety.

The stranger read my feelings, and increased the alarm he appeared to sooth, by hinting, that many were then under the roof with me, who, if they knew my name, would not fail to injure me, having lost their friends by my father's sword, or being themselves wounded by him. "Or," he added, "they would think no tortures too terrible to inflict on me, to force from me the secret of where the Count had deposited his treasures, and which there could be no doubt I could reveal, being the only child who resided with him."

"If that be the sole cause of their enmity," said I, "for mercy's sake rid me of it, by telling them

the whole truth. My father laid up his treasures "where the moth doth not corrupt, nor the thief break through and steal." Ask the poor, they can tell you who were his almoners: ask his sovereign, and he will inform you to what purpose he lately spent his largesses."

"Ah! my lovely enthusiast! I may ask these questions; but when they are addressed to hearts bent on plunder, destitute of virtue, and therefore unbelievers in her power, they will have little effect in softening them towards you; and whether disappointment proceeded from deception or ignorance, it would equally awaken malevolence, and lead to revenge.—Indeed, Lady Iwanowna, you are surrounded by dangers it is impossible your innocence can conceive; and impossible, of course, that your prudence can prevent. Unhappy that I am, in being the enemy of your country, I am unavoidably considered yours; and however conscious I am of meriting your confidence, I yet dare not ask you to repose on me as a friend:—in fact I know not how to advise you."

I was silent, and distressed; my thoughts wandered in a labyrinth. The sympathy of this stranger soothed my heart; but I felt that I ought not to place reliance upon it, however desirable: he himself appeared to think I ought not; and I began to think his delicacy was superior to my own. In this confusion of thought, this perplexity of irresolution, he left me; having first drawn from me, that my only hope lay in finding some of our old servants, or in being sought for by an affectionate sister, whose cares, I was well assured, were already on the wing for my relief.

When he was gone, the most distressing suspicion invaded my mind. Instead of following my usual avocation, of attending the sick, abhorrence

supplied the place of compassion; and I considered them as ungrateful beings, who would rend the hand that fed them. I sat down by the pallet of my poor grandfather, who slept with a smile as guileless as that of infancy playing on his furrowed brow; and apostrophized his benignant spirit, as the only one in this multitude of sufferers who merited repose, or on whom I could any longer bestow compassion. The many instances of depravity I had actually witnessed, rose to my mind, in confirmation of the doubts infused there: and although I could not cease to pity, yet I renounced all that esteem and confidence which had sweetened pity to myself, and rendered it as endearing as beneficial to those around me.

Oh, my Ulrica! 'tis a sad thing to live in a world where we can neither love nor be beloved; where every generous affection of the heart is withered, every warm emotion chilled; and self-preservation becomes the sole object of languid, unendeared existence; since it is impossible for that soul to look up to Heaven for help, which feels that it is nourishing a disposition inimical to the great purposes of existence; and which, however incurred, is, in itself, to a great degree sinful, since it closes every avenue of benevolence, and every incitement to virtue.

At the close of the following day my new friend appeared, and was received by me with the more joy, because he had infused suspicion of every other; and established my good opinion of himself, from having, at so much risk, as I then believed, interred the body of poor Michael. In fact, it was impossible for a heart constituted like mine, to continue to dread and detest my fellow-creatures; to confide in one, at least, was necessary to me; and being thrown from all others, I leaned the more will-

ingly on the compassion I appeared to have elicited in the bosom of this sympathizing stranger.

Colonel Charlmont (for by that name he was announced) informed me, with an appearance of the sincerest regret, that the body of a newly murdered man had been discovered in the entrance of the palace that morning, and that he was afraid he was some servant despatched from you, as he had the appearance of a traveller, but was so completely stripped of every thing which could lead to discovery, that he begged I would consider his fears as only the conjecture of alarmed friendship. The way in which he described the dress and age of the man, left me no room to doubt the fact, and I lamented it with grief that arose to phrenzy; considered this loss as cutting me from the only human being that remained to care for me, and as destroying the last vestige of hope I had held to my heart; and held, it appears, with a stronger hand than I was aware of, till the moment when it was thus torn from me.

Charlmont regarded my sorrows with that silent sympathy which is the truest mark of sensibility, and left me under an impression of increased gratitude for his kindness, and of respect for his character, which appeared to me the more meritorious, as it contrasted with others of his country, and seemed to bear the blossoms of virtue in a situation that destroyed them in every other man. The whole of this night was passed in such bitter sorrow, that my wretched countenance attracted the notice even of my poor grandfather, when he awoke to take food, and gazed upon me with his usual fondness; and he made a kind of inquiry, as well as he was able, as to the cause; but I had a sorrowful satisfaction in perceiving that he heard not my answer, but relapsed immediately into that state of happy forgetfulness, which rendered him insensible to the miseries with

which he was surrounded:—an insensibility I could not but regard as the immediate gift of that God whom he had faithfully worshipped, and who might be truly said to fulfil that promise to his departing servant: “I will make thy bed in all thy sickness:” since no bed of down in the palace of his ancestors could have secured a softer resting-place to this good old man, than he found in this den of wretchedness, this concentration of misery.

As I meditated on this affecting spectacle, the severity of my sorrows abated; and, with the blessed influence of religion, returned that good-will towards man, which suspicion and misanthropy had so lately banished; and the tears of repentance were succeeded by new hope, arising from contemplation of the divine mercy, as displayed towards the object before me. Just as I had begun to rejoice under its benign influence, I was visited again by Charlmont, whose fine countenance, lighted up by pleasure, gave earnest of happier intelligence than that which he had lately communicated; and I could scarce help believing that poor Joseph was restored to life, for the purpose of conveying me to you.—I sprang towards him, and eagerly inquired, “Whether he had brought me any intelligence from my sister?”

“Alas! no,” said he pensively; “all help from that source is now cut off: but surely the circumstance I have to communicate, is of a nature to afford you the sweetest relief.—I have discovered two of your old domestics; and a young girl, who declares she has had the honour of attending on your own person.”

“My Elizabeth!” interrupted I. “Oh! where is my poor faithful girl—my own Elizabeth?”

“For Heaven’s sake, lady, control your feelings! remember where you are! The dangers, the many

dangers which surround you, I would not have even a dying man discover, lest he should whisper your name in his last agonies !”

Recollecting myself, I hastily withdrew with him to the door ; when he informed me, that he had disclosed the circumstance of my existence to these poor people, who were almost frantic with joy when they heard of it ; and that, in the course of the day, he should add such assistance, as the deplorable situation of things admitted, to enable them to fit up a hut, where I might remove with my suffering relative ; a circumstance he was anxious to the greatest degree should take place, being in continual alarm for me from the machinations of those around me.

”Twas in vain I assured him they were all too ill to injure me, or too much indebted to my kindness to desire it ; he persisted in the necessity of my removal, which I was equally desirous to take place ; less from my fears of those around, which had considerably subsided, than from the strong desire I felt to see those humble friends, whose attachment he had so movingly described, and who were now, alas ! become the whole world to the bereaved Iwanna.

From the time Charlmont left me, to the period of his return in the evening, were the longest hours I ever recollect enduring : and I felt them the more wearisome, because I could not reveal my sensations, or expectations, to any human being ; as he strictly urged me not to wear a change in my features, lest my removal should be suspected, and our plans counteracted. He had promised to bring the old man and woman when he returned ; the former to assist him in conveying my grandfather ; and the latter, as a guide and support to me ; intending our departure to be so sudden, that no one should be

sufficiently aware of it, to throw impediments in the way. Desirous of conforming in every respect to wishes intended by my friend to prove so beneficial to me, I contented myself with making my usual inquiries, and performing my usual offices, among the unhappy beings; many of whom were on the point of bidding me an eternal farewell. But when I thought of Mentizikoff, whose ashes were deposited near this his last asylum; when I remembered his kindness, faithfulness, and affection; fresh tears would flow, and I felt as if I were again bidding him an eternal adieu. The remembrance of his last prayer, that Heaven would raise me up a friend to supply his place, was now fulfilled, apparently, by the generous interposition of Charlmont; and this circumstance awoke new gratitude to the departed. But, with the memory of Mentizikoff, rose that of Frederic, and all others vanished before it.

At length the appointed time arrived; Charlmont entered; we raised our venerable burden, and conveyed him to the outside of the building, where I found the good old couple, with a kind of hurdle, were waiting to receive us. It was Joseph and Sarah Kiesnow, whom I had known and loved from my cradle. I have told you many sorrows, would I could convey to you the joy that for a moment lighted up my heart, when I beheld them! Poor faithful creatures, how did they cling around me and their revered master, kissing our feet, which were moistened with their tears, and calling for blessings on our sacred heads, as if they had felt a divinity in our presence! Surely this moment was enough to restore me to the love of human nature, if I had never known another of equal tenderness!

Charlmont, at once reproving and praising urged them to repress feelings which might occasion delay. He assisted in placing the good man on the

hurdle, wrapping him in the blanket brought for that purpose; and then taking up one end, he told Joseph to take the other, and they proceeded silently and expeditiously to our destination.

When we arrived here, Sarah opened a little door in a habitation formed out of the remains of a half-burnt cottage, in some places covered with wood, and in others by a tent cloth. I entered first, and beheld my poor long-lost Elizabeth sitting on the floor beside some embers, which she was endeavouring to fan into a flame. She arose at sight of me, gave a faint shriek, and fell senseless on the floor.

My first cares were for her restoration; which when, with the help of Sarah, I had effected, Charlmont, having placed my grandfather in a small inner room, defended from the damp by some planks, came to take leave of me for the night; and at the same time to inform me, that he had deposited some provisions for my use in the inner room, and would on the morrow procure me some clothing, which the increased severity of the season, he observed, rendered highly necessary.

His care, his exertions, his more than brotherly love towards me, and him who was now my single object of tender solicitude, affected me exceedingly. I could only reply by the streaming tears which gratitude poured from my eyes. Those eyes were turned towards heaven, to invoke blessings on his head, as giving him both my hands, I faintly articulated "My friend, my brother!"

"Oh adored Iwanowna!" cried he, "would to Heaven I were more than either friend or brother to you! for so devoted am I to you, that friends, fortune, and country, vanish before that uncontrollable passion which has stamped me for ever yours! And here I swear"—

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"Hold!" cried I, trembling and agitated, overcome with an undefinable emotion, equally new and painful; "do not swear allegiance to one whom you have indeed bound to you by the hallowed cord of gratitude, but whose heart is irrevocably devoted to another. Oh! do not add to my many sorrows, the misery of believing I have caused unhappiness to you!"

With a look which I interpreted into that of speechless despair, Charlmont cast away my hands, and fled precipitately from the cottage, which I believed he would never enter more: and in that idea I not only lost all the comfort my change of situation promised, but a new sense of wretchedness pressed upon my mind. I felt that I had not only lost a friend, powerful to assist me, but that I had rewarded his generosity by destroying his peace; and that where I meant to be honest, I appeared ungrateful. All night long these cruel thoughts racked my mind, and destroyed my rest. Nor did they cease to pursue me; as, when the old couple produced their breakfast, every thing was the gift of Charlmont. He had found them in their distress; for my sake he had assisted them, and now sustained them. He had made this habitation for them. He was the best, the handsomest, the most perfect of human beings: and they would venture to say, he was no Frenchman. Indeed his own man had been heard to declare, that his master's mother was an Italian lady of very great consequence.

"If," said Elizabeth, languidly, "a Frenchman could be good, I should think Colonel Charlmont was a good man; but I am so sure and certain that they *cannot* be good, that it is quite a puzzle to me how he happens to do a good action. For my part, I cannot help believing he is impelled to it: 'tis his *fate*, my lady. You know Elijah was fed by ravens; and they would rather have torn his eyes out when

they did it : but they obeyed the will of Him who sent them, without any desire to do good."

I could scarcely refuse a smile to poor Elizabeth's arguing ; but inquired, " why she thought Frenchmen so incapable of doing good ?" adding, " that a man appearing to us in the light of a national enemy, did not warrant us in concluding him deficient in all moral virtue : and although the French had fatally shown a dreadful propensity to all those crimes their tyrant had dictated ; yet, doubtless, there were many individuals, out of so large a number, who shrunk from the dreadful task assigned them ; and who might now be seeking, in various ways, to atone, by private charities, their public plunders, and other misdeeds."

" Oh no, madam," said Elizabeth, " they do no such thing. At this very moment they go from place to place, in this wretched remnant of a city, seeking whom they may devour. The reason I was going to give, is at the bottom of all. In the first place, they are *not* Christians ; so what is bad in their hearts naturally, has no chance to be rooted out. In the second place, they *are* soldiers ; which is a circumstance that generally makes a bad man worse : for it tends to harden that which was too hard before. It has not the same effect on a good man ; far from it. Whose heart was ever so gentle as that of your brave father my lady ?"

" You have wound up your argument by an appeal that would have been irresistible, had I been inclined to doubt your assertion, my good girl, which I am not : we are, therefore, agreed on this point ; and, for the tender remembrance you hold of your inestimable master, you have my warmest thanks, Elizabeth."

As I spake these words, I offered the good girl my hand ; but, to my utter astonishment, she retreated from me, placing her hand in her bosom,

exclaiming, "Oh, my honoured lady, touch me not ! I am a thing disgraced, lost, ruined, beyond all help ! And this wicked hand, this abhorred hand, hath perpetrated a crime which must contaminate it for ever ! See here, my good lady, and, if it be possible, forgive me ; for indeed I was not in my right mind when I did it."

As she spoke, she knelt before me ; and, opening her dress, displayed to my horror-struck eyes a dreadful wound, evidently in a state which must soon place her beyond all mortal aid. At this sight, Charlmont, and all the world, were forgotten. Horror, indignation, and pity, took possession of my soul, and fired my brain to madness. I clasped her in my arms, despite of her weak struggles : I bathed her with my tears : I called on Heaven to witness the sincerity of my compassion, and vowed never to leave her till the grave should part us. My agony is even now indescribable ; I can write no more !

So young, so lovely, so innocent ! blest with a mind far superior to her station, and a heart the residence of every virtue ! Oh, my lost Elizabeth ! if thy sufferings and death were the only sin committed in this deluge of crime, 'twere sufficient to sink Napoleon to everlasting perdition !

Farewell ! I have opened the last wound which lacerated my heart, and it bleeds too freshly ! To-morrow I may be able to resume my pen.

IWANOWNA.

LETTER XXII.

IWANOWNA to ULRICA—in continuation.

Novgorod, Nov. 22.

IN the course of this, my last day of emancipation, if I may so term it, from the horrors of the hospital, I learnt many things respecting the state of the country, to which I had hitherto been a stranger; and which interested me the more, as I could not learn, from any public reports that either of my dear brothers were numbered with the slain: and the general success of the Russian arms at this period shed a faint beam of joy over my benighted heart, which served to allay the severity of that keen anguish, and bitter indignation, Elizabeth's cruel fate had awakened. Between her, and my grandfather, every moment of my life, and every care of my heart, was divided.

It was, however, a relief to me, when, in the evening of the second day, Charlmont made his appearance; for the idea of his disquietude had added much to my afflictions: and I felt happy to observe, that although an air of melancholy sat on his fine features, it was by no means so distressing, as I had reason to fear it might have been, from the abrupt and impassioned manner in which he had fled from me. I had heard so much of the levity

and the vivacity of his countrymen, that, after a few minutes, I began to hope, that however he had hitherto appeared to be uninfluenced by the general temperament; yet he, *too*, was, like *them*, subject to that happy inconstancy, which now supplied the place of philosophy: and I rejoiced in the circumstance, being solicitous in the greatest degree to witness the restoration of his peace.

In a short time I had reason to believe that I had deceived myself, and that the air of tranquillity he assumed, was forced, for the purpose of saving me from experiencing sorrow on his account. There was something in the delicate tenderness of this conduct, which could not fail to interest me; yet I constrained myself, lest the gratitude I really felt should mislead him; feeling, that it behooved me to guard, by every means, the peace of one who, with so much true heroism, endeavoured to restore mine. By degrees our constraint vanished, we appeared each intuitively to understand the other, and to esteem the character we were forbidden to love.

As if rejoicing in every means of improving my comfort, Charlmont now visited me frequently, yet avoided, with the utmost scrupulousness, to advert in the most distant manner to his unhappy passion; though frequently betraying it in a manner so apparently undesigning, that it was impossible not to feel for him the highest esteem, and the tenderest pity. Never could any human being be more affecting, interesting, and insinuating. Elegant in his manners, highly accomplished in his mind, and endued with the acutest sensibility, and most engaging frankness; he appeared to me the most amiable of men, and to those around me the most generous and enlightened of all Frenchmen: for however highly they admired, they could never wholly forget his nation; and nothing less than our

absolute dependence upon him could have induced them to have accepted bread at his hands; which we did not literally submit to, as I had retained some jewels about me, which I had exchanged to great loss in the hospital; and, with the money arising from the sale of them, Joseph from time to time procured a little coarse provision: the small portion consumed by my grandfather and Elizabeth was the gift of Charlmont to me; and which, for the sake of these beloved invalids, I could not refuse: indeed I might say for *his* sake; since, undoubtedly, such refusal would have plunged him in despair; for, in despite of his pains to conceal his passion, it appeared but too plain that he loved me too well.

In the meantime the French were daily evacuating Moscow, and the horrors of winter every day increased. Charlmont frequently, by my direction, brought useful remnants of our stores from various closets in the palace; particularly a small portion of bedding, which was highly useful. On these occasions he never failed to urge me to accompany him thither, and frequently hinted at the propriety of searching for the supposed stores of my father; ever urging it as peculiarly necessary on my account; especially as he must so soon be torn from me, and I should then need all I could possibly amass, to procure the meanest subsistence. In reply to this, I generally answered, "that the palace could contain nothing of value to me now, save the medicine chest, in my mother's room, for which I had formerly despatched the boy; and to which I gave him directions, it was not impossible to mistake, though I was well assured it had hitherto escaped discovery, as it always stood in a cupboard made in the wainscot, and so neatly enclosed by a sliding door, as to be wholly impervious to the eye. I was the more anxious to possess this chest, because I was aware that it contained some things

which would greatly alleviate the sufferings of Elizabeth ; and I should undoubtedly have undertaken to search for it myself, notwithstanding the severe sufferings to which such a search must unavoidably subject me, since it was in the very room where my sainted mother expired, if I had not observed that life was now worn to so feeble a thread in my last parent, that it might be expected hourly to depart, and I could not therefore quit him for a moment.

I recollect, that at one time, when I was repeating my directions to Charlmont, how to draw back the pannel of the wainscot, he fixed his eyes upon me with a look so penetrating and inquisitive, so different from the usual glance of chastened love and unutterable melancholy, with which he was wont to regard me, that I became at once astonished and dismayed, and shrunk from his gaze with apprehensive presentiment. He was aware of the change his looks had effected in me ; and with the quickness of apparent sensibility, and actual adroitness, seized my hand, exclaiming, " When I look at you, and recollect all your terrible sufferings in the room you are endeavouring to point out to me with so much patient perspicuity, I scarcely can believe the evidence of my own senses when they tell me, that a woman of rank, so young, so lovely, and so fragile, has really sustained such scenes ; and I gaze upon you, angelic Iwanownna ! as a being of another order ; almost shuddering as I gaze, and trembling at the very form I idolize."

As I had sometimes seen a little of this expression pass over his countenance, I concluded it arose ever from the same association of ideas : and well aware, from my own feelings, that the most terrible emotions of the mind were connected with all that belonged to my sad story, I regained my confidence, and continued to press my directions upon him ; observing, at the same time, that the thoughts of sec-

ing that room again was so dreadful to me, that the more I reflected upon it, the more I was convinced that I could not persuade myself to re-enter it.

"You wrong yourself, admirable woman!" exclaimed he, "in making such an assertion, after all you have suffered, and are ever willing to suffer, in the cause of humanity. I cannot believe but you would encounter this trial, to procure relief for those unhappy beings, who depend upon you for all the comforts they possess. That it is painful, I grant: but what is it, compared to those things which you have already sustained! what is it to her, whose hands have prepared the grave for that very mother, whose death-bed she shrinks from beholding, rather with the weakness of a woman, than the just feelings of a daughter! Allow me to say, Lady Iwanowna, that the greatest proof of affection with which you can really honour your mother's memory, is by an act of dutiful attention to the last comforts of that mother's father: and although I shall be most happy to renew a search hitherto useless; yet allow me to say, it would be much more worthy of you, so far to conquer yourself, as to accompany me in it."

Had my poor grandfather really been in a situation to be benefitted by any thing I could have procured for him, I should doubtless have complied with a requisition so just and rational: but, as it was now impossible to help him, I declined once more to set out; but entreated Charlmont, if he were successful, to return to me immediately; which he promised: but he returned no more that night; and, in the course of it, the spirit of my dear grandfather took a silent and painless flight to the mansions of the blessed, without even a single sigh to mark the period of its awful but happy summons.

You will scarcely believe it possible that I should grieve for an event so long expected, and in itself certainly desirable; and which, under the circum-

stances in which we were both placed, called upon me rather to rejoice, than lament: but, although I felt the truth of these observations, my Ulrica and had a certain comfort in knowing, that I had piously fulfilled those duties allotted to me by the wishes and commands of my parents, yet I could not forbear to weep over his precious remains, as over the last tie which was apparently left to me. We had suffered together, and the bonds of nature were strengthened by that suffering: to which I may add, that the dependence upon me for his every comfort, which my dear grandsire had so long held; his total helplessness, and the mild affection, and even thankfulness, to me, which he had evinced so long as his recollection remained, had given me a sensation towards him, resembling that of a mother for her child; and, in losing him, I lost a portion of my existence.

While I thus, by turns, bewailed and consoled myself, Charlmont arrived; but staid some time in the outer apartment, ere he broke in upon that privacy ever sacred to the feeling heart. His friendship and tenderness were never more conspicuous than in this awful moment. Far from according the common condolences, which were too self-evident here to need repeating, and yet would have been repeated in various forms by common minds; he seemed at once to enter into those finer movements of the soul which accounted for my emotion, and imputed it to the most pious and amiable motives; thus soothing my sorrows, even whilst he appeared to indulge them: and, in the course of a short time, I was so far restored to myself, as to solicit his aid in the interment of the revered remains that lay before us.

It was settled that the funeral must take place that very evening, as Charlmont informed me, with much agitation, and grief deeply impressed on his

countenance, that even now it was his duty to be with his regiment, already far removed from Moscow; and that, in all probability, this would be the last night he could devote himself to my service. As he spoke, my countenance indicated the pain I felt in this declaration: though, a moment after, I perceived that the removal of an hateful enemy would restore me to the possession of all the world might yet contain for me: and this expression banished the other. He read my countenance; for he exclaimed, with an air of cutting reproach,—

“Cruel Iwanowna! how short lived was the sigh you gave to my departure!—how short the sensation of sadness felt for *him*, who would encounter miseries yet unheard of for *you*! and who has suppressed even his sighs, lest they should wound you! He now perceives how unnecessary were the cares his love dictated—for you can behold his despair unmoved,—can see him depart without regret,—and”——

I interrupted him by declaring, that although I could not fail to rejoice, as a Russian, in the event he had communicated, especially as it opened my return to a world where I yet hoped to find a sister and many other friends, even if the events of war had proved most fatal to my hopes; but, that the regard I had for him as an individual, the sincere gratitude I must ever feel, not only for his many services, but for that delicate suppression of his feelings at which he hinted, rendered the idea of parting with him really a source of sincere grief; and that he wronged me much, if he supposed that losing him would not be amongst the severest shocks I had yet encountered.

My tears, as I spoke these words, gave proof of my sincerity: but how little did I conceive my words would be prophetic! though I was, indeed, aware that I must experience much sorrow in parting with

one to whom I owed so much; and who was, in himself, a man calculated to excite admiration even to tenderness.

He appeared soothed by my assurance of esteem, and departed as one who was solicitous to render me assistance to the last moment of his existence, and to desire life only as it was serviceable to me. My heart ached with the idea of parting from him. The temporary relief I had experienced in contemplating the total abdication of Moscow, was lost in the nearer sense of personal privation; and I sat down by the corpse of my revered relative, envying even the repose of death.

From this state of painfulnity I was roused by the sufferings of Elizabeth, who having exerted herself in assisting to perform the last offices for her good old Lord, had so irritated her wound, that she was now suffering under the acutest pain. I regretted now, that I had not accompanied Charlmont to the palace, for the purpose of satisfying myself respecting the medicine chest; but promised her I would not fail to do it in the evening. The hopes of relief inspired patience; she ceased to complain, but continued to suffer.

In the evening Charlmont arrived with the two men he had promised to provide, (Joseph having previously dug the grave by my direction); the men were ordered to pass through the room where Elizabeth was laying in the arms of Sarah, to take up the corpse, which Joseph, Charlmont, and myself, were attending. At the sight of them, Elizabeth was seized with terrible convulsions, and appeared ready to expire; we therefore sent them out of the way as speedily as possible: but as Sarah declared she could not live many hours, and Charlmont urged me to depart, I left Joseph at home to sooth and comfort them: for, as terror at the sight of the Frenchmen appeared to have occasioned this pecu-

liar suffering, I felt that his presence would be more beneficial to the poor girl than even my own.

We proceeded in silence to the palace, and descended to that awful spot which contains so many beloved and revered remains, so lately in possession of life, health, rank, and riches. My heart sunk at the recollection; and, for a moment, I repented that I had imposed upon myself a task, which might have been committed to others. But my heart reproached me for this weakness: and I gained courage, from the rebuke, to fulfil the last offices of pious love. In silent devotion, I lifted up my oppressed heart to Him, whose ear is ever open to the afflicted.

In silent anxiety Charlmont waited near me; and, as I withdrew from the grave, advanced with much solemnity, and directed the men to fill it. We both stood by till they had done so; and then withdrew together. He carried a lamp, the men had torches; and as we were passing through the ruins, he observed to them, that, having a light, we had no longer any occasion for their services.

I had not yet spoken since I entered this ruined abode of my ancestors: I now half raised my head, as if to request they would continue. As I held by his arm, he pressed my hand, and in a low voice told me, "He had a reason for his orders, which would soon be explained." I did not reply; for, as my only motive was the advantage of their tapers, which facilitated our departure; and my fears on Elizabeth's account, which now recurred to me with more force from their late suspense; I yielded to his wishes in silence; and, as the men departed towards the entrance of the palace, I addressed my steps towards that part of the building, which I dreaded, yet determined, to explore.

As I approached that fatal room, to which my steps were directed, my heart throbbed violently,

and my respiration was difficult. I threw back my veil, that I might breathe more freely: but the disorder I felt would not yield to my exertions. I stopped; and Charlmont, gazing wildly at me, inquired, "If I were ill?" and, in the same moment, entreated me to proceed; saying, "We were now very near the object of our painful search."

Alas! my mother, my poor bleeding mother! appeared to me the object of my search; the object for which my strained eyes darted through the surrounding gloom, as if they indeed expected to behold her; as if the horrors of that fatal night were again rising, to blast the sight which seemed to seek them. Oh Ulrica! how terrible were these sensations! Shuddering in myself, I shrunk nearer and nearer to my conductor, whose left arm I still held. In thus leaning upon him, I became sensible that his heart throbbed with a pulsation almost as violent as my own. In despite of the dreadful emotion that overwhelmed me, I felt grateful for his sympathy; and looking towards his face, I would have thanked him; but his, was averted at *this* moment, and in another we had entered the fatal room.

Charlmont set down the lamp upon the floor, and led me towards a couch, on which I sat down, being unable to support myself: he then ran to the wainscot, and, to my utter astonishment, opened it with the greatest ease; and taking thence a glass of liqueur, instantly brought it to me, and presented it to my lips, with an air of solicitude and wildness, joined to a trepidation, that increased my astonishment, and even created alarm. I fancied for a moment that he was seized with madness; and having just tasted the glass, returned it, saying, "Pray take some yourself. I fear you are ill, Charlmont."

He replied, by asking, in a low tone of reproachful irony, "If his illness would afflict me?"

I looked in his face; and never shall forget the horrid expression I beheld there at this moment. The most frightful passions were commingled in his countenance : and he evidently rejoiced that I trembled beneath them : yet, anxious lest he might lose his victim beneath those very terrors, he again urged me to take the remaining liqueur, saying, " You have occasion for it, Lady Iwanowna, I assure you."

" Can this be Charlmont? the kind, consoling friend, who appeared the delegate of Mentizikoff, the comforter of my afflictions, my active benefactor?" Heavens ! how my heart trembled to its inmost core, at beholding a fiend where I had looked for an angel ! Of all the afflictions the human heart can know, to be *deceived* where we have *confided*, is surely the most terrible ! However slightly in degree, however slowly in its revelation, such truth may break upon us ; it is still *heart-wounding* truth. What then must it be to me, in such a moment as this, to know not only that I had confided in a villain, but that I was wholly in his power ! The appalling thought paralyzed my mind ; and I again was on the point of fainting, when his words recalled me.

" I am aware, lady, that this room is the deposit of your father's treasures ; and I did not choose to bring the medicine-chest, because I was in the hopes of effecting what I have long desired, but never accomplished till this lucky night.—I wished to bring you here, and *here* to make you one more tender of the heart you have rejected. In short, lady, I entreat you to secure, instantly, the jewels and specie this room contains ; and then hasten from a scene which is doubtless hateful to you, to my happier country, where your beauty and talents will meet the homage they so highly merit ; and where, in the arms of your adoring lover, you will forget the sorrows of your youth."

"Never, *never*!" I exclaimed, with a fervency which in an instant changed the tone of persuasion, which he had assumed, into one more in character with the expression which now lighted up his features, but which he endeavoured to suppress, as, with an air of affected calmness, he said,

"You have called yourself *grateful*, Iwanownna. If you cannot return my love, at least return that which *is* in your power. Know that, for your sake, I have deserted my post, and am therefore a ruined man. I can neither resume my station in society, nor indeed revisit my native land. A beggar, and a wanderer, will you refuse me the means of subsistence, when they are abundantly in your power? Will you, to the horrors of infamy and banishment, add the miseries of want? And this conduct will you observe to a man who has literally fed you, and those most dear to you, with his own bread? who has"——

"Oh!" cried I, "do not accuse me of an ingratitude my heart abhors! Accept this cross, Charlmont, 'tis all I possess in the present state of my affairs; but be assured my services will be great, for my family are still powerful, and will exert themselves for you to the utmost. Whatever may be the fate of my brother (whose noble soul will be unwearied in promoting your welfare, should he survive), yet Ulrica alone will be sufficient to"——

"This is all vain-preaching, Iwanownna: you have other jewels than this, and I must insist on your unlocking some of these mysterious doors."

I protested I had not any knowledge of treasures secreted in the palace; nor was I in possession of any other valuable than the one I had given, which was given to me by Frederic, as a wedding gift; and which I would never have parted with, but to preserve the life of a friend: and I confirmed this assertion by a solemn oath.

Detestable, *execrable* villain ! Even as I rose from my knees, after the solemn appeal I had just made to Heaven, he caught me in his arms, and swore, that as I had given him Frederic's wedding gift, he must have the bride also.

I wept, I prayed, I knelt. My tears were derided, my prayers were scoffed. I thank him at this moment for his scorn ; it roused my indignation, it gave me strength to struggle with him. In doing so, my dagger was pressed against my side :—never shall I forget the joy that pain inspired. But, oh Ulrica ! how shall I convey to you any idea of the emotion which thrilled my soul, and nerved my arm, at this eventful instant ! How will you believe your Iwanowna, when she tells you, that in a single moment, as by the lightning's stroke, she liberated her hand, drew out her dagger, and with a strong, a single blow, laid the monster breathless at her feet !

Single, did I say ? Ah ! 'twas indeed a *single* blow ! it doubtless pierced the heart. Had ten thousand lives, ten thousand worlds, depended on its repetition, all might have perished ! A cold and horrid stupor instantly pervaded my senses, and my blood seemed frozen in my veins. I believe that, in the instant of his falling, I uttered a dismal scream : but from that moment I was silent as him to whom I had dealt the silence of the tomb.

When I reflect on this terrible scene, I am lost in astonishment, and unable to comment. It is, and ever will be, extremely painful to me to reflect, that I was the means of sending an unprepared soul into the presence of his Judge ! Though I am well aware, that I was not only fully justified in the action of self-defence which I committed, but that I ought to be grateful that I was thus enabled to save myself from a fate more lamentable than death. And when I reflect on the personal weakness so much previous suffering had induced ; on the

nervous tremors inspired on my entering this fatal room, by the memory of my murdered mother ; on the cruel shock I experienced, when I found myself betrayed ; and consider how puny a being a slight girl of my age is, when compared to a veteran soldier in the prime of manhood ; I look back with astonishment on the whole transaction, saying, " Surely this was the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

It was at this sad period of my troubles, Ulrica, that Sir Edward Ingleby and his servant found me, having heard the scream I uttered, and being determined to search the palace. My ideas are still indistinct as to their entrance, but I well know that I regarded them as enemies ; and that so completely was my heart closed to every profession of friendship from men, that, had not the Baronet produced your letter as his credentials, I should not, under any subsequent distress, have permitted him to assist me : for confidence once abused, is difficult to regain ; and I was at that time in a frame of mind to doubt all his sex, and, of course, more particularly all strangers. But your letter quieted my apprehensions ; and my necessities so quickly threw me on his humanity, that the reserve of *his* country, and of *my* resolution, vanished tolerably soon ; and I have been now for some time as comfortably easy with him as a woman so situated can or ought to be. Sorrow closes the heart as well as suspicion ; and, alas ! both must enwrap mine for many years to come :—I might say, for the remainder of my days : but they tell me that time subdues all things ; and even *my* mind may emerge from the darkness which surrounds it.

More engaging than my worthy, but unadorned Mentzikoff ; less charming than the insinuating, but worthless Charlmont ; this Englishman appears, indeed, to merit the appellation of *friend* ;

not only as it relates to the virtues of the heart, but the qualities of the mind; and that congeniality of disposition, without which a friend becomes a tutor, on the one hand, or a mere acquaintance, on the other. He is generous; manly, brave, and compassionate; well bred, unassuming, and full of information: and there is a melancholy in his air, and a softness in his mode of expression, which is the more agreeable to me, because I think it is dictated by sympathy rather than nature; as the vivacity in his eyes, and occasionally in his manners, evinces a temperament very different.

We have every reason to expect relays of horses to-morrow: if we do not, I really think, Ulrica, I shall set out towards Petersburg on foot, for poor Elizabeth is much better; and why cannot we do what her celebrated name-sake did in so much longer a journey? After the hardships I have suffered, this would be a mere trifle: nor should I have been held from your arms so long, my beloved sister, if I had not been under the command of this doughty knight of yours, who, whenever I propose any thing of this kind, assures me he had the Countess's commands to prevent me from exertions that would injure me. Am I then (so long an outcast) still under the eye of love, guarded by the hand of tenderness? Is there still left kindred blood with that of Iwanowna? Is there yet a land which she may call her own? A city, whose walls are unstained by the blood of her dear relations? Oh! my sister, my friend my comforter! dearly as I am certain you love me, yet you can form no idea of the intenser love I bear to you, and with what extreme anxiety I hasten to you, and how I long to strain you to my heart! to gaze on my mother in *your* face, and listen to my father in *your* tongue! to pour into your pitying ear the complaints of a widowed lover, and tell you what a store of virtues graced my Frederick's

heart ! And, oh ! may I not still fondly inquire, do they not grace it now ? How wretched a state is doubt ! and yet doubt is nearly the only good left to your still afflicted

IWANOWNA.

LETTER XXIII.

*Baron SCOLIENBURG to the Countess
FEDEROWITZ.*

MADAM,

Nov. 29.

I AM commanded by the Emperor to inform you, that, to his Majesty's great regret, he has received tidings that Count Federowitz, in a late successful sally, was so severely wounded as to be considered in imminent danger. If it is your pleasure to visit the Count, I am commanded instantly to furnish you with whatever can expedite your journey: and am, madam,

Yours, &c. &c. .

SCOLIENBURG.

LETTER XXIV.

*Sir EDWARD INGLEBY to the Hon. CHARLES
SLINGSBY.*

PETERSBURGH, Dec. 4.

CONGRATULATE me, dear Slingsby ! on my safe return to the land of the living : and congratulate me still more, that I have safely conducted hither the brightest jewel that all the Russias can boast ! But, alas ! sorrow pursues this lonely victim ; and disappointment blasts her fondest and most natural hopes.

Our journey was unusually protracted, from the circumstance of all the horses being pressed into the service of Government ; so that travelling towards the capital is difficult. She bore our repeated disappointments with a sweetness of temper, that proved the natural equanimity, as well as acquired patience, of her disposition. But the nearer we approached to the end of our pilgrimage, the more evident became her solicitude to behold her sister ; to lay her weary head on that affectionate bosom, which had now become the whole world to her.

I anticipated no common pleasure in witnessing the meeting of these lovely women, after such a season of severe affliction. Judge, then, what was our

mutual disappointment,—in fact, our great sorrow,—on being informed, that, on the very day of our arrival, the Countess had set off for Mawenitza in great distress, as her husband was in the neighbourhood of that city severely, and, as it was feared, *mortally* wounded.

Poor Iwanowna! my inmost heart bled for thee: yet never, surely, did any human creature evince a nobler soul, a kinder heart, a more subdued spirit, than was displayed by thee at this trying moment! Far from murmuring at her own disappointment, or repining at the new accession of grief she suffered, her only exclamation was, "Oh! my poor Ulrica! why did not I arrive sooner, that I might have accompanied you, and shared this bitter burden with you!"

I endeavoured to console her, and she accepted my consolation; but it was rather to add to my ease than her own. I saw her heart sunk under an impression too natural to one who was bowed down by such an accumulation. She felt as if she were doomed to suffering, and that every arrow in the quiver of affliction was pointed at her defenceless breast. Never shall I forget the pallid resignation of her look! so full of woe, and yet of meekness, 'twould have disarmed a tiger of his rage:—no wonder that it melted me into a very woman. Yes, Charles, I will not blush to say, I gazed upon her till I wept in agony!

Ever true to her own character, Iwanowna roused herself to reassure me, to convince me that she was able to endure whatever it pleased Heaven to inflict. With what sweetness did she thank me for all my care! and with what generous confidence did she assure me, that my friendship was dear to her heart, and a source of consolation to her even at the present moment! She even urged me to take refreshment; and endeavoured to advert to circumstances

in our journey, which might lead our minds from a contemplation to which we were unequal.—Oh ! Charles, it is in such moments as these, woman is most dear, most estimable to man ! it is then she is truly his help-mate. Plucking from his pillow the thorns with which a world of woe has strewn it, he finds in her tenderness a balm for his care ; in her patience, an incitement to his fortitude. But how much more highly must he estimate her virtues, when he knows the extent of her exertion for his sake ; and sees the smile of condolence rise on her lip, when he knows her smitten heart aches almost to breaking !

While the generous Iwanowna was thus repressing her own sorrow, that she might extract all that was bitter from the pity her sorrows excited, an attendant entered the room with a lovely babe in her arms, which instantly stretched out its little arms to Iwanowna ; doubtless mistaking her for its mother, whom she greatly resembles. She started, clasped the precious babe to her bosom, and burst into a passion of tears, such as I had never witnessed before. The child, surprised and terrified, turned to his nurse, who took him from her reluctant arms, but continued, at my instance, in the room ; as I observed that, every moment, the eyes of Iwanowna were turned towards him ; and that, as the passion of grief subsided, a gentle languor, the sweet emotion of new born affection, mingling with her grief, stole over her mind, and left it pensive, but no longer wretched.

In this state of ameliorated feeling I left her to her repose ; but was less surprised than sorry to find, that, for the two following days, she was unable to receive me, being confined to her chamber.

But this morning, this happy morning, I have seen her, Charles ! and seen her happy too ! And never, surely, was one lovely countenance formed, in the

prodigality of Nature, to be so truly the harbinger of joy, the handmaid of delight ! I must confess I was not aware of this. The magnanimity of heroism, the tranquillity of self-control, the piety of resignation, and the strong interest of extreme distress, had by turns dwelt in her countenance, and moulded her fine features, ever since I first beheld her in the awful hour when mingled terror and vengeance usurped the place where "all her sex's softness" was wont to reign. But the smiling loves, the dimpled graces, had hitherto appeared no part of Iwanowna's beauties ; and they broke upon me with all the charm of novelty, in addition to native attraction.

When I entered her apartment, she was sitting with the babe playing in her lap, and exhibited to the eye of fancy a widowed mother, as her face was extremely pale, and she was, for the first time, arrayed in deep mourning ; not having been able, until now, to pay this mark of respect to her deceased parents. Never had I beheld her so amiable, so interesting, as now ! But how much more charming did she become, when, on sight of me, a rosy blush overspread her fair countenance ; and, rising, she exclaimed, " Oh ! my good friend ! how I rejoice to see you ! I have had excellent news this morning ; yet my pleasure was incomplete till you arrived, to share it with me."

As she spoke, a sparkling tear, the offspring of that pious gratitude to Heaven, which ever mingles with her feelings, stole from the corner of her blue eye, and rested for a moment on her dimpled cheek ; the boy in her arms kissed it off—how I envied the urchin ! How nearly was I to prostrating myself at her feet, and entreating her to give me a right to sympathize in her joys and sorrows to the last hour of my existence !

Never, Charles, till now, in all our journeyings, our cares, and our sorrows, did I feel that I loved

Iwanowna as a woman. No! when I told you I admired, esteemed, revered, adored her, and all that, I told you *true*; and now that I protest I love her, *fondly* love her, I tell you *true* also, as Richard says. For this mixture of sorrow and joy, this realizing of the general character and general fate of human beings has first awakened in me the sense of that affection which may be called *love*; it has added the charm of passion to all that is most excellent in friendship and cordial in esteem.

Hitherto I have beheld Iwanowna as a *superior* being. Notwithstanding the fragility of her form, the fears I entertained for her health, and the sad lessons of mortality which every scene around me was calculated to inspire; still my enthusiastic fancy depicted the fair vision, as a being my unhallowed touch ought not to deem tangible. I sought to consider her as a suffering angel, a ministering angel, a beautiful angel; but, at all events, an *angel*! and, of course, though I was proud of her commands, and willing to die in her service, I did not aspire to mingling with angelic natures on earth.

But now, Charles, though she is better, and fairer, and in fact *greater* than she was; yet as she is, however excellent, only a woman,

Form'd haply with some slight allay,
And fashion'd but of finer clay;

who knows to what my presumption may extend? I rejoice most sincerely that my devotion has continued hitherto so wholly "unmixed with baser matter," as to have enabled me to fulfil the promise I made to the Countess Federowitz, of guarding her with a brother's care:—a promise I should not have thought necessary, feeling as I then felt, if I had not, on scanning over my letter, thought the expressions of regard I had used, might be warmer than suited with a Russian lady's ideas of mere respect; and

that, from the scene I had witnessed in the palace, there might be creatures so devoid of soul, as to gaze on the charms of the divine Iwanowna with eyes less pure than mine. To this may be added, that Tom had given me various hints, that what he calls my *complaint*, was coming on again: and notwithstanding I knew the fellow was wrong, yet I was aware all vulgar minds would entertain the same prejudice. They may now triumph, I confess; but that does not alter the true state of the case, you know.

But what is become of the good news? How is it possible that I should have omitted, all this time, to tell you why the eyes of Iwanowna shone so bright! why her sweet mouth was surrounded by such bewitching dimples! Let the poets say what they may of Love, his devotion, his heroism, and the Muses know what; I maintain it, he is the most selfish of all our passions, or he would not for a moment have made me think more of my own heart than hers. But, to be honest, I have known this characteristic of his little highness in a thousand instances.

"Look," said the lovely maid, "what a dear, comfortable, little letter I have received from my sister! It just says, that she has found her beloved Federowitz, though extremely ill, yet better than could have been expected; and that the happiest hopes are now entertained by his surgeons. Is not this a sweet reward for her exertions? Is it not delightful news, Sir Edward?"

"Most delightful, indeed!" said I.

"But this is not all:—for, oh! how thankful am I to find my brother still lives! I have never dared to speak of him to you; for Ulrica did not name him in her letter; and I concluded her silence proceeded from a dread of crushing me beneath a new sorrow I was then ill able to endure. I now find that she was herself ignorant of his fate; for he was then sit-

fering under wounds which threatened his life ; and Federowitz, from kindness, kept her in the dark respecting him. Poor Alexander ! how severe must be thy afflictions, both in body and mind ! How much hast thou yet to bear, and to endure !”

“ But, my sweet lady, I must not allow you to weep to-day, even for joy. In fact, I tremble for the encroachment every new emotion makes on your health ; but most sincerely do I congratulate you on the safety of your brother, of whose merit I heard by old Joseph, who was lavish of his praise.”

“ Praise !” cried Iwanowna,—again the tide of pleasure rushing to her cheek in living roses.—Oh ! Sir Edward ! he is the bravest, noblest youth ! I would not have you leave Russia without embracing Alexander, for the world ! You are formed to love each other ! and you could best, perhaps, supply to him the place of a friend he can behold no more.” She paused ; a shade of thought came over her brow ; and she added, pensively, “ You have heard me speak of Mentizikoff ?”

“ I have : he was the happy man whose closing life was blessed by your cares in the hospital.”

“ He was the man to whose care I was indebted for life, and my poor grandfather also :—a more excellent man than Mentizikoff I have never known : he has a right to my most grateful remembrance. Alas ! Sir Edward, my very joys awaken sorrow ; it is woven into every line of my hard destiny : so that in pursuing my very claims to comfort, I meet with the misfortune that robs me of it.”

“ Much as I would wish, Lady Iwanowna, to wipe every tear from your eye, yet I cannot regret that your painful recollections are now excited by a circumstance so flattering to my self-love, as the desire you expressed, that I should supply to your brother the friend he had lost in this *excellent* Mentizikoff.”—(How the word *excellent* stuck in my

throat, Charles! Confound the poor fellow! I was ~~ha~~ jealous of him, at least — But more especially would I wish to supply the place of this highly-esteemed man, to one who already knows how far I am likely to *succeed* in supplying it: I would be *your friend, your Mentizikoff, Iwanowna, still more than your brother's.*"

"You have been, you *are* that already," said the charming girl, with a look of frankness infinitely more grateful than the expression of thankfulness which I have read but too often in her regards to me. "In fact," she added, in a still softer tone, "I do really believe, that to the last prayers of Mentizikoff I am indebted for you. If I have never said so before, it arose from the deception practised upon me by one to whom I gave the sacred appellation of *friend*: and to the same cause you must attribute whatever has appeared cold in my gratitude, and reserved in my manners, towards you; for indeed my heart has never ceased to recognise you as the kindest of friends; the most generous and disinterested of men."

Judge, if you *can* judge, Charles, what a terrible plight your enraptured, distracted friend was in, as Iwanowna, her cheek glowing, her eyes sparkling, and her hand extended to meet mine, pronounced, with tones that indicated how truly she felt them, words so deliciously kind and dear to my heart; yet words that certainly indicated only what they said; words that she would not have uttered, or at least she never would have uttered so warm, and glowing from the heart, if that heart had throbbed like mine. Alas! they quenched at once my jealousy and my hope! I saw that Mentizikoff had been *only* a friend, and that I was destined to supply his place *only* as a friend.

Friendship with woman is sister to love," you will say. True; and the sage Dr. Gregory has assured

all the good daughters of Great Britain, that gratitude is the best, as well as most proper, ground-work for the preference a woman gives her husband. I believe there is great truth in both these observations ; nor am I unwilling to accept the comfort they yield in my present dilemma : but, ever since I knew I had a heart, that heart has asked for *love* ; pure, genuine, unadulterated love : and although, as years advance (and I am now twenty-six), and experience increases, having had, you know, several love affairs in the last ten, I begin to see that my system is rather romantic, than natural or rational ; I yet cannot help adhering to it with considerable pertinacity, especially in cases where the woman has that decided character which Iwanownna possesses ; and which, although prematurely forced upon her, by the most terrible and afflictive events, can never forsake her. The activity of her mind, the tenderness of her heart, require from her an attachment strong enough to engage both. She must love, as she is beloved, with ardour, constancy, and entire affection.— But who, *who* shall be worthy of that love ?

Does she not love even now ? is a question that continually arises in my mind. I have frequently seen her rapt in musings so profound, in grief so deep and unutterable, that I think she must be lamenting the fate of a lover, as well as that of her parents. If he is fallen, time, I trust, will restore her to the power of listening to one who could devote whole ages to heal the wounds of such a heart as Iwanownna's. I remember old Joseph once checked his wife, as she was beginning to give me some information respecting her young lady, by saying, " Did not the Count give orders, that the Baron's name should never pass our lips ? " I then concluded the Baron's name was infamous ; but I now see that sorrow might pass this mandate as well as anger. He certainly has fallen. Happy war-

rior ! he fought, he fell, for Iwanowna ; and her tears enbalm his memory !

Whatever this story may be, if any story there is, I am determined to get to the bottom of it : for I have a restless impatience in all that concerns this enchanting girl, which far exceeds all my former exceedings. If she is not in the situation I fear, may all good angels waft the Countess speedily back, or I shall never be able to keep my promise, my friend : for, according to Tom's solution, the fit is very strong upon me at present ; and, as you may perceive, my opportunities are irresistible ; I ought to say, *have been* : for now her arrival is known, and she has left her chamber, all the female nobility are crowding round her ; and the welcome news she has received will deprive her of an excuse for not appearing at court ; since numbers have done it who have sustained similar losses. Never did a people rally round their Sovereign, as the Russians do round theirs.—*Apropos* : I have written you a dozen sheets at this momentous crisis, with not a word of that wonderful news which opens the ears of all Europe.

N'importe ! I send you a whole bundle of Gazettes : they will tell you of battles, in which the Russians have fought like Homer's demigods, and that the whole army of France is universally routed : and that the prisoners taken by Russia, of which there are an incredible number, are the only part of that prodigious body which are not devoted to destruction. They will point out to you the different routs by which their retreat has been intercepted : under what Generals this great work has been achieved ; and to what an extent it is carrying on.

Kutouzoff, Platoff, Wittgenstein, and several others, must be handed down to posterity, as the

deliverers of Russia. But what you must consider as the most extraordinary part of this affair, is the ignominious flight of Buonaparte; who, abandoning his unhappy slaves to their fate, has escaped in disguise to Paris, with an intention, undoubtedly to collect a new army, and return to dispute the field next spring. But veteran soldiers are not made in a day; and his conscript levies will ill supply the place of those brave fellows who are now "bleaching in the northern blast:"—wretched proofs of his ambition, and the blind folly of their insatuated country!

Every hour brings intelligence of the most exhilarating nature; every day teems with events of the most extraordinary character. There is reason to believe, that at this very moment the Russians are pursuing victory to the very gates of Warsaw, or even to Koningsburg.

There is a report that the Prussian General has surrendered, with his whole army; and, from corroborating circumstances, I am inclined to give it full credit. In various instances the French have laid down their arms. A terrible engagement took place in the neighbourhood of Mawenitza, where poor Federowitz got his wound: the French were cut in pieces, beyond belief. In short, the successes of Russia exceed all expectation, and satisfy all hope. The detail will furnish us conversation many a pleasant hour in Old England. England, did I say? Yes; dear England! which I love the better every hour of my absence! But Iwanowna must be there: her presence must grace my mansion, or even England will be rather dear than agreeable.

I assure you I now think of marrying in sober sadness, and thereby fulfilling the wishes of the best of mothers; and the wishes, you will say, of the

most affectionate of sons, undoubtedly. Yet I know my mother will not like to hear of a foreigner ; so say nothing on the subject till you have further leave from him, who, in granting such leave, will be the happiest of all human beings.

ED. INGLEBY.

LETTER XXV.

ULRICA to IWANOWNA.

Wilna, Dec. 23.

HOW truly happy and thankful am I to announce to you, my dearest sister ! the continuance of every favourable symptom in the health of my beloved husband, who bore his removal on a litter to this place, from Mawenitza, better than I could have expected ; and having now the best possible assistance, will, I trust, be as speedily restored as the nature of the case admits. He has been enabled to receive the visits of Prince Kutouzoff, and his old friend Wittgenstein repeatedly, without suffering from it ; and in fact, the happy state of his mind suffuses, as it were, a restorative to his body ; as he just now observed, " Pleasure supplies ease, and gratitude to Heaven is blood to the veins." Dear soul ! how much has he lost of both ? Oh ! Iwanowna, how keenly do we suffer in those we love ! Surely the pangs I witnessed, could not equal those I have endured for this better half of my life ! I will hope, at least, that they did not, for I could not bear the idea of his enduring agonies so terrible.

What a day was yesterday in this city ! How do I wish, my Iwanowna, that you could have shared

it with me ! Such a day is worth whole years of common existence ! and it would have made you, my sweet sufferer, some amends for the unexampled atrocities you have beheld, the accumulated distresses you have endured : and whilst you wept, as I did, over the past ; yet the sublime enthusiasm, the generous sympathy of your heart ! that loyalty and patriotism, which education rendered a part of your nature, and virtue and experience have established as your principles, would have awakened in you a species of delight, capable of exalting even sorrow to rapture. It was not the entrance of the Sovereign, though he is beloved to idolatry, nor the shout of victory from a brave people, that excited the *sweetest* emotions of the heart, which they had awakened to joy ;—no ! it was the *expression* of that joy in the eyes of every human being, the overflowing of gratitude to Heaven, and good will to man, which so evidently pervaded the heart of every creature ! Old and young embraced each other in the streets, hailed the soldiers as their brethren, and their Generals as their deliverers : every tongue uttered sounds of transport ; every eye swam in tears of delight.

But when the Sovereign appeared ; when he, on whose anxious breast the fate of so many millions had rested, was seen ; when it was remembered how many terrible afflictions, how many gloriously triumphant events, had taken place since they beheld him last, the impression mingled awe with bliss, and silence fell upon the multitude as a veil :—the smile of the Emperor, the shout of his assembled Generals, dispersed it ; and the cry of joy again ascended to the very gates of heaven.

Hetman Platoff, of whom you have heard so much, (and may hear more), is created a Prince : he is a fine looking man ; and wears, in his open countenance, the air of that noble daring he has so happily

exhibited. I have just been introduced to him, but have had but little conversation, as I grudge every moment that is stolen from my Federowitz. Thank you, my Iwanownna, for the love you have already conceived for my precious child ; but, indeed, it would be impossible for a heart, though far less tender than yours, to see him and not be delighted with him. Kiss him for me a thousand times : and do not forget to present me, most gratefully, to Sir Edward Ingleby ; to whom I shall feel myself eternally indebted for restoring me my Iwanownna. I cannot help feeling a little afraid of his stealing the jewel he has taken such pains to procure for me. Pardon me, dear sister, if I wrong him, or pain you, by this surmise. You have been very peculiarly circumstanced ; and one singular situation arises out of another, you know.

Adieu ! I am called in my office of nurse, and must therefore cease my scribbling. The officer who brings you this is a stranger to me, but is a man of merit and worth : you will receive him as such. He is despatched with private letters from the Emperor ; and will return in a short time, and be, I trust, the bearer of good tidings from you. Once more adieu ! My dear Federowitz salutes you with the most cordial affection.

ULRICA.

I must not close this without informing you, that our dear brother gets stronger every day ; I understand ; nor ought I to omit paying the tribute of respect to the memory of Lord Tyrconnel, who appears to have excited the esteem of all who knew him, and is universally regretted. He died about a fortnight ago, of a pulmonary complaint, brought on by excessive exertion.—How much do we owe these brave Englishmen, my Iwanownna !

LETTER XXVI.

Sir EDWARD INGLEBY, to the Honourable CHARLES
SLINGSBY.

PETERSBURGH, Jan. 1.

SHE loves Charles ! by all my fears she loves ! and that to madness ; at least to jealousy ; which is one species of madness, you will allow—at least it has that effect on me. But what right have I to be jealous ? I was never loved by her : in fact, I have nothing to do with her in any way ; nothing at all, I confess ; it was a foolish affair altogether. But you shall learn *how* it was. I will command myself, and give you the whole detail. Command myself, did I say ? What folly ! I am perfectly calm, and——but you shall hear.

The day before yesterday Iwanowna received letters from Ulrica of the most affecting and delightful nature. But I have nothing to do with pleasure, so that must pass. The officer who brought them spent the evening at the house of Federowitz where Iwanowna had invited a few friends to meet him ; amongst whom I am a kind of favoured guest ; though she has taken great care I should never be

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a solitary one, since my first visit. This officer, Colonel Willowinsk, was a fine lively old man, a very soldier; delighted to "fight all his battles o'er again;" and proud, as well he might, of the various encounters in which he had been so lately engaged; and you may readily conceive with how much solicitude we inquired into the detail of events so highly interesting as those related by one who had himself been an actor in them. Never was the sensibility of Iwanowna more apparent, or the charming simplicity with which it was expressed more interesting. Anxious to suppress every emotion which might obtrude her sorrows; and yet keenly feeling circumstances, which, however described, could not fail, from their analogy to her own more immediate sufferings, to awaken them: her fortitude was, to me, not less conspicuous than the pleasure which her country's successes evidently gave her. How often were her long eye-lashes cast down, to conceal the tear that would tremble beneath their lids! and how often were those lovely eyes cast towards heaven, with the brightest beams of grateful joy darting from their blue orbs! These are the moments, Charles, when beauty is truly such: when the soul sits in the form, and reveals her own lustre. Unhappy that I was to behold her at such a dangerous hour!

At length some of the company interrupted the good narrator in his account of a most wonderful sally made by the Don Cossacks, to inquire after the person and manners of their great chief Platoff; and from thence adverted to his beautiful daughter; observing, "that it was a pity the ignominious flight of Buonaparte had prevented some brave man from claiming her hand, by securing the arch enemy; as her brave father had fixed upon that as the reward of such an act of gallantry."

"I must own," said Iwanowna, modestly, "I cannot regret his flight on *that* account; for the young lady might have been very unhappy in such an union."

"Impossible!" exclaimed several voices at once, fired with the enthusiasm naturally inspired by the late conversation. "Impossible! How could she be unhappy with a brave man—the deliverer of his country! She must have rejoiced in her power of rewarding such an one."

"Russia is full of brave men," said Iwanowna; but yet no woman of feeling would accept a husband, indiscriminately, from amongst a group the most famous for their heroism. Many circumstances are necessary to procure happiness in the marriage state: a woman must not only be united to a brave man, whom she admires, but a man of congenial temper, habits, and dispositions, with her own; so far as the different pursuits of the sexes admit. I have been told that this celebrated beauty is also a woman of enlightened mind, ingenuous manners, and tender heart. Surely it would have been a pity if the chances of war had thrown her into the hands of a brave, but unpolished man, who could neither estimate the jewel he possessed, nor be to her the companion and friend every married woman ought to find in him who is her lord; for, surely obedience is a difficult task where there is no superiority, save that of personal prowess."

"But, my dear young lady," cried the Colonel, elbowing his way on the table, "though I cannot rejoice with you, that the Corsican has slipped our fingers, because I am sorry my good friend has lost an opportunity he would have gloried in, of giving his daughter and his cash to the lucky dog who caught him: yet I can make you easy, as to the young lady and *her* happiness; for the fact is, she has chosen for herself; and so brave a fellow, that

Platoff rejoices in it almost as much as if he had been the successful victor he wished him."

The ladies now became quite as inquisitive as the gentlemen had been a short time before. And, "Pray who is the fortunate man?" was echoed on every side.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the Colonel; "my good friends, we are all at a fault now; for, i'faith, I never heard his name; or I *may* have heard it, but it is clean gone out of my head. In fact, the affair is but just whispered, and I by mere chance got wind of it: had I seen the boy fall in battle, or fight in battle, I might have remembered his name; but, as we have not happened to sail in the same wake, why, his name, if I heard it, slipped me. I never saw him but once."

"Oh! Colonel, what was he like? was he handsome? is he noble?" vociferated his auditors.

"Why, as to handsome, when I saw the man, he was as white as a sheet, and walked with a little stoop in the shoulders: so that, as to beauty, he appeared rather so so. And, now we are talking on this, I can't help saying, that women have the very oddest taste in the world: many a one of them have I known look down with contempt on a good handsome fellow, with a rosy face and a sound body; who, when his veins were drained till he looked like their grandfathers' ghosts, they would honour with their sweetest smiles! This is, to me, utterly incomprehensible: but, in fact, your sex were always so to me; so I will say no more about them."

"But, Colonel," said Iwanowna, who had not asked one question, "you will allow, that if the poor man was ill, it was amiable in the lady to pity him."

"Oh yes, madam! very amiable, no doubt; and this poor fellow had uncommon claims on pity, as I was told; for he was killed, as it were,—absolutely

killed; and given up by all that belonged to him; numbered with the dead, and never expected to rise again."

"In what battle?" cried Iwanowna, with the most anxious earnestness you can conceive.

"That I can't answer for, as I said before; we have not fought in the same division: all I know of the matter is this, the young fellow is nobly born, and what the women call devilish handsome! he is tall, and has black eyes; he was wounded, and taken prisoner."

"Prisoner!" cried Iwanowna, with increased agitation.

"Yes, my lady, *prisoner*! because, being wounded, you see, he could not defend himself. Well, he was retaken by our brave Hetman Platoff, as he was scouring the country in his usual style. Well, madam, as far as I can learn, he takes this young fellow home to his daughter, who cures him of one wound, but gives him another: such things will happen, even to soldiers: it is very odd, but I have known it often in my time. The young fellow, however, acted nobly: the moment he could carry arms, he flew to the field: well he might for he was a *Moscow* man; and while he had been bleeding, his city had been burning. Poor fellow! he was unlucky; for he was again wounded, and that so desperately, as for a long time to banish hope. But he is now brave; and was expected to be presented at Wilna, before the Emperor should leave it. All this was told to me by a friend on the day of the Sovereign's *entree*; but, in such a bustle, you are sure I could not remember more than one half."

"You do not think his name was" — Iwanowna stopped; her colour went and came. I almost fancied I could hear the throbblings of her heart, for it evidently beat violently.

"Upon my honour, madam, I could not tell his name, if you were to mention twenty. But, however, your curiosity may be soon satisfied, for I *know* that your sister knows him; or, at least, that Fedorowitz is acquainted with him.—That's it.—Ah, I am sure there is some kind of friendship between them; so in time you will hear all about it. I am a poor relater of love matters."

It appeared that the Colonel was but too *good* a relater of love matters; for Iwanownna, after several unsuccessful efforts to rally her spirits, and struggle with the indisposition she felt, sunk fainting on the bosom of an elderly lady, who sat near her. Oh, Charles! what did I not feel at this moment! How did pity for her, and despair for myself, at once wring my heart! The company imputed her indisposition to having exerted herself beyond her strength, to entertain them; and the honest old soldier accused himself of having been too noisy for her, and having displayed more battle pictures than she was able to bear. But, alas! the eyes of a lover pierced beyond the surface; I saw that what I had suspected was but too true; and as I stayed after the other gentlemen were gone, I had an opportunity of learning from the Baroness Mizenckow, who assisted her, and who, being well acquainted with Ulrica, knew the state of Iwanownna's affections, that my fears were too just, and that Iwanownna was indeed suffering for a lover.

In fact, the Baroness informed me, that she had been on the point of marriage with a brave and amiable youth, who did not resign his hopes of immediate union till the French actually entered the country; when, feeling it an imperious duty to repel the invaders, he tore himself from her arms; that he was distinguished in the field of Smolensko, but fell, it is believed, in that of Borodino, as he was seen covered with wounds, and surrounded by the enemy,

in an early part of the engagement: but his body was never found; a circumstance easily accounted for, from the amazing slaughter which took place on both sides; but from which, though she has said little on the subject, Ulrica believes she still nourishes vague hopes of his restoration.

It is very evident, from the foregoing conversation, that she conceives the suitor of Platoff's daughter is no other than her own recreant knight; and she concludes his silence is accounted for, by conscious infidelity. How must her generous heart be torn with this belief! Yet how can she continue to love that which she must despise! The man who could forsake Iwanowna must be a fool, as well as a villain! Yet how could her penetrating mind be so imposed upon, as to allow her affections so to fix! I am more and more bewildered the more I think on this.

At all events, there are no hopes for me. I have seen her, Charles; seen her like a stricken flower, that was just beginning to raise its pale head above o'ercharging snows, again smitten to the ground; yet does she wear an air of such firmness in her suffering, such constancy in her devotion, that it is plain, whether her lover is slain or lost, she will find no other to supply his place. Any other woman, when she had recovered the first shock of such information, would have been resentful towards him, and ready to revenge herself by flirting, at least, with the first who came in her way; and Iwanowna has a man always in *her* way, ready to catch every spark of encouragement she may be willing to bestow: but not a glimmering of hope has she permitted me to embrace. At once kind and frigid; soft, yet unyielding; there is about this woman a warmth of heart, and coldness of temperament, different to any thing I have ever met with.

I am confident she reads every thought of my heart, and that the least word from me would unveil hers to my view. Several times, I can now recollect, she has been on the point of doing it, for my sake : she will not be equally candid now, because she will fear that I may presume to build hope on the ruins of her attachment. Unfeeling woman ! she would deny me even the remnant of her heart ! she would rather be cast from one who is worthless ; live uncomplaining, and die unresenting, than be nourished by one devoted to her with a fidelity pure as her own, and a warmth as delicate as it is constant !

'Tis true, I used to rave much on the necessity of being the *only* beloved of the one whom I might select, and insisted upon this certainty as necessary to my happiness. Do not despise me, Charles, when I now declare, that the widowed heart of Iwanowna would be to me more riches than the first blush of love, about which I was wont to rave so eloquently, a thousand times repeated. Methinks, to sooth her sorrows, to whisper peace to her bosom, to watch the shadows of returning joy flit o'er her breast, and seize their benignant moments, for making a soft impression of tenderness, would be the most delightful employment of my life ; a life which, I am persuaded, would be much more rational than if I had succeeded in the romantic wish of making some heart my own, which never beat at any other name but mine.

I know not what I ought to do, or think ; I am impatient for the return of the Countess, to whom I would unbosom my heart with all its wishes. I cannot help believing that she will be my friend ; yet I would not want a *friend* with the woman to whom I devote myself. No ! I never can give up my old code so far, Charles : I *must* positively, I must be loved—loved for my *own* sake. Were Iwanowna to give one sigh to the distant Moldovani, though the Baltic rolled all his waves between them, I should be

wretched ! Nay, were she indeed convinced of his death, should I not misconstrue even the sorrows she must ever feel for the loss of her parents, into mourning for *him* ? I fear I should, inconsistent being that I am ! Though one moment I feel as if I would give the wide world for the privilege of soothing her sorrows, I feel also (such is the jealous susceptibility of my nature), that every tear she shed, would fall like scalding lead upon my heart, and lacerate it beyond the power of restoration ; and that, with Iwanowna in my arms, I should be more wretched than I am without her, were she not mine in very truth.

Why then should I seek an union which brings with it, in the very virtues, the very charms of the beloved one, an alloy to my happiness ? Why should I intrude on a woman, who, if she accepts me, cannot bestow her heart ; when that heart is as necessary to my happiness as to her own ? I know she cannot do this, for I have seen her suffer from jealousy ; and jealousy is the child, not of bare esteem, nor even friendship, but of *love* ; of that love which I feel, but cannot inspire. If Iwanowna were capable of feeling for me that which I have seen her feel for another, she would be no longer the being I admire, the woman whom even in my passion I venerate : yet, to resign her ! to part from her ! to cast away *every* hope of obtaining her, is equally impossible !

Time, you will tell me, may do much for us both ; and I am willing to trust to his powers of persuasion : but if I were to trust to him, and engage Iwanowna to listen to me after a season, how do I know in what light she might regard such an engagement ? or what means might be resorted to by her friends in the interim ? No ! I repeat it, Slingsby, I must be her own heart's choice ! I must be loved ! It is possible, very possible, that this might be the case ; for the affection of her youthful inclination may not

be immoveable. I was, myself, a most desperate lover at eighteen; and had all the jealousies, sorrows, and peculiarities of the passion in perfection! Why then should I require that which I never can bestow? why not expect from Iwanownna that better regard, that absolute surrender of the judgment, that tender friendship, and ineffable respect, which I am sensible of towards her? Surely this is well worth seeking for; and, notwithstanding all my fears, I feel I shall attempt it. Adieu! Wish me success, my dear fellow!

Ever yours,

EDWARD INGLEBY.

LETTER XXVII.

IWANOWNA to ULRICA.

PETERSBURGH, Dec. 30.

OH, Ulrica! cruel even in your kindness! why did you deceive me? Why did you keep back a truth which doubtless oppressed you at the very time you were writing to me? A truth you felt unequal to reveal, and yet ventured to risk the promulgation of it to a stranger!

He lives, then! Frederick *lives*! but not for *me*, Ulrica! The charms of ambition, the fascinations of beauty, perhaps gratitude itself, may have led him to inconstancy. This is the only thought on which my harassed mind can find repose: for the idea of his unworthiness is more terrible than the belief of his death! To desert me, under my present circumstances, argues a mind so base, a disposition so cruel, that no temporary estrangement of fancy, no predilection caused by beauty, ought so far to influence any man, as to permit him to resign a connexion so sacredly formed, whatever might be his wishes, until some time, at least, had been given, for the victim of his infidelity to recover that strength which her mind might evince, if she were duly informed. But to a creature so wounded as I have been; to one who has hung on so slender a hope with such fond tenacity, to be torn from all, all so dearly cherished,

so tenderly remembered, it is too much ! Oh, Ulrica ! I blush to think how I have sustained myself, through all the past, on this man's love ! a love which I fancied death itself could not destroy ! With what enthusiasm have I nurtured the idea, that we should at least meet in a better world ! that our souls were formed for each other ! and that, purified by sorrow, and ennobled by that change, "when corruptible shall put on incorruptible," we should complete that hallowed union in a higher state, which was denied in this ! Such have been the occupations of my mind, even when all earthly hopes have been abandoned : but, alas ! they have been but *too* much cherished in my heart. How has my imagination busied itself in preserving him, as by miracle, amidst ten thousand dangers, and obstacles insurmountable ! Her wings have borne him triumphantly, and brought him safely to his Iwanowna ! She has pillowed my aching head upon his breast ; his hand has now wiped away the tears that flowed for my parents ; and now his own have been mingled with them ! These day-dreams have solaced many an hour of sorrow ; sustained me through many a scene of horror ! Alas ! had I indulged them less ; had I relied more on that arm which can alone sustain the afflicted, I had not now experienced the pangs of that bitter disappointment, which overwhelms me at this terrible moment !

I have struggled with myself ; I have appeared to others to have gained at least a temporary victory ; but with you, my sister, I have no disguise : and the heart you have trembled to touch, is thrown before you in all the nakedness, the bleeding nakedness of truth. You say I shall "know more of the new-made Prince." Alas ! I do indeed know more, at least of this Prince's daughter. I cannot write the name, though it will beam with glory in the Russian annals, while Russia has a name. I see it *all*, Ulri-

cal!—Ambition has seduced him. Eager in the pursuit of glory, he seeks an alliance so distinguished; he connects himself with the hero of the day, to share his honours and partake his rewards. The House of Dolgorucki he deems no more; and its wretched daughter is become worthless in his eyes! Yet why should I doubt the power of my rival's *beauty*? that beauty which has been offered as the proud reward of valour, the greatest gift a country could bestow. Doubtless she is lovely! Her charms have effaced the humbler claims of poor Iwanowna, even before the ravages which sorrow has indeed made in her faded form, were witnessed by his inconstant heart!—'Tis well, my Ulrica! for never could I have been truly happy with one so much the slave of his senses:—a being bound by no ties, safe from no enticement, allured by beauty, unawed by principle, is not the man to whom a gentle heart, a religious soul, could look for comfort, or receive protection, however fondly he might be still beloved. In fact, the more I loved such a husband, the more unhappy I should be with him. What anxieties! what jealousies! what miseries! must I not endure? Yes! 'tis well we are parted. His worthlessness will reconcile me to my fate—nay, I shall rejoice in it shortly; I am convinced I shall.

I will write no more of him. No! I will renounce for ever all memory of a name, once nourished with a fondness which I now blush to own. The more I think upon the matter, the more I see cause for despising him. But yet, dear Ulrica! I entreat you to conceal, or to palliate his conduct to our brother. You know the spirit of Alexander; you are aware how keenly he will resent any injury offered to a sister, ever most fondly cherished by him, and to whom he is now become the *sole* protector. Oh! shield him, shield *both*, from the consequences which I have but too much reason to fear. Oh! that two

men, so brave and so worthy, should be enemies! Worthy, did I say? Is Frederick worthy? Ah! no. Yet I cannot, Ulrica, think of exposing to my brother's anger, a man once so nearly allied to him:—a man too, on whom, till now, the breath of reproach never rested. Oh! he was the kindest, noblest, bravest, best—but he is no longer *mine*; I have no right to praise or to bewail him.

Alas! how selfish have my sorrows made me! I think only of him of whom I ought to think no more. I forget *your* solicitude, *your* joy! My heart forgets to sympathize with the only human creature that can feel for *me*! Pardon me; I will soon become more worthy of you. I will entirely abjure a passion which has chained me down to earth, under circumstances that would have freed from all earthly bonds a spirit less attached; circumstances which have called me to dedicate myself to Heaven alone! I will write no more of this man: but yet I beseech *you* to write, and to tell me every thing. Once, and once only, will I listen again to any thing connected with the name of Moldovani; and then for ever bury his memory, and my own misfortunes, in some sacred retreat, suited for one situated as I am. Farewell! my beloved Ulrica! Embrace my brothers for

IWANOWNA.

LETTER XXVIII.

ÚLRICA to IWANOWNA.

THANK God! we are now on our road home; and in a short time after you receive this, my dear Iwanowna! you may expect to be folded in the arms of your sister. But I cannot allow you to suffer one hour under the distress you now experience: though, in tearing the bandage from your sight, I must expose to you the sad view from which a too lively imagination has lately saved you. Know then, my Iwanowna, that Alexander, not Frederick, is the chosen of that beauty whose charms have occasioned you such uneasiness! I grieve sincerely that I was less explicit with you before; but knowing your delicacy, and the high respect you so justly think due to the memory of our revered parents, I feared to mention a circumstance which might lead you to condemn the conduct of our dear Alexander; since I had not time to explain many circumstances, which will be fully opened when we meet, respecting an union so desirable in itself, and which promises the greatest happiness to the parties engaged.

Alas! I am too well aware, my dear sufferer, that hope hath mingled with your fears; and whatever you may have said to yourself of grief and anger, at losing your beloved Frederick in the moment of recovery; yet that you have allowed yourself to rejoice in believing him still alive. From this hope I

am condemned to tear you, my Iwanowna ! since your brother and Federowitz are now fully convinced, that he must have really died on the fatal plains of Borodino ; as they have since then had so many opportunities of inquiry, from the prodigious number of prisoners since taken, that it is next to impossible that a man so remarkable as he was in his person should have escaped observation.

Cease then, my dear girl ! to nourish hopes which end in disappointment, and expose you to perpetual reiteration of sorrow. Comfort yourself with the knowledge of the constancy and the virtues of your heart's chosen ! Consider, from what you have lately felt, how much better it was that he should be cut off in so glorious a cause, and that he fell amid the blessings and admiration of his country, than if he had indeed returned, as from the grave to sully his own fair fame ; to tear the heart of a virtuous woman, who trusted him ; and to excite in the bosom of a noble youth, that revenge which might have cost the lives devoted to their country's cause !—Alas ! Iwanowna, I have heard it often remarked by the aged, that, after a few years were past, we should all see good reason to believe, that the dead had escaped so many evils, so many errors, and lost so few real blessings and enjoyments, that our sorrow for them could then be merely selfish ; and we should rather rejoice in their situation, than mourn over their departure.

But although I can have no doubt as to the fate of the Baron Moldovani, and think it would be cruel in me to deceive you in a matter of such awful moment, yet I can by no means think of your embracing a monastic life, at which you hint. It is very natural that the weary should sigh for rest ; and I believe all those to whom the world has been embittered, early in life, find much less difficulty in leaving it, either by death or seclusion, than those experience

who are farther advanced in years. For the longer we live, the more we are attached to that very existence whose sorrows we have more abundantly proved: a fact, observation fully proves; and which, therefore, justifies me in opposing your wishes on this point.

The wisdom of our legislation is not proved more decidedly in any point, than that of denying the veil to *young* women: and although it is very possible to render the restriction useless, by determinately boarding in a convent until that time is past; yet I am persuaded, that numbers who do this, act from the fear of ridicule on the change in their sentiments, rather than a continued inclination for the seclusion they have chosen. In youth, sorrow is felt with more acuteness, probably, than at any other period of our lives: but there is in the mind an elasticity which rebounds from the pressure of sorrow, peculiar to this period also. A little patience will therefore enable young people to regain powers of happiness, which, in the day of distress, appear to be flown for ever. And this patience is taught and communicated by religion, as well in the world as in the walls of a convent; and, doubtless, to a better purpose; since a life of retirement can never be so extensively useful, as one which embraces a more enlarged, yet nearer circle.

It is nearly impossible for any young person, who has lived at all in society, whose affections have been exercised, and whose heart is naturally warm and benevolent, so to abstract herself from the world she has known, and the friends she still loves, as to become the simple, quiet character, best fitted for the discharge of the monotonous, though interesting duties of a nun. A young woman of vivid imagination, strong mental powers, and fine sensibility, who has suffered, in the outset of life, those sorrows which lead her to consider a higher state of existence

as the only one to which she can look for consolation, may find in the hours of retirement, and the exercise of faith and hope, that comfort which religion only can bestow ; and even experience holy joy, in the anticipation of that heavenly rest which awaits her, " where all tears are wiped away." But these sublime flights of the soul are as well experienced by any devout woman, in the hours to which she devotes herself to privacy in her chamber, as in her cell. Every Christian seeks such seasons of refreshment to her soul, and returns from them to an intercourse with the world, and the discharge of her domestic duties, as one invested with new powers for her allotted task ; with wings new plumed for her celestial flight ; and fitted alike to encounter the world she can bless, or that where she will finally be blessed.—Now, my dear, you must be aware that the society of a few well-meaning, inoffensive, and, it may be, pious women, will not supply the wants of a mind naturally vigorous, penetrative, and embued with that eager thirst after knowledge, which is inherent to youthful minds of a higher cast, in those periods when we necessarily descend from the soarings of devout contemplation, to mix with our fellow-creatures. No, my Iwanowna ! youth claims a wider circle for the exercise of its powers, and the perfecting of its virtues ; and so long as it remains growing in excellence, and expanding in energy, so long must the means of improvement be supplied by the society around it. Peace is not the gift of indolence, nor does serenity necessarily arise from external quietness. My temples will not cease to throb, because I rest them on a pillow of down. Repose is purchased by exercise, which is better attained in the world when we use it with moderation, than in any situation which narrows either our hearts or our understandings. Dissipation and seclusion are alike inimical to both ; and are alike found peculiarly in-

perious to the young, especially those who are driven by sorrow to seek for refuge from their feelings, in a change of situation and intercourse.

When the hopes and fears which agitate us in our passage through life have somewhat subsided; when disappointment has lost its power to sting, and sorrow to distract; when the judgment is not only convinced of the excellence of retirement, but the heart so sobered and tranquillized, either by contemplation or resignation, as to be fitted for the quiet discharge of duties, which, though affecting and interesting in themselves, must cease to delight, from the regularity of their recurrence; *then*, I grant, to many women the retirement of a convent is most desirable: it is a haven in which the shipwrecked heart may find repose, Iwanoowna. But if you will allow me to follow the comparison, I must say, that so long as the vessel can be refitted by time or consolation, it ought not to be thus laid up in the harbour, whatever may be the storms it has encountered, or the desires it may feel. The great Pilot still calls it to exertion; still bestows the power of encountering peril and sustaining difficulty; and still promises the reward due to exertion. There is still a spring in the spirit which will be awakened. We cannot bound our own powers of endurance, as you well know, by experience: nor, by the same rule, can we pretend to say that any sorrow has destroyed our power of enjoyment; or that the season may not return when we shall again taste happiness, with a zest received from the cup of affliction itself.

I should not have written so much to you on this subject, when I am so likely to see you soon, and to combat your intentions in person, had I not wished to wean you from an idea so painful to me, before we meet. For surely, after so long an absence, such distressing events in our family, and the distracting

suspense I so long endured on your account, it will be very hard upon me, Iwanowna, to meet you under an impression so painful as you have awakened. I will not indulge the supposition; I *must* look forward to brighter days, even for you, my afflicted sister! Federowitz assures me he can bring forward a multitude of good arguments, to dissuade you from leaving us; but I must own I trust still more to the pleadings of his son. The Colonel tells me (what, indeed, I little doubted), that my child is ever in your arms, or playing at your feet; that he licks your name, kisses away your tears, and believes you his mother. I am certain, Iwanowna, you will not desert this little pleader, for his arguments are traced on every fibre of your heart. For a considerable time you must still be a mother to him, for his drooping father will call for all my care; and, ere it will be possible for me to behold him re-established, a new claimant on my love, more helpless still, will have appeared. I am certain, Iwanowna, you will not forsake a family so dependent on your counsel and assistance. You will not tear from your heart those whom Nature has given claims upon it; which the habitual exercise of your kindness will render every day more endearing. Oh! no, my sister! you have still a strong bond to that world in which you have suffered so severely:—you have still a faithful friend, a tender relative, in your affectionate

ULRICA.

LETTER XXIX.

Sir EDWARD INGLEBY to the Hon. CHARLES
SLINGSBY.

PETERSBURGH, Jan. 21.

MY DEAR SLINGSBY!

TOM having brought me information of a countryman's departure for Whitby, and at the same time urged me to write to you, I sit down with a determination to recapitulate my late vexations, which have been of a nature so to harass and suspend my mind, that I have been unable to claim your attention. For though it is very natural, when we are either in trouble or joy, to call on the sympathy of our friends, it is impossible to do so in a state of suspense. For there is a kind of confusion and incertitude in the mind, which forbids any regular communication; at least when the situation of the parties forbid us the hope of profiting by their counsel, which is undoubtedly most necessary in times of solicitude. Not that I ever heard of a lover who took advice, neither! The whole race are blind, headstrong, conceited; in short, a pack of positive fools; a community, of which I am determined to be no longer a member; unless, indeed, Iwanowna will hear reason: but of that there appears little hope at present.

Soon after my last, Count Federowitz and his lady arrived at Petersburg. He is a fine fellow,

grievously reduced, but evidently regaining strength. On my first visit there, I was given to understand, that the fears of poor Iwanowna, as to her lover's conduct, were all most terribly misapplied; for the poor fellow has not made his appearance since the battle of Borodino, and therefore all hopes are now completely at an end respecting him. I bore this information manfully, you may be sure; though I really gave his memory an honest sigh; for the brave have ever this claim: and even the sorrows of Iwanowna had a right to sympathy. In fact, when I think of *her*, I would willingly recall *him* to life; nay, more, I would venture my own life for his sake: yet I know enough of my own heart to be assured, that if the poor fellow were alive and well, and now standing before me, I should wish his brains blown out. Such is the blessed consistency of human nature, where women are concerned. Upon my soul, Charles, their only use in creation is to keep up a perpetual ferment. It is for philosophers to say how far we should be injured by stagnating without them. I am but a suffering particle in the great mass; and can truly aver, that I bounce, hiss, boil, and blubber, with any atom in the fraternity. But you shall hear.

With this information was conveyed some of more happy import, which, it seems, was that which raised the hurricane in that gentle bosom, so little calculated to feel the harsher passions of anger and jealousy.

Alexander, Count Dolgorucki, the brother of Iwanowna, is the happy man to whom Prince Platoff, the heroic chief of the Don Cossacks, is about to give his daughter; he being wounded, taken prisoner, and retaken by the brave General, as our good old Colonel mentioned:—circumstances which the fond heart and vivid imagination of my beloved applied only to *one*, though likely enough to have hap-

pened to a thousand. Happy, happy Moldovani ! how truly are these excursions of the heart, these pangs of jealousy, awakened by fancy, proofs of love ! *love* which can nourish hope in the very arms of despair, and elicit passion in the bosom of purity itself !

As the little services I have rendered this family entitle me to its confidence ; and as I believe it was now pretty plain, to Ulrica's eyes at least, that my friendship had ripened into a warmer name,—for all women, from the line to the pole, are quick-sighted enough in love matters,—it followed very shortly after, that I was informed Iwanowna had a design of entering a monastery ; from which scheme they were endeavouring not so much to persuade as to lead her ; and they evidently wished to secure my endeavours for the same purpose. You will, perhaps, conclude, “that on this hint I spoke ;” but your penetration is quite beside the mark ; it prevented my speaking, when my very soul was on my lips. I perceived the admirable plan they had adopted in a case so delicate, and so generally mismanaged and misunderstood. They never argued, persuaded, nor wept over the matter ; but they endeavoured, by every look, word, and action, to convince Iwanowna that she was necessary to them ; and they made their own affection to her, the source of her happiness ; thus leading her *from* the subject, rather than combating *with* it. When her spirits were low, they sympathized with her sorrow so truly, that for their sakes she exerted herself to overcome it : and although these efforts were doubtless often painful to her, yet they generally produced a portion of that cheerfulness she at first affected, by calling into action her talents and knowledge. Through this conduct they strengthened her mind, while they awakened her affections still more strongly : and as I saw that in the intercourse with me as a *friend*, the wishes of her family were greatly aid-

ed, I dared not risk any declaration as a lover; which might break on the happy calm promised to a mind so cruelly broken by the reiterated strokes of sorrow and terror she had sustained. I explained my feelings to the Countess, who besought the continuance of my resolution; while she kindly hinted her approbation of my hopes at some very *distant* period. Curse on my folly! my precipitation ruined all!—But who could withstand her?

The great delicacy of Iwanowna's health, the weakness of the General, and the approaching confinement of the Countess, rendered them too much invalids to be accessible to any person who was not considered a *friend*, a *brother*, in the family. I was that friend, that brother. Always admitted, always received with affection and confidence, it was my delightful province to communicate pleasure whenever I appeared. Had Federowitz had a bad night, from the pain in his wound, his languor fled at my approach; for I was daily enabled to bring him an account of the triumphs of his country; and the moment *his* eyes sparkled with renovated joy, those of his wife beamed with mild delight; while the gentle Iwanowna, with grateful tenderness, welcomed me as the restorer of both. Sometimes I played chess with the General, and sometimes led him "to shoulder his crutch, and show how fields were won." At others I began to read to the ladies, till they laughed at my pronunciation, and took the book out of my hands. Many an hour have I whiled away, rolling with the child of Federowitz on the carpet, who never failed to utter an huzza of joy when he saw me: and as I thus lay stretched at Iwanowna's feet, with the urohin tickling my neck, or curling my whiskers round his tiny fingers, and have watched alternately the looks of admiration Federowitz now cast on his boy, and the still softer expression of unutterable tenderness with which he regarded

the pale countenance of his wife, who, in despite of evident indisposition, smiled fondly in return; and then beheld the modest Iwanowna, bright in the graces of recovered loveliness, though still evincing that sensibility to past suffering, which best taught her to appreciate the delightful emotions of connubial affections, I have felt delight, Charles, so hallowed and so sweet, I had scarce the power of conceiving my heart capable of bliss so exquisite and so pure! The wishes that I formed were tranquil in their very ardency! I felt fearful of breaking the sacred spell that surrounded me, of losing the delicious quietness which soothed and purified the very desires it awakened.

Many pleasant hours have I spent in this society, employed in conversation the most amusing, informing, and interesting, I ever remember to have enjoyed. But the feelings of the heart leaves traces on the memory more sweet, as well as more indelible, than any action of the mind: and a glance of the eye which awakens one chord of affection, conveys one new beam of hope or light, will be remembered when the brightest sallies of intellect, the happiest stroke of wit, are vanished for ever.

That these hours are gone, is now my torment: but never, never, shall I regret that they have existed; for never can I cease to rejoice, that my heart was capable of enjoying simple and virtuous pleasures; that it was in any degree worthy the acceptance of Iwanowna.

One ill fated morning I went to pay my respects as usual, and found that Federowitz was so much recovered as to take a ride to visit a relation, some little distance from Petersburg, and that he was accompanied by his lady. Iwanowna received me with even more than her usual cordiality, saying, that I should enliven her solitude: but there never was a moment in which I was less able to reply as I

wished ; my heart rose to my mouth, and would not suffer a word to escape it. I would have given the world to throw myself at her feet, and pour out the fullness of the fond respectful idolizing sentiments with which she inspired me : but I could neither speak nor move ; I sunk pale and trembling into the first seat that offered ; feeling that the crisis of my fate was near, and that I was unequal to encountering it.

" You are ill," said Iwanowna, looking at me with a benignity suited to the angel of compassion ; " tell me, I entreat you, what is the matter with you ? and how I can assist you ?"

" I am not ill ; I assure you I am not."

" Then I must laugh at you, for you really look as if you were oppressed with the megrims ! which are said to be habitual to your country ; but which my sorrows, and your own benevolence, have so happily banished ever since I knew you."

" No, Lady Iwanowna, I have no megrims ! no blue devils ! no hypochondria."

" You have them *all*, depend upon it, without knowing your complaint ; and it is my duty to prescribe for you. You have often made me obedient, so now I will insist on your returning the compliment ; so listen to your oracle—I am about to prescribe."

As she spoke, she assumed an expression of bewitching playfulness ; once, I doubt not, the general cast of her countenance, but of late so seldom seen, that it adds the charm of novelty to that of beauty. In the gay circles of life I have seen women so often endeavour to be animated and vivacious, to "look delightfully with all their might," that, satiated with smiling beauty, I have felt it infinitely more interesting when exhibited under different forms, and fancied that it was only irresistible in tears : but having seen Iwanowna in every form in which

grief, patience, fortitude, and compassion could possibly be exhibited, there is something in the charm of her smiles so enrapturing, that they awake a new sensation in my breast, more delightful than all I have felt before ; and without dispelling my fears, for I trembled lest I should dislodge that transitory visitant from her dimpled mouth, I yet evinced a change of feeling, which led to an avowal of the love with which I was inspired, and that she *only*, was the arbitress of my future destiny.

I believe, Charles, my looks said more than my words, for the impression I made on this lovely and exalted woman was very great ; though, alas ! very different from all I had wished to inspire. Never shall I forget how swiftly the fleeting smile receded from her lovely face, and was supplanted by a look of compassion so sincere, of sorrow so unaffected, that no language ever spoke more distinctly to the heart. " I never can return your love, and I grieve for your affliction." Never was sympathy so kind, and so cruel ; so melting in its pity, so obdurate in its firmness.

" You know not *all* my sad story, I perceive, Sir Edward, much as you have seen of me, and much as you have pitied me," said Iwanowna ; a faint blush rising to her cheek, and a tear starting in her eye.

" Yes, I *do* know it *all*, my suffering angel. And since there is no hope for one who deserved your better, I beseech you to bestow it upon me : I ask you not for affection your yet bleeding bosom cannot bestow, but I sue for some distant prospect, some remote beam, to illumine my path of life, until time, and the devotion of a tender heart, shall have meliorated your sorrows, and enabled you to listen to the voice of love."

She shook her head with an expression, which said again, in the strongest terms, " That is quite impossible, my poor friend."

Do not, Iwanowna, I beseech you, dismiss me from your thoughts. You have, I know, an intention of secluding yourself in a convent ; the bare idea has almost distracted me ; and on that account I have been induced to venture thus to open all my heart. If you cannot bear this subject *now*, yet suffer it to occupy your thoughts. Allow me still to visit you, and do not deny me that friendship which is the balm of my life ; in fact, all that makes existence desirable."

"*I am your friend,*" said she, with dignified sweetness ; " and am quite as loath to resign the title as you can possibly be ; but my friendship will force me to a conduct very different to that your wishes, not your judgment, prescribes. I know, Sir Edward, that love is not subdued, in obedience even to our wishes, without the aids of time, and the influence of reason and religion : it is therefore little likely to wear away in the heart of one who still nourishes most fondly the memory of him whom she regards as her husband, and to whom, living or dead, she has devoted herself. Do not start ! on this subject it is my duty to be explicit, and you know that I *can* be firm even in the prosecution of a *painful* duty ; that it *is* painful, my tears now testify : and whenever you look into your own heart, and place yourself in my situation, you will see how much it cost one so grateful to be unkind."

By Heavens ! Charles, she wept,—wept even in my arms, which were unconsciously thrown around her !—Never did I experience agony like that which taught me at once to renounce, and to adore her. Many an effort did I make to assure her of my obedience, to declare that I would never intrude on her again : but when my eyes glanced on her face, when my arm enfolded her, 'twas impossible, Charles ! and yet her tears demanded my sacrifice.

Never, surely, was any human being in so terrible a situation.

I was relieved (for a relief I certainly found even the interruption I dreaded) by the return of the Countess, who perceiving my situation, did not detain me at that time, but soon after sent to request she might see me. In a state of mind it is impossible to describe, I flew to her house, and found her alone : she told me that Iwanowna had informed her of all that had passed, for which she expressed rather sorrow than surprise, having, she said, agreed with her husband in believing that time and assiduity might have so far weaned the affections of Iwanowna, though unconsciously, as to have left an opening for me, whom she was pleased to say best deserved her : but she added, that since the conversation she had held with her sister, she was convinced that they were both mistaken ; and that young as Iwanowna was, there was a penetration and decision in her character, which enabled her to judge of her own heart, and conclude from its dictates what was best to be done, better than any person she had ever known.

"Yet, madam," said I eagerly, "she *can* yield to the wishes of others ; for you have drawn her from a scheme which was likely to engage such a mind as hers with no common impulse : you see she never speaks of the convent now. Oh ! if you would use the same benign influence in my favour, might she not relent ?"

"Alas !" said the Countess, with a deep sigh, "that influence has been exerted as much for your sake as my own. I saw the devotion of your heart to my beloved sister, and I flattered myself that in your love she would find the consolation her grief demanded, and the reward her virtues merited. Blest, myself, in the protection of the best of husbands, and conscious how much I was indebted to his love for softening the severe affliction so lately

sustained, I have been, perhaps, only too solicitous for procuring to Iwanowna the benefit I felt to be so inestimable ; and my love has, in my wishes at least, o'erstept my delicacy : you cannot, therefore, desire me to take one step in your favour, consistent with freedom of thought, and ease of conduct my sister has an undoubted right to enjoy, which I have not daily practised ever since my return. All I can do for you *now*, is to recommend silence, and to rest your hopes on time."

"Ah! time and perseverance do every thing," said Federowitz, entering at this moment.

"Silence is the only perseverance our friend can, or ought, to use towards Iwanowna," said his lady ; "for the poor girl is so much his friend, that his complaints will inflict a wound her gentle spirit is unable to sustain ; and to the entreaties of one, for whom her own gratitude pleads so strongly, she will be unable to reply."

"So much the better," quoth the General : "then, according to your own account, the battle is half won, and the sooner she surrenders the better ; as doubtless the Baronet will use his prisoner in such a manner as to reconcile her to the misfortune. I never saw a woman that might not be made a happy wife : the nature of woman ever yields to kindness ; and no woman ever was blest with a more gentle temper, or tender heart, than our sweet sister."

"For that very reason," said the Countess, "she cannot be pressed ; she is so incapable of disguise, so free from weakness, so superior to vanity, that if she did not feel incapable of returning the passion of one to whom she owes so much, and one whom I know she esteems so sincerely, she would not have spoken to me with the decision she did. I dare not bid the Baronet hope : with sorrow I repeat it, he *must not* hope : at least a long time must pass."

"But, said the Count," who evidently was determined to believe that which he ardently wished, "you have no right to infuse your fears into our minds, Ulrica. I am persuaded that Iwanowna, who ever lived in her friends, will comply with their united wishes. I shall write immediately to your brother, and have no doubt but he will intercede in behalf of one to whom he already feels so much obliged; and he, too, will be enabled to bring forward further proofs, should she need them, of the death of poor Moldovani."

"Do as you please," said the Countess, withdrawing, with an air which said, I will have no hand in tormenting Iwanowna. *Tormenting* her! cried pride; and every spark of long-cherished hope in my heart sunk at the thought. "No!" I exclaimed, seizing Ulrica's hand, "I will *not* do as I please, nor as any one pleases! Iwanowna shall neither be teased, nor argued, nor persuaded into pity; for, dear as she is, and though I am willing to owe more to her than to her whole sex united, yet I do know myself too well to believe I could receive from compassion what affection only can bestow; and while one sigh of regret was breathed from the lips of Iwanowna, it would be impossible for me to know happiness. I see, I feel, that I must tear myself from even the little glimpse of hope, which has hitherto supported me."

I went home immediately; and, as change of place is ever the first resort of the miserable, I gave Tom instant orders to inquire if any vessels were leaving Petersburg, which would take us homewards direct.—There were; and I instantly secured our passage: I then ran all over Petersburg to take leave of my friends. Never was a more *mal-a-propos* face thrust into a Russian's house in a time of universal rejoicing, than mine.—The man who drew Priam's curtain, in the dead of night, was

nothing to it.—I thought they guessed what drove me home, and that vexed me: I thought, too, it was really not proper to leave the most hospitable people I have ever known in so rude a manner: I determined on conquest rather than flight: so, in short, I have determined on staying a little longer. There is a great weakness in flight, you know: besides, it answers no end. For three days, the most miserable days I ever lived through, did I most heroically abstain from visiting at the Count's: it answered no end; every moment was spent with Iwanowna; in company, or in my chamber; at the opera, or in my carriage; she was still there: I felt her hand still rest on mine, saw her blue eyes, still swimming in tears, upraised to heaven for me:—every where she pursued me, every where she charmed me; yet I believe no poor creature ever stood at the bar of justice laden with more crimes than I accused her of at times during this period: she was a coquette, who had inveigled me; a romantic girl, who sighed for she knew not what: she had neither gratitude, honesty, sincerity, nor discernment. I found great relief in these exercises for a few moments; but the inebriation was short, and terrible in its effects; for, in the very moment of exulting passion, she would stand before me in all the majesty of sorrow and the beauty of innocence, and her cowardly accuser sunk before her.

Sometimes I have suffered the most agonizing pangs from jealousy; and, to confess the truth, I believe that was the predominant passion at the time when I renounced my intention of sailing for England; a resolution I almost repent of at this moment. You must know, that wherever I went, during those days, when I was flying about like Noah's dove, without finding a resting place, every puppy of a young fellow, who knew my intimacy with Federowitz, came grinning up, either to in-

quire, "Whether Lady Iwanowna was not divinely handsome?" or, having seen her, to inform me, "upon his honour, she was a most enchanting creature!" How these flies did sting me! Some of them, too, had the audacity to be devilish handsome; and two of them were blushing with new honours, the reward of their valour. I determined (most generously, you will say) that these coxcombs should not wrest my prize from me, that I would watch her, and preserve her from *them* at least, and guard the fruit I could not obtain. I felt as if I could, by a strong effort, resign her to poor Moldovani, should he reappear; for his right I cannot dispute: but, next to him, I will maintain my own priority against the whole world: nor am I quite certain, Slingsby, that I should not dispute it even with him, were I not certain that he is past the hope of disputation. Love affects great generosity; but, as I have said before, I am certain 'tis a selfish passion: I am sure I ought to be ashamed of harbouring it; yet surely, in particular instances, the purest virtues, the most disinterested conduct, and the most heroic actions, owe their birth to its influence. Upon my word, I know not what to make of it—but this I am resolved upon, that, if I am eventually doomed to renounce my hopes of Iawanowna, I will never, *never* suffer my eyes to wander, my bosom to burn for any other woman. Needless caution! what other dares to enter the temple hallowed by her image?—an image no other can displace.

I now visit on my old footing: but there is a restraint in my conduct which renders every visit painful; yet I cannot forbear to repeat them. I see, too, that my passion distresses her whom I would save from every pang; yet I cannot forbear looking on her with the eyes of love. Last night she entered very ingeniously into a dissertation on love, evident-

ly meant for my ear, though addressed to a visitant ; who observed, she was sorry Moscow was so far from Petersburg. " Yes," said Iwanowna, " 'tis a long way ; my poor sister felt it so, when she married the Count ; yet it is parted by no seas : besides, they are inhabited by one people ; so that her trial was very trifling in comparison of forsaking literally one's own land, to reside with strangers."

" But your sister loved the Count so well, she would have gone any where with him ; at least she now loves him so entirely, that she would be happy with him any where," said the lady.

" Probably she would," said Iwanowna, " for her affection is indeed very strong ; and in my brother Federowitz, and her sweet boy, she possesses blessings which would greatly compensate for the loss even of her country. But believe me, madam," she added, while a tear glistened in her eye, " I am so very a Russian as to believe, that were these tender ties one *whit* less binding, my sister could not forsake her country even for them, without suffering more than a good man would choose to inflict on the woman of his choice."

This speech gave me new lights, Slingsby, and I scarcely knew how to interpret it ; for though it appears a pretty direct method of telling me she had not that love for me, or ever should have, that could induce her to quit her country for my sake ; yet it certainly proves that she has thought of the matter, and given it the consideration a subject so important merits. The drowning catch at straws ; and I cannot help gathering a little comfort from this speech, though I confess it was not spoken in a manner to convey it : but you know the proverb on female deliberation—and 'tis plain that Iwanowna has deliberated.

Yet *my* country too, is dear to my heart ! I feel it so even in the presence of Iwanowna ! My mother too !

I wish you were here, Slingsby, for I need your advice. Ah, no ! I need it not ; there is but one way for me : often as I deceive myself, the truth will return upon me ; and I am condemned to see, that my lovely reasoner only permits my visits under the idea that I am conquering my passion, and that she was coolly reconciling *me* to an inevitable evil : when I fancied she had endeavoured to reconcile *herself*, her heart is buried in Russia. The tenderness of a wife, the lively interest of a lover, I can never hope to awaken ; and there is too much of gratitude in her esteem for me, to comport with true friendship. I see but too clearly, that if I married her I could not make her happy ; or, if I did, I should not *believe* that I did ; for I should impute every expression of satisfaction, either to thankfulness for past attentions, or pity to my present anxieties ; to any thing but that personal preference, for which my heart has ever fondly panted ; thinking, with Thomson,

“ That nought but love can answer love,
And render bliss secure.”

And, notwithstanding all that wise and good men have said, and doubtless with reason on their side, to the contrary, I must, in my own case, believe it still.

If such were my heart-corroding feelings when Iwanowna appeared cheerful, satisfied, and happy, what would they be when the shades of sorrow sat on her brow, when the unbidden sigh broke from her breast ? Should I not trace these sighs far beyond their cause ; and, forgetting the many motives for sorrow which agitate her now, and must for many years continue to engross much of her recollection, should I not impute them all to regrets for one alone, —to deficiencies in myself—to any thing—every

thing, which could distress a heart, so fervently, so jealously attached?

Tom has broken in on me, to say my letter must be instantly sealed ; but he makes me happy by bringing me a packet from England. Adieu ! You may rejoice at the interruption, for I have written you a volume. I hope I shall find such an one from you.

Ever affectionately yours,

EDWARD INGLEBY.

LETTER XXX.

*The Hon. CHARLES SLINGSBY to Sir EDWARD
INGLEBY.*

Eshton Grove, Dec. 10.

MY DEAR BARONET !

I HAVE received two letters from you, dated Moscow : the first written on your first arrival at that wretched place ; the second, on finding the object of your search ; whom by this time, I trust, you will have safely conducted to her friends at Petersburg ; from which place, I will honestly tell you, I would rather not receive any letters, being much more desirous to receive my friend *in propria persona*, than even to meet what perhaps shows his heart still better, a frank and cordial epistle.

I am led to this wish at present, both on your own account and that of your invaluable mother, who regrets your absence exceedingly ; and has suffered so much this winter, partly from anxiety on your account, and partly from the severity of the season, that I fear you will find her much altered : and I cannot conceal from you, that on *her* account it is necessary to expedite your departure : but I assure you that my alarm is much greater on your own.

It needs no powers of vaticination to foresee, that you will go through the piece with your knight-er-

tant expedition to Moscow, by falling as desperately in love with the fair heroine, as any ancient or modern knight ever did : and my great terror arises from the fear of your acceptance with the lady ; for whom, I must confess, I feel much sympathy : but I protest to you, that I hope her sorrows will be sufficiently poignant to prevent her from listening to your complaints ; for surely it will be better that even a beautiful young lady should weep a little longer, than that you, the last of an ancient family, the only hope of a tender and most estimable mother, a man of rank and talent, should be lost to your country and friends, by forming a foreign connexion ; whose object, however amiable, can neither bestow nor receive that happiness which might and ought to be the lot of both ; and undoubtedly would be so eventually, if you will permit dispassionate reason to be your guide.

I know the common fate of advisers in cases like this ; but I have long been your friend, Ned, and I am persuaded I know your heart full as well as you do yourself. Notwithstanding all its wild freaks and wanderings, its hair-breadth escapes and imminent dangers, it is well calculated for sitting down, as I have done, in the sober character of a husband : and, what is more, till you do thus sit down, your usefulness in society will never be felt, or your powers appreciated ; for you will never, till then, have time to bless your neighbourhood, represent your country, increase its prosperity, patronise its arts, or be an example to the community of that domestic virtue, and a proof of that domestic happiness, you are eminently calculated to display. You are now arrived at a period when the promise of your youth ought to be fulfilled ; when your mother should see that she has not watched over you in vain.

Do not suppose that I condemn the enthusiasm with which you have engaged in the Russian cause,

or the way you have adopted in exercising your philanthropy towards one Russian family. So far am I from condemning you, that I consider it the cause of human nature; and have, to the very utmost of my power, exerted myself to support it. Nor do I wonder at your hazarding yourself, or exposing yourself to every hardship, to rescue any of the distressed inhabitants of Moscow: so far from it, that I cannot see how any young man could employ himself better. I rejoice that you have found Iwanowna. I can even feel proud in your virtue; for I know you will conduct her with a brother's care; and, whatever may be the rebellion of the senses, that the mind of my friend must conquer. But I do fear and tremble lest this beauty, rendered interesting beyond all common forms of interest, should deprive us of you; and I therefore beseech you to fly, while you have the power of doing so.

Do not flatter yourself with the idea of bringing Iwanowna to England. Be assured that the circumstances which would have made her own country disgusting to a vulgar mind, have endeared it to hers. Plundered, ruined, and in ashes, Moscow itself will be dear to her. Its earth has drank the blood of her beloved parents; received the first tears she ever shed; and there will she desire to breathe the sigh which reunites her to those so fondly lamented. In Petersburg she may be happy, for she has relations there, and that is also her country: but in England she cannot be so. Russia is now the pride, the glory of all her children; and the daughter of a long line of illustrious ancestors must in a peculiar manner partake their patriotism:—a patriotism sealed with their blood!

You will probably conclude, that *love* will make up to Iwanowna for every thing she relinquishes in such a case; and if she does really attach herself to you in such a manner as cheerfully to resign her

country at such a time as this, I think you may be right; but I warn you, that, in her case, the common feelings of gratitude, the bare consent of a heart that owns your merit, or seeks to repay its obligations to you, is not sufficient for your happiness. You are the last man on earth to whom I should at one time have preached this doctrine, since you were wont to claim a romantic, impassioned attachment, seldom found, and seldom desirable when found. But I know that lovers are apt to deceive themselves; and that a young woman, however modest by nature and education, who is thrown under circumstances so calculated to call new energies and awaken strong passions, may be led to display feelings suited to your wishes, which will vanish in the sober walks of life, and probably leave disappointment to you both. Remember you are not to marry the heroine you admire, but the woman you love. Remember too, that you will expect in your wife qualities very opposite to all that the terrible commotion of the times may have called into action; and even virtues which we will hope she will never again be led to display. In woman we look rather for patience than resolution; submission, than courage: and it is a fact, that even in cases where our minds assure us that they possess more knowledge or penetration than ourselves, we are still inclined to claim the same deference to our judgments than we have a more general right to expect. In fact, my friend, an angel would be no angel as a wife, however celestial her endowments, however transcendent her beauty, if she could not pretty frequently practise the old-fashioned matrimonial virtue of obedience. In courtship we place a woman on stilts, which in marriage we remove from her. 'Tis a foolish, in some cases a *cruel* practice: for weak women, and violent women, equally abhor the change. But as it is ever the case during the paroxysm of love, 'tis vain to argue

against it. Only thus far I may observe, every sensible man observes how far the lady has pleasure in rising; as from that he can judge whether she will have the power of descending easily. Can your Iwanowna do this? If not, she will never do for *you*, Sir Edward, whatever you may think.

How you can so long have overlooked the mild virtues, the unassuming beauties, of Laura de Courcy, I cannot conceive:—overlooked, too, the sweet girl's too evident prepossession in your favour, I know not; unless it be the passion you always had for admiring the wonderful, the wild, the eccentric; upon every occasion in life overlooking what was in itself excellent, if it had the misfortune to lie in your way. Had the gentle and dignified Laura been a Nabob's daughter, or a Peruvian Princess; a destitute emigrant, or a discarded *protege*; a famous coquette, or a petticoat philosopher; difficult to see, or, when seen, impossible to understand; you would then have sworn that earth and heaven had been ransacked to form so fascinating a creature, and yourself and your fortune would have been laid at her feet. But Laura was unfortunately the daughter of your nearest neighbour, and you saw her every Sunday at church:—you heard of her on every occasion where either unassuming piety, simple yet active benevolence, or agreeable though unpretending accomplishments, were called into observance:—you were, therefore, led to admire and respect her, for you ever had the power of distinguishing and revering excellence: but you could not *love* her, because it was so natural and common-place an incident, even though it was pretty apparent that she, and she only, did appreciate you as your vain, fond heart, desires to be appreciated. Don't mistake me. I think she could have done so at one time: I hope she has conquered this weakness since your depar-

ture. In fact, she is in poor health, and has something of more importance to think about.

This passion of yours for the wonderful in your amours, is the only thing I mean to combat; as I can have no right to suppose that Iwanowna is not as good, gentle, domestic, and tame, as she is magnanimous, firm, prompt, and brave: in which case I am willing to agree, that she must be all that man can conceive of good and fair in woman. But even in that case I cannot think it justifiable in you to bring such a treasure from Russia, where many a noble youth will doubtless sigh at her feet; and where she can scarcely fail to be happier than it is possible for you to make her.

If, however, you are determined on this robbery, let me entreat you with the more expedition to return to England, and acquaint your mother with your determination. Many months must elapse before Iwanowna will consent to be yours: and though love, with you, may be arrived at his full stature, yet in her bleeding heart he must be yet a mere infant. If, therefore, you have restored her to her sister, of which I cannot doubt, lose no time in returning to a mother, whose claims your heart cannot fail to acknowledge, whatever be its occupations, and to a very sincere friend in

Your affectionate

CHARLES SLINGSBY.

LETTER XXXI.

Sir EDWARD INGLEBY to the Hon. CHARLES
SLINGSBY.

COLD, phlegmatic reasoner ! how little can you judge of my feelings ! But I forgive you ; you had received but few of my letters when you wrote, and could not trace the progress of that passion which consumes me. I snatch up my pen, however, in the hopes that the packet may not yet have sailed ; and that, along with my letter, you may receive an assurance that I *will* revisit my native country ; that I *will* console my mother. I know that mother's heart too well to doubt how sincerely she will sympathize in my feelings ; how truly she would rejoice in extending her maternal protection to Iwanowna ; and how kindly she will permit me to return, if the least hope is given me. Return, in fact, I *must* ; I could not sustain my misery, if it were not for the expectation of seeing her again ; of knowing that I still hold that place in her heart, which, however unequal to my wishes, is yet infinitely dear to me.

'Tis very strange that I should open a letter from you which appears to second my own observations, and which is yet so in opposition to my sentiments : for I am confident, in spite of all my own lamentations and your sage reasoning, I should be happy with Iwanowna, and only her : and I am equally confident I should make her as happy as any reasona-

ble woman could wish. She is formed for domestic happiness, and for every duty combined with conjugal love. I can scarcely persuade myself to write to you with any patience, for having dared to doubt it. Do you take Iwanowna for a tragedy queen, the heroine of a romance? Do you think, because I *have* been foolish, that I shall be ever so? Upon my soul, Slingsby, you have made me so devilish angry, that I do really believe the ardent desire I feel to prove to you how exceedingly you misconceive the character of Iwanowna, and the nature of my passion for her, is one of the strongest reasons I have for setting out at this terrible season. I confess this is an acknowledgment for which I ought to blush: for surely my mother has a right to claim me from the very arms of Iwanowna.

Federowitz has ever insisted that time could not fail to operate in my favour; and every word you utter in favour of a calm, unimpassioned attachment, as the best ground-work of happiness in married life, induces me to hope, that time and my own constancy will at length prevail. Your letter does not damp my ardour, it only renders it more rational. Yet I do think it a very cold-blooded, foolish kind of letter: indeed I do, Slingsby: and if I did not know you for a sensible fellow, and had proof how dearly you value me, I should say still more about it; for I am confoundedly out of temper. I feel exactly in the situation of that lover, who, as Pope says, most modestly entreats:

"Ye gods! annihilate both time and space,
And make two lovers happy."

Two lovers! Alas! there is only *one* in the present case.

Adieu! Tell my dear mother that I hasten to her; for in the letter I have written to her, I have not intimated such an intention. Why do you mention Lau-

ra de Courcy to me in such a provoking way? You ruin my hopes there entirely; for I had intended to pour into her gentle ear every rhapsody I might utter of Iwanowna. Never have I thought of coming home without thinking of the dear mild girl, as the tender confidant of my passion. In the time of hope, I have looked to her as the participator of my pleasures: in the hour of despair, she ever rose to my mind, as the only being that could sooth my sorrows. But if there should be the least glimmering of truth in your surmises, I must fly far, *far* from her: for Heaven forbid I should make another as wretched as sympathy has made me! No, my sweet friend, I would not plant one pang in thy tender bosom, for the universe. Some of my best hours have been spent with thee, Laura! when as a boy innocently affectionate, I was proud of protecting thee; and fond of comparing thy beauties to the roses and jessamine, beneath whose fragrant canopy we were so often seated. Ah! well; those days are past. Roses and lilies never make a man happy, when he is turned twenty, I believe: but he will remember and regret the pleasure they gave him, to the last hour of his existence. The sensibilities of youth are the dewdrops of life: the sun exhales them, showers supplant them: but we remember them as the brightest, purest gems of existence, and never cease to lament that they were evanescent as lovely.

Once more, adieu! Thank your stars that Laura de Courcy stepped in to save you from more abuse. By the bye, I cannot bear to think she is ill; I hope she will be better. My poor Iwanowna is still a shadow! Ah! if I should bid her an eternal adieu in this voyage! But I must not think of this; it unmans me more than even my jealous fears.

Yours ever,

ED. INGLEBY

LETTER XXXII.

THOMAS DOBSON to JOHN WATKINS.

PETERSBURGH, Jan. 18.

DEAR JOHN !

AS my master is making up a packet of letters, I think it is only kind and proper, that I should write to you, John ; which, to be sure, I should have done before now ; but I don't know how it is, one's time slips through their fingers very oddly in great cities ; which, I take it, is the principal reason why those people, who live in them, are generally more ignoranter than people who live in country places. Don't go to mistake me, John : I know very well, that the learnedest and cleverest people in the world live in London ; but then its all in the way of trade, like : for whatever a man does there he does to perfection, as it were : but he never finds time to get a little matter of general knowledge into the bargain, as it were. A shopkeeper in London knows nothing o' this world out of his shop ; but, in the country, he reads a bit, talks a bit, and so gains a bit o' knowledge. But I ask your pardon, John ; this is going out o' your depth. If one does not travel they cannot remark these things : but the fact is, I said it on purpose to reconcile you to your lot, and make you contented with a country life : for, I do

assure you, whatever the world may think, a farmer has quite as long a head as another man ; and very often knows a thing or two, as well as those natural philosophers, who write books about country matters even in London.

For sure and certain, John, you must have all the newspapers quite full of the glorious successes we have had in this country, and the dressing we have given the French. I say *we*, because you know, "When one is at Rome, they must do as Rome does," the proverb says : and beside, to tell you the truth, I consider I am, as it were, half of a Russian ; or, at least, I mean to be soon. When I took up my pen, it was on purpose to tell you something concerning myself, that is rather particular ; and which, to be sure, I am a little round about in getting to : but I believe its most people's way in particular cases.

You see, ever since we arrived here, it has been my master's way to go every day, or thereabouts, to Count Federowitz's house ; and as they keep very warm stoves there, and have plenty of all sorts of things stirring, I did not see how I could do better, than go there too ; especially as it would have been rather unkind not to look in on poor little Elizabeth. You see, being as how she was a stranger at the place ; and very puny, as it were, for starving pulls people down wonderfully, John. So I went, and went ; and time passed pleasantly enough : for Elizabeth had a great notion of learning English. For she had took it into her head, you see, that Sir Edward would, sooner or later, marry her lady ; and that then, perhaps, she might come to live in England : though she often said, that she had seen the Baron Moldovani, who was once her lady's lover ; and she pretended was a handsomer man than my master : which was strange nonsense, you know.

But, however, I excused her ignorance in this particular ; seeing she is 'cute enough in general.

To be sure, one day she rather vexed me with saying something in praise of this same Baron, who, I dare be bound, after all, is some kind of a fierce Russian, hobgoblin, whiskerando fellow : so I said to her, says I, (part Russ and part English), "I'll be bound for it he's not fit to hold the candle to my master. His beauty's all my eye and Betty Martin !" And do you know she blushed as red as fire, and asked, "who Betty Martin was ?" for she had sense enough to know, that it was the name of an Englishwoman : and she took it into her head that I meant to say, Betty Martin had a beautiful eye ; and she took this in very high dudgeon, and pouted at it ; and went moping about the house two or three days, so that I could make neither head nor tail of her. Then, thinks I to myself, this 'll never do ; and so I began to talk about Moscow and her mother : then she came and sat down as usual ; and her heart began to melt, and so did mine—not that I was in love with her, or any thing of that—but I *did* just explain to her, that there was no Betty Martins, and that I was sorry she could not understand me better. I said, "Your mother did not understand me at *first* Elizabeth, yet she found I was an honest fellow, and a true friend." So she looked up at me, with her pretty eyes full of tears, and said, as well as she could, "Poor thing !"

"If my mudder know you more well as I, she will hold you close at her heart."

I never shall forget this speech so long as I live ; it ran all through me, as it were, like quicksilver : and I said, "O, Elizabeth ! if your mother's daughter will do that, I shall be the happiest man in the world !" To be sure she didn't quite know what I said, but she understood that I meant, I would *have* her, if she would *have* me ; and she gave a deep

sigh, and then blushed, and then put both her hands in mine, and said, in her own tongue, "You saved me when I was perishing, and you will not desert me now. I have only you and my dear lady in the wide world, and I will go with you both any where."

"But if your lady should *not* go, Elizabeth?" She hesitated a long time, and looked very sorrowful. And it is very strange, but so it was, that for all I had made such a strong resolution, never to care *much* for any woman; and, besides, I knew that it was not proper to go so far in such an affair without acquainting my master; and that, altogether, it was not over and above prudent; yet, in spite of all these things, which came popping in my mind, I yet felt all of a tremble, to hear what she would say at last. I gaped and gasped, and felt as queer as Dick's hatband; and if I had been tried at the bar for stealing, I think I could hardly have been worse.

I really believe, while I was in this wild situation, that this dear innocent lamb was inwardly praying to the Virgin to guide *her* and to bless *me*; for at length she turned round to me—"Yes, Thomas, I will go with you only; and say with Ruth, 'Thy people shall be my people, and thy God shall be my God.'"

If ever I forsake this honest girl, in thought or deed; if I do not supply to her every friend she has lost, and the country she leaves; may I not only be hanged, but gibbeted! for every foot of land in old England will be too good to receive me: and may you, John Watkins, turn your back on me, and my own mother curse me.

* * * * *

I hardly know how to begin again: for, though I don't think I'm much more of a woman than another

man, yet I never can remember the looks of Elizabeth without crying like a whipt child. Ten thousand blessings be on her ! say I. Well, as ill luck would have it—of all days in the year, did my master, this very day, make some sort of a quarrel, or a declaration, of some kind, with Lady Iwanowna : and for three days was he galloping all over Petersburg ; bidding people farewell ; intending to set out for England by the very conveyance which brings you this : for he was quite in his tantarums, poor man : and I can't say I ever felt so sorry for him in my life. But as it was not likely I could run after him three whole days, and never see Elizabeth, when she was just come to be mine, as it were ; seeing we neither of us could write what the other could read, I was forced, at last, to make shift to tell him how matters stood atween us : whereupon he began, with great gravity, to assure me I had done a foolish thing : he said, marriages with foreigners were seldom productive of happiness ; that Elizabeth would repent when it was too late ; that I might have been more comfortable with a countrywoman, whose habits corresponds with my own ; and many other thing, which just went to prove, how very well a man can reason where he does not feel ; and how much better we can manage other people's affairs than our own. At last I was a little touched ; and I said, “ Elizabeth *loves* me, sir ; and she has nothing left on earth to love besides : and that makes our case something particular.” He gave a deep sigh, and said, “ It certainly does alter the case, Tom, and improve it too. But wives are burdens, Tom, to a poor man ; and times are hard in England as well as in Russia.”—“ True, your honour, but poor men generally sustain their burdens as well as rich ones, as far as I can see : and an Englishman, young and healthy, can make shift in spite of the times.” So he said, “ Well, you have

my good wishes as well as my pity." And, thinks I, your honour has the same from me : for I saw his heart was very full ; and I was sure that all the pity belonged to him by rights ; for he, I found, was not in such luck as I had been.

Ever since then we have been, as one may say, in a havy-cavy way ; neither one thing nor t'other : so I shoudn't wonder if we set out any day. On the hour he fixes to go I shall marry my Elizabeth, and take her passage with us ; it will be a sorrowful hour ; for she dearly loves her lady ; who is indeed, quite a queen of a woman ; and does all she can to comfort and encourage her ; and has made her a wedding present : so that nobody, in our village, need go to say, " I went far and fetched little." For, though I found my poor girl starving, I do not take her portionless—not that I care a farthing for the ducats ; but only I should be glad that every body may know how to behave properly to Elizabeth ; and so I desire you will mention things in a proper way. I know more hearts than one will ache, when I take her off—but that's neither here nor there. So now, John, farewell, for the present. If I stay much longer, you shall hear from me again : for I assure you my late silence was not want of respect to you, but only that my head was rather full of Elizabeth. Of course, when I have married her, she will go out, and I shall have time to tell you all the wonders of Petersburg ; which I intend to see. So no more, at present, from your faithful friend,

THOMAS DOBSON.

LETTER XXXIII.

Sir EDWARD INGLESBY to the Honourable
CHARLES SLINGSBY.

RIGA, Feb. 1.

I HAVE torn myself from Iwanowna; I have obeyed your wishes. *Yours*, alas! they were *hers* also. It was too evident that she wished me to depart; that she endeavoured to uphold that resolution which tore me from her, perhaps, for ever. No! that is impossible! I *must* and *will* return. Time, that meliorates her sorrows, will but perfect my affection, and enable me, with a better right, to plead the cause now so fatally interdicted. The worthy Federowitz urged this as a comfort I had a right to indulge; and even the Countess could not refuse it to me.

When I first mentioned my intention of departing soon for England, which I did, on the visit which followed my last letter to you, I perceived a shade of flattering sorrow immediately steal over Iwanowna's brow; but her tongue, unhesitatingly, pronounced an approval of my design.—This decisive sentence immediately following the more endearing sentiment her looks displayed, threw me off my guard, and I hastily upbraided her with cruelty;

and accused my hard destiny, in terms more suited to my feelings than the fortitude I ought to have assumed. For a moment, she looked at me with an expression of pity ; the next, I saw reproach in her eyes. I felt that I was losing her esteem more than gaining her compassion ; and, in the humiliation of that idea, I experienced a pang not to be expressed. But I ceased to be a madman ; I conquered myself ; and again obtained the respect of Iwanowna ; and, from *her*, the coldest expression of esteem is invaluable : her love would be a blessing too great for a mortal to enjoy ; it would make this world a Paradise.

Never was tenderness and resolution, the softest expression of genuine sympathy, and the calm support of virtue and reason, so blended in the conduct of woman, as that which was evinced towards me by Iwanowna, during the remainder of my stay. Petulant, rash, abject, imperious, or drooping, wretched, and wavering, I look back on these days with unspeakable regret, except as they enabled her to display the superior excellence of a character, which it is my blessing to have known, and my pride to have valued,—the noble simplicity, the humble magnanimity, the unaffected resignation, and sincere piety, of this lovely woman : for, however I may have been charmed by her beauty, or fascinated by the splendour of her character, and the singular interest her misfortunes and sufferings were calculated to inspire, it was necessary to know her *wholly*, to feel the kind of deep unutterable regard with which I now view her. Those milder feminine traits, which familiar life and social virtues display, are like the dead colouring in wrought gold, which never dazzles, yet always delights ; and, perhaps, is rendered more pleasing by bringing us nearer to the object we admire.

Beloved Iwanownna ! how will every trait of thy exalted mind serve me for a subject of contemplation ! How mortifying is it, that I am forbidden to portray them to a kindred soul ! 'Tis a fact, Slingsby, that I am mortified beyond measure at the thoughts of losing Laura de Courcy's society at this eventful time ; for, although I can throw my whole heart before you on paper ; yet I know very well that I shall never be able to endure the penetrating and satiric glances of your eyes, in those moments when my heart is full to overflowing : besides, you are married ; and, what is worse, I do not know your wife : and, although I am willing to allow she is good and amiable, yet I fear she is too like yourself, to be quite free from a spirit of waggyery, which, at this time, I cannot bear. Must I sigh to the shades ? must I complain to the breezes ? Alas ! there is no doing that at this season of the year. *Apropos*, Tom has had far better luck than his master, in this northern expedition, and has actually brought away one of the prettiest girls in Russia ; being first married according to all the rites and ceremonies of the Greek church. This circumstance has not tended to improve my spirits ; and it had evidently a most distressing effect on Iwanownna's ; though she struggled to conceal her feelings. Poor girl ! she was parted, on the very eve of her bridal day, from the ill-fated Moldovani. It is impossible not to pity and envy that poor fellow. I sometimes find it impossible not to hate him into the bargain ; but I always hate myself most cordially for doing so.

I cannot relate to you my feelings when I actually bade farewell to Iwanownna, for they were too terrible for description ; yet not worse than they have often been since : yet I will not deny to you, that I ardently desire to see my own country, and that I have

all my boyish longings to behold my mother : of whom I frequently spoke to Iwanowna, till our tears flowed together, and I found I had touched, in her filial bosom, the "nerve where agony is born." To have presented the dear girl to this my only parent, would have been the proudest moment of my existence : for I well know how anxious she is for my marriage. I see you shake your head—you remember my early destination in the maternal heart. Well, well, you have no right to remonstrate ; for, though I know my mother's wishes, yet she never *persuaded* me to address Laura : so you cannot accuse me of disobedience. And since I became subject to the complaint of falling in love, as Tom calls it, she has never expressed the least desire for such an event. I fear, fondly as she loves me, she thought me unworthy her darling *protegee*. I trust she will find, that I have not beheld the virtues of Iwanowna in vain ; and that an excursion, commenced in a fit of enthusiasm, may end in an acquisition of solid worth, since it has been the means of awakening the kindest emotions, the noblest emanations, and the best sensibilities of the heart.

To-morrow I bid Russia adieu ; and were it not for the hope of a speedy and happy return, I should do it with unspeakable regret ; for my heart is warmed towards her with fraternal affection. I have wept over her injuries, rejoiced in her triumphs. I am wedded to her, Slingsby, but too fondly.

It is probable that you will receive this some days before me, as I must stop a short time at Gotheburgh, whither I have taken my passage : the shorter the better ; for the general impatience of my temper is now heightened by circumstances ; and the weight on my spirits increases, not a little, the irritation of my senses. 'Tis well for poor Tom, that he is much too happy, to feel how far the said irritation extends to my temper : but I trust he sees,

that, notwithstanding my casual ill-humour, I can rejoice in his happiness. In fact, the sight of Elizabeth, by reminding me of her lady, recalls me to myself, and teaches me what is due to his services. To make them comfortable, will help to fill up my time, on my arrival.

Till then, conclude me affectionately yours,

EDWARD INGLESBY.

LETTER XXXIV.

From the Same, to the Same.

RIGA, Feb. 4.

LITTLE did I suppose, my dear Slingsby ! that I should again address you from this place ; still less that I should relate to you an event which has for ever decided the fate of your friend ; has changed the turmoil of contending passions for that dreadful calm which is the union of apathy and despair.

At the very time when I despatched my last, I stood sauntering about the beach, watching the vessels encounter the impediments to which they are subjected, and foreboding the many disagreeables which I must necessarily encounter. After wandering from one object to another, with that vague, uncertain gaze, which indicates little interest, my eye was at length attracted by a small vessel pursuing her oft-impaired course through all the obstacles presented by huge masses of ice, and vessels of greater importance : and she seemed to the eye of fancy so nearly worn down with the fatigues of her long and wearisome exertion, that she would sink ere she arrived at her haven. My heart clung to her ; for, like her, it was at this moment laden with sorrow, and struggling to obtain repose.

Near, and more near, drew the object of my solicitude ; and, as it advanced, engaged me more and more in its interest : and, eager to fly from my own thoughts, I took refuge from them in contemplating it, approaching as near as possible to it, by entering a boat. I saw a woman and child on the deck, who seemed anxiously looking towards the land. Several men were employed in towing the vessel ; but one stood wrapt in a large cloak, unemployed, save in watching the motions of the child. I concluded these were a wedded pair. My thoughts reverted to the scene I had quitted,—Iwanowna was again before me.

The little party approaching nearer, I discerned the child held out its hands with an expression of eager joy. The little creature pointed them towards me, as a novel figure. You know I am always delighted with children ; which is, perhaps, the reason you have so frequently declared I should one day make a good stay-at-home husband ; and you will therefore not be surprised to hear, that I waved my handkerchief to hail my little voyager ; when, judge my horror on seeing the poor little rogue bound forward to return my salutation, and fall instantly overboard ! His mother's shriek still vibrates in my ears.

I seized the oar, and pushed myself instantly off towards them ; but perceived, in the very moment of the child's fall, that the man threw off his cloak and plunged into the water. The glance I had of him showed that he was a Russian officer, whose arm was in a sling. The woman redoubled her screams. I believed that both father and child were lost to her for ever.

In an instant the brave man rises above the waves, with the child in his left arm. I am now near ; he perceives me ; he extends his arm by a desperate effort, and throws the child towards me. I make a

sudden stroke, the waters cleave before me, and the dripping child is caught, uninjured, to my bosom. The mother beholds it all; she utters a cry of joy, and falls senseless on the deck!

But where is the fond father who has snatched the boy from destruction? He is sunk beneath the cold waves! His strength was exhausted, and he had only one arm with which he could combat the overwhelming element. I see it all in a moment; and, laying down my precious burden in the boat, I hasten to his assistance. I secure him, ere he sinks to rise no more! But he is quite helpless, and I am unable to sustain him. Two sailors let themselves into my boat; they succeeded in saving me, but conclude my unhappy burden is gone for ever, since not a symptom of life remains.

Perceiving that the drowned officer had been severely wounded, and concluding that he was probably suffering from previous indisposition, I was myself ready to fear their suggestions were but too just. But he had cost me too much; his life was evidently of too much importance, to suffer me to lose him, whilst one effort remained to save him was untried. The sorrow the sailors expressed; the dread of seeing his wife re-open her eyes; even the personal interest I had conceived for a man for whom I had hazarded my life, alike induced me to urge all around me to exertion. In a few moments I got him to shore, placed him in a warm apartment, and, having sent for Tom, we began to use every means of resuscitation; and in a short time perceived, or thought we perceived, returning life: on which we immediately rolled the body in warm blankets, and placed it in a hot bed; calling to Elizabeth, who had been ordered to prepare some warm whey, to bring it into the room.

Tom was taking the whey at his wife's hands, when she modestly offered her assistance, saying

truly, "that women were more handy than men at feeding the sick;" when I, approving her proposal, told her to come forward. But what words shall speak my astonishment! my—shall I call it disappointment? Nay, God forbid—when she exclaimed, Oh! what a sight is this! My poor lady! Oh, Heavens! this is the Baron Moldovani!

Her surprise convinced me, rather than her words; for her countenance bore proof of the justness of her recollection; and, in her terror, the basin she held fell from her hand. This circumstance recalled me to myself in a moment when, perhaps, life was suspended on that very period. I caught it as it fell, and preserved part of the contents, which I put in my mouth: and then raising the body, I applied my lips to the cold lips of my rival, and, by slow degrees, communicated the nutritious liquid. What did I not feel during these terrible moments! My heart throbbed as if it was about to burst my bosom, and as if disappointment would assuredly kill me. Had the lives of all I have ever loved, hung on this man's fate, my desire to save him could not have been more intense. I do not pretend to account for this: I know only 'twas the fact. Never was desire so strong, and never was pleasure equal to mine, when I perceived that my hope was not false; that the drops were faithful to their purpose, and the organs of respiration were restored.

I now beckoned in silence to Tom, who reached me a spoon with brandy in it. He slowly swallowed this likewise. I was convinced he lived: the motion of his heart returned; I felt it throb beneath the warm pressure of my hand.

"Oh, Iwanowna!" cried I; and sunk nearly senseless on the floor.

Surely there was magic in that name; or rather Heaven permitted it to be the recall of a brave man

to a world which promises him its highest happiness. For scarcely had Tom flown to my assistance, than he opened his eyes, and cast them around, as if in search of her whose name had given him life.

By this time Elizabeth had fully regained her senses; and she was not slow in approaching him, and accosting him by his name, and assuring him he was in the midst of his friends. But Tom interrupted her information very wisely, by administering a copious draught of wine, and a recommendation to sleep; which was soon complied with.

Behold me now watching the slumbers of that man, whose restoration had for ever crushed those fond hopes, which I now found I had indulged as violently as fallaciously; since the bitterness of my disappointment exceeded all that I had conceived of it. Yet a drop of honey mingled in this draught of gall, which turned my tears to rapture:—I had been the restorer of Iwanowna's happiness; I had risked my life to preserve Iwanowna's husband! A thousand and a thousand times I repeated this to my heart! I beheld her tears of joy! I heard her call for blessings on my head, and I was transported! I beheld her looks of love, and my ungenerous heart shrunk from the gaze. But yet I was not unhappy,—for Iwanowna was blest!

The extreme fatigue and various emotions I had undergone, had, however, rendered me so ill, that I was obliged to retire to my own bed, before the profound slumber into which Tom had thrown the Baron was ended: yet, ill as I was, that restless spirit which seeks to feed itself with events the most improbable, and even undesirable, induced me to inquire how the Baron Moldovani stood connected with the woman and the child I had seen. I was informed, that, alarmed for his safety, she was then in the house with her husband, waiting till she could

see him, and convince herself that he was not injured by his exertion for her son.

"Who is she?" said I, eagerly.

"The wife of the master of the vessel; who, being ill, was below deck at the time of the accident."

"How came the officer on board their vessel?"

"He had escaped from Dantzic, where he had been a prisoner several months; having suffered so dreadfully from his wounds as to be unable to effect his escape (though several opportunities had occurred) until now. He had not paid for his passage, being stripped by the French; but had, previous to his late gallant action, been so endeared to the master, that he thought himself amply rewarded, in the consciousness of having preserved such a man."

Having settled this affair to the increased satisfaction of the master, not forgetting the child, who had led to this eventful meeting, I betook myself to bed. But the events of the day had murdered sleep. A fever came over me, and for some hours I suffered in my body some parallel to the fever which had agitated my mind; and at length fell into a slumber, which was more akin to delirium than repose.

From this unpleasant stupor I was awakened by a gentle pressure near my feet. I looked up, and beheld a tall, graceful figure of a young man, seated on my bed. His countenance, though pale, was replete with benevolence; and I gazed upon him with pleasure, till, by degrees, my memory recalled the past, and I became sensible that I beheld Moldovani. My eyes instinctively closed, and I sought again to lose, even in my troubled slumbers, the sorrow that, in despite of my better wishes, my magnanimous resolutions, would cling to my heart.

However any man (who has really looked into his own heart, or been compelled, from the nature of its emotions, to watch what passes there,) can pretend to boast of the purity of his motives, the rectitude of

his wishes, or any of the high-flown jargon with which philosophers have pestered the world, is to me astonishing! I am convinced that the best and noblest propensities of the human heart are so blended with pride, passion, selfishness, or some unworthy mixture, that it is impossible to contemplate the general weakness and turpitude of our nature, without seeing the necessity of a Mediator between such creatures as we are, and a God of purity and majesty. And weak as you may justly deem both my practice and principles as a Christian, yet I protest to you, dear Slingsby, with that sincerity with which I ever speak to you, that I never did one good turn to any human being, of which the best part of it was not suggested by the *little* religion I *do* possess, imperfect as it is. To save a fellow-creature, evidently a brave man too, was the impulse of Nature. The love of Iwanowna, the pride of magnanimity, and probably a happy distrust of myself, combined to produce the terrible solicitude which urged me to preserve the Baron, when known. But really to rejoice in his welfare; to give "the right hand of fellowship" to him who robbed me of a treasure to which I still fondly clung, and which I prized with an affection as impassioned as constant, was, I assure you, beyond the common exertions of the mind and the heart. It is one thing to make a speech, and look magnificently generous; and another to resign that jewel we have nourished in our heart's core: and, as I am too very an Englishman to affect any thing I do not feel, I confess that I remained in a state of mind which resembled any thing rather than noble resignation; and my manners might be properly designated,—the true sulky.

But the embers were glowing in my heart, for light was given them from above; and at length they kindled to a kindly flame. I returned courteous answers to the kind inquiries of the Baron, who appear-

ed extremely anxious as to the state of my health ; and though I still suffered, yet, to satisfy *him*, I arose in the afternoon, and, when dressed, desired his company.—I was compelled to admire him, Slingsby : there was a manly gentleness, a conscious dignity, in the few words of thanks which he addressed to me ; which said, more strongly than any words could have done it, “ You are too gallant a man to over-rate the action you have performed ; and I am too like you in this respect, to do it either.” Had he been any other man in the wide world, how I must have loved him for this conduct !—it was so truly English.

“ But,” said Moldovani, his countenance changing, his lip quivering, and his fine eyes glistening ; “ I find from your servant, sir, that I have obligations to you, which a life devoted to your service could ill repay. I have no *words*, sir,—surely you conceive to what I allude : you recalled me to life by a name more dear than life itself ! a name”——

“ You, Baron, most kindly forbear to pronounce,” interrupted I, “ lest you should wound a heart which, however it may bleed, will never shrink from owning that it has once been firmly, fondly, devoted to Iwanownna.”

“ Poor Iwanownna !” said Moldovani, “ how am I indebted to the constancy which, in a heart so yielding and grateful, could resist such a rival ! But pardon me, sir ; I tremble for the sufferings she has undergone, yet am eager to hear from *you* the melancholy confirmation.”

“ ’Tis plain,” said I, “ Baron,” forcing a smile, “ that you have already heard not a little from your countrywoman. The detail she has not furnished, which is, indeed, the most interesting part of your eventful absence, you shall learn from lips whose welcome you must be impatient to hear. The history of circumstances, however terrible or affecting,

awake small comparative interest with that excited by our sympathy with the feelings of those we—*love*.”¹ The word would hardly leave my lips ; but, having done it, I was easier ; and I proceeded, without much difficulty, to say, “ *Your Iwanowna will, indeed, have a sad story to relate. Young as she is, sorrow has dimmed her eye, and robbed her cheek of the roses you doubtless have witnessed there.*”

The Baron burst into a passion of tears, and flung himself on a couch, unable to reply. The last vestige of enmity in my rebellious heart vanished before his sorrows : I hated myself for having awakened them by a picture he was not able to endure ; and I exerted myself to console him. “ Come, come, my friend,” said I, the moment I perceived him capable of listening ; “ I must not allow you to injure Iwanowna, even by sympathizing with her sorrows. She is now comparatively well, and is blest in the endearments of filial love ; and your presence is alone wanting to her perfect restoration. I am impatient for you to begin your journey. I need not surely inform you, that my assistance is at your service.”

The Baron roused himself to thank me ; and informed me that he had been already recognised by several friends in Riga, who had supplied his wants ; and that he had despatched a courier to Petersburg, to inform the Count Federowitz of his safety ; who would doubtless communicate the circumstance, in the best manner, to his sister.

“ But why not follow the courier instantly, impatient as you doubtless are, Baron ?”

“ I will not leave *you* till the morning, Sir Edward. If I then see you really better, I shall certainly lose not a moment in setting out.”

“ I am not *ill*, Baron ; quite the contrary.”

“ Pardon me, I have been too lately a sufferer, not to know that you *are* ill. How could I meet Iwanow-

na, if the last act of my life had been to desert her friend?"

Had the Baron pronounced the words "her friend" in any other way than the natural, frank and even affectionate way in which he did, all our advances towards intimacy must have ended with the word. He might have said it jealously, you know ; in which case I should have hated him ; or sneeringly, when I should have kicked him : but he spoke it as if he felt : *had* been her *friend*, had a right to her friendship, and he could love me for having deserved it. So the fellow compelled me, you see, to love him in return.

We passed the evening together in such a manner, that, when I retired, I really fell into a sound sleep, and awoke refreshed. Tom told me the Baron had been up three hours, and was walking about in a monstrous fidget, having ordered and re-ordered horses a dozen times. I sprang out of bed, and, hastening to him, assured him of my convalescence in a manner he could not doubt : and we parted full as much like women as heroes ; for strange as it may seem, I saw the man pitied me as much as I envied him ; and his pity did not oppress me. When he drove off, I was again in heroics ; for my heart exultingly told me, I had restored life and happiness to Iwanowna.

So ends my Russian adventures.—In how small a space of time have they included every diversity of feeling that can agitate the heart of man ! How often have I glowed with indignation, wept with compassion, trembled with love ! With what sublime enthusiasm have I witnessed the efforts of a brave people resisting the mighty torrent which threatened to overwhelm them ! and with what soul ennobling joy have I beheld the plenitude of their success ! All day long have I been endeavouring to render tacse the only topics on which my busy and tu-

multuous thoughts would rest. But, alas! they revert too often to a scene I have not the courage to witness, nor yet the power to elude.

A circumstance has, however, occurred, which serves to convince me you were nearer the truth than I believed you to be, when you represented the difficulty of reconciling Iwanowna's mind to the change of country. Elizabeth, though severely affected at leaving her lady, had become reconciled, and even happy: but, since the departure of Moldovani, she has, as Tom expresses it, took on sadly; and seems to dread the hour of her departure as much as her husband wishes it. The poor fellow makes himself easy, under the idea that she will be better reconciled when she has nobody but him to look to; and is probably right; for I am certain he will be to her a kind and excellent husband. But if Elizabeth, who loves only him, thus laments a country doubtless endeared by present circumstances, what must the keener sensibility of Iwanowna have endured, in parting from a family, which, though dismembered, is yet infinitely dear in those who remain! And how would her sighs have pierced my heart, when I believed they were given to the plains of Borodina, where lay the only youth for whom her virgin heart could breathe the language of love, the preference of early tenderness!

During the evening we spent together, Moldovani recounted to me all the particulars of his long sufferings during his imprisonment; which included almost every species of hardship under which the frame can suffer: and in his case was added all that could arise to a mind suffering for every thing dear.—Who shall bound the powers of human endurance? or who, when sunk in the extreme of sorrow, shut out from every ray of hope, and apparent possibility of relief, shall say they have a right to despair? The same hand which preserved a mighty

empire from destruction, can extend help to the most insignificant individual in that empire, and draw them from the clouds that overwhelm them: and I trust that, in the course of a short time, many widowed hearts will be restored to the objects from which this terrible irruption has torn them.

I become now more impatient every hour to prosecute my voyage. Methinks, from my own fire-side I can contemplate the loves of Iwanowna and her beloved Frederick with a calmness it is impossible to feel, while I breathe in the same hemisphere. I shall now have a sad right to claim the sympathy of my lovely neighbour. She will pity my sorrows, and there will be no guilt in wooing her pity. For, alas! I am unhappily at liberty to offer the remnant of a wasted heart: a liberty, I trust, no circumstance will induce me to use; for I well know the lovely Laura merits a far different gift. Surely her health is not really bad. I please myself with hoping you endeavoured to alarm me on this head: for although I have for ever done with love, yet I must feel interested in the life of one so young and so amiable as she is.

Tom has summoned me. Adieu! once more: 'tis probable I may reach you before this; for I have now an opportunity of sailing direct, and the weather is good, for the season. Tom assures me that Elizabeth recovers; a proof that she is a girl of strong mind. Before I hail the white cliffs of England, I trust I shall be enabled to emulate her conduct. But, indeed, my dear Slingsby! even at this moment I feel it a pang to part with the land of Iwanowna. Farewell!

Ever yours sincerely,

ED. INGLEBY.

LETTER XXXVI.

*The Countess FEDEROWITZ to Sir EDWARD
INGLEBY.*

PETERSBURGH, Feb. 9.

DEAR, invaluable friend ! with what words shall I address you ! how convey to you any idea of the gratitude we all feel towards you ! of the joy, the happiness of our little circle ! Alas ! whilst we rejoice in the return of one, who appears sent from the grave itself, to bless us, you are tossing on the wide ocean ; alike remote from the friends who would be blest in your presence, and that maternal bosom which yearns to receive and welcome you.

Before this can reach England, you will, I trust, be soothed with the tenderness of a mother, and solaced by the society of friends ; you will have accustomed yourself to consider Iwanowna as another's ; and, feeling that other has a kindred mind with your own, will extend your friendship to him also : you will be enabled to think with tender recollection on us all ; and be anxious to know every minutiae of the situation of those in whom, I am certain, you will never cease to be interested, as it is impossible for them ever to feel *you* less dear than now.

Under this impression, I sit down to inform you of all those particulars you will desire to know, and yet shrink from asking. Federowitz is not able yet to hold a pen—and, perhaps, the garrulity of women is better fitted for such an office, if he were; so that I shall not make any apology for becoming your correspondent.

When you had bidden us a final adieu, the long smothered grief of Iwanowna would not be suppressed; and she wept so long, and with such evident keenness of sorrow, that neither Federowitz nor myself could forbear suspecting that a more tender interest lurked in her heart towards you, than she was herself aware of; and we could not forbear hinting this: but the calm unembarrassed manner in which she noticed our suspicions, undeceived us. "Ah!" said she, "you know not what I owe to this brave, amiable, generous man! He has been to me more than a brother! and the idea of inflicting a wound on his bosom, is more than I can bear."

"But time, and you, will, I hope, heal his wounds between you," said the Count, with an air of constrained cheerfulness.

"That is impossible! for that which is necessary to happiness, in a mind like Sir Edward's, it is no longer in my power to give. Sorrow has withered my heart—there is no returning spring to the soul."

"You are mistaken, my dear girl; in youth there is an elasticity which enables it to resist the pressure of every calamity. I do not wish to press this subject; for I know, that the heart broken by disappointment so keen, and misfortune so terrible, as yours, feels offended by vulgar consolation: but it is a cordial to my Ulrica's mind to believe, that she shall yet behold you happy—happy in wedded love! and for her sake I have ventured to predict the possibility."

"I will not (for the same reason) argue against your affectionate wishes," said the dear girl: "but, when I assure you, which I do most solemnly, that I never can love any man but Moldovani; and that, if I were to yield, at some future period, to the suggestions of my own gratitude, and the wishes of Sir Edward, I should err against that holy fidelity, that sacred constancy, my own wishes prescribe and my feelings require. I hope you will never press me on this point again."

We both promised implicit obedience to her desires; and she resumed that pensive composure, which is now become her characteristic: and in this frame of mind, some days after, we were sitting together, all thinking, I believe, of you, when a courier was announced from Riga, who desired to see the Count himself. He immediately left the room for that purpose.

Iwanowna endeavoured, in vain, to repress the agitation she felt, fearing that her emotions might be contagious and injurious to me; but she could not disguise her fears; which, I saw, were awakened in you. I endeavoured to persuade her that you must have left Riga before that time; and that the courier brought information relative to the garrison of that place. While I still addressed my unbelieving auditor, Federowitz returned: his air was wild, yet not sorrowful; and he appeared unable to communicate the very intelligence he brought so hastily.

"Speak!" cried Iwanowna. "Is he gone? or is he so foolish as to return? Is he well? For Heaven's sake answer me!"

"Of whom do you inquire?"

"Cruel to trifle thus! Is Sir Edward *well*?"

"Oh! quite well," said the Count, recovering; "as well and as brave as ever: at the hazard of his life he has saved that of a Russian officer of dis-

tion; and has, ere this, departed for his own country, leaving ours this last noble action, as a generous legacy."

Iwanowna burst into tears, and ran to hide her emotion in her own room; while my dear husband revealed to me the wonderful event the courier had announced respecting Moldovani. We both agreed not to say any thing more to Iwanowna at this time, fearful of increasing her agitation, until there should be a positive necessity for it, being well aware that every hour between this time and the period of the Baron's arrival, would appear an age; and that her fears for him would magnify, the nearer he approached. And her absence enabled us to compose our own minds to the calmness requisite for this purpose.

On the following night our hopes were indeed realized; and Moldovani reached us in safety. I received him below, for I knew I should be unable to contain myself before Iwanowna; whom we had purposely engaged with Federowitz. He learnt his arrival by a signal agreed on betwixt us; and interrupted her reading, by observing, that, "Although her inquiries had been very particular as to the welfare of Sir Edward, she had made none respecting the officer he had saved from drowning."

"I presumed he was the person who communicated the circumstance to you—of course he was well. I rejoice that my friend rescued him from danger."

"He not only saved him from the water; but, by the most indefatigable exertions, nay the most distressing means, restored him to life when it appeared totally extinct. Sir Edward does not do the work of benevolence by halves."

"I can truly say that," said Iwanowna: "I am certain the stranger's obligations to him do not ex-

ceed mine. I hope he will visit us, that we may unite in praising our English benefactor."

"But I fear, Iwanowna, in contemplating the stranger, you will forget your benefactor: he is young, handsome, and interesting! he has suffered much; and is brave and generous; for it was an act of humanity which endangered *his* life at the time Sir Edward saved it."

"I can admire a brave and humane man; and every Russian officer has a claim on my gratitude; but I cannot be jested with on this subject: Federowitz, you know I cannot."

"I do not jest, my dear girl; I am very much in earnest when I declare you must love the officer of whom I speak. Look in my face, Iwanowna, you will see there is no shadow of a jest: it is a serious thing to prepare a mind like yours for the reception of pleasure."

"Pleasure! What mean you? Is not Alexander at Wilna? There is no other officer *now*! For mercy speak! Whom is it that can interest me?"

"Alexander, your brother, is at Wilna. Be comforted, my love. You have borne sorrow with the redemption of a Christian; endeavour to receive the gift with which Heaven rewards your virtue, as all earthly blessings ought to be received, with grateful moderation."

As he spoke thus, Iwanowna rose, she caught his hand, and, gazing in his face, seemed to be reading there the name her trembling tongue was unable to articulate. "It is all true, my love," cried Federowitz, "fear not to believe you will again behold your own Frederic, your beloved Moldovani." His hand dropped from her palsied grasp. She fell upon her knees; crossing her hands on her bosom, she faintly ejaculated, "*Thank God!*" and fell senseless at his feet. Federowitz, in great alarm,